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ADVENTURE ETERNAL

AN ANTHOLOGY

Edited by

KATHRYN and DWIGHT BRADLEY

With a Preface by

ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET

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To
Margaret Day Culver and
Lillian Jaques Bradley

PREFACE

MANY people admit that they are shy of poetry. They tell you frankly that they skip it whenever they meet it in book or in review. Yet the same people will love a poem the moment it is set to music or is exceptionally well read, that is to say the moment they are induced to give it sufficient attention: so, they are not really afraid of poetry, they are only on their guard against the outward appearance of versification as they are against anything unusual.

In the same way there is no lack of men and women who profess indifference to the two all-important issues treated of in this book, Death and Immortality. They look away from them, they tell you, because they are depressing or baffling. They never allude to them. Nay, their whole life seems to prove that they regard them as non-existent. Yet, no sooner are these same subjects presented to them with any novelty, even of a meretricious character, than they flock to hear them discussed. The truth of the matter is that, in this case as in many others, our real thinking is done subconsciously. Death being formidable while Immortality seems to be an elusive hope, consciousness strives to give them a wide berth, but the effort is of little avail: the two phantasms remain in that indistinct section of our soul where phantasms stand the best chance of permanently obsessing us.

Now, phantasms like phantoms can only be dispelled by being examined at close range. People in involved circumstances are tortured as long as they remain in uncertainty about their real situation, but they feel calm as soon as they are enabled to face it. A strange peace has often descended on the man who has no doubt at last that he has to begin all over again: the feeling that courage is necessary actually creates courage.

The procedure is not different when Death is the issue: as soon as we begin to think fearlessly and systematically about it its terror diminishes. That is what Montaigne is trying to express when he says that to study philosophy is to learn how to die: he really means that the moment we make up our minds about Death we

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begin truly to philosophize. The present book is aiming at nothing else.

In every language the name of Death is dismaying because in the course of ages it has become laden with terrifying accretions. There were periods when violent deaths, or sudden deaths caused by pestilences, were frequent: the memory of those days may not be clearly attached to Death but it is included in it. The dancing skeletons and the charnel-houses of the Middle Ages have left their trace. So have the frightening sermons which many of us have heard even in the twentieth century. So have the beautiful but blood-curdling prayers for the dying which we can still read in our prayer-book but refuse to read aloud.

"To dying ears when unto dying eyes

The casement slowly grows a glimmering square."

It was not always either that emphasis was laid on the horrors attending the cessation of life: the awful immobility, the silence, the rigidity, the nailing of the coffin, and finally the consignment to apparently definitive solitude which is more hideous than all the rest, as we realize when we see monks or soldiers lying in the friendly community of a collective grave.

This heritage of repellent materialism should be repudiated even when we find it associated with the christian view of earth as a valley of tears. There may be a suspicion of paganism in the modern effort to transform cemeteries into burial-parks, but another slight effort could easily christianize this tendency, for there was a time also when the candles and incense which the Church keeps alight at her funerals were regarded as a remnant of paganism.

There is no sense, of course, in attaching so much importance to the first three days beginning a man's eternity. A year after his demise he seems to be no longer in solitude but in tranquillity; thirty years later an extraordinary repose emanates from his resting-place. There are few places more peacefully happy than the family graveyards hidden behind many New England farms or than the Cimetiere Saint-Louis in New Orleans, with its French or Spanish inscriptions recalling a past age.

So our soberer self protests against our imaginative or emotional self in this serious matter. So does also our christian heredity. The men of the Middle Ages had to be dramatic. Not so the early christians whom we unceasingly try to understand and imitate. They did not cherish unwholesome fancies. They called their Catacombs dormitories, and no inscription in those dormitories inspired any but restful associations: *"In peace, in the sleep of*

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peace, he has gone to sleep, he is resting, In the Lord" was what could be read on those stones which were frequently used as altars, and made brilliant with flowers and lights.

Death is not long divested of its mediaeval horror before its obverse, Immortality, arises in our minds as it does in this book. It is true that many men and women nowadays persuade themselves that they can do without that greatest of all hopes. But their so-called disbelief is superficial and illogical. One soon discovers that they reject Immortality largely in an effort to reject Hell, which is faulty logic, while their opposition to Hell is based mostly on that belief in the rights of sensuality so exaggerated in modern minds that it cannot be of long duration.

Many philosophers have contended that there can never be a demonstration of Immortality, so that our belief in it must remain either a hope as it was to Cicero, or a postulate as it was to Kant. It is always unwise to anticipate the future, and it is remarkable that the same people who are so sure that Immortality can never be demonstrated do not doubt that some yet unborn scientist will re-create life in a laboratory. However, it must be admitted that belief in Immortality has at present to be helped for many of our contemporaries by that same emotional element which the analysis of theologians detects in faith. What is that element? A certain exaltation familiar to us in all that is artistic or poetic, and which we never experience unless our intellect is partly or even largely convinced. This exaltation is perceptible throughout the *Phaedo* which as cold a reader as Fairbairn realized was a lyrical piece in disguise. Music has never been supposed to be antagonistic to reason; indeed it has always been inseparable from the higher acts of the intellect in even the philosopher, even the mathematician. The proper place to refresh one's faith in Immortality is not a lecture-room, it is a cathedral in which the Church's funeral Liturgy is developing *in hymnis et canticis*. The Requiem begins with the thoughtful admonition of Paul concerning "those who have gone to sleep," it gathers effulgence as the meditative Praefatio muses on life "which may be changed but is not taken away," it sparkles with those endless allusions to LUX, the Light, with which the primitive Church delighted her Greek followers, and it culminates in the lyricism with which the choir, as the procession begins to stream out of the nave, invites the angels and Christ Himself to meet this departed brother as his body leaves the church full of echoing prayers.

What the community of christians tries to do in its services this book endeavours to do from page to page. Here, too, faith-sustain-

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ing rhythms dominate. As we turn its pages we feel that it is not the outcome of a purely intellectual purpose, but the result of a warm human impulse. It has been slowly, happily, religiously collected. And it should be read in the spirit in which it has been produced, slowly, happily, religiously. Poetry, or poetic prose, refuses to be read quickly, but an Anthology with a purpose like this one has a higher object than even a book made up of fragments from masterpieces can set for itself. It wants mostly to re-create in its readers the mood in which it was conceived, viz., a faith and a hope and not anything purely literary. The time for referring to it is not an idle moment, it is the hour when we want encouragement in our belief or comfort in melancholy retrospect. I do not think I shall misrepresent the object of its compilers if I say that they would prefer us to gather our own Anthology were it to help our faith more than their own. No literary appreciation can exceed such praise.

ERNEST DIMNET

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FOREWORD

FROM the beginning of time, man, held within the confines of the temporal world, has had intimations of another sphere in which he has, or might someday find, a lasting home. Out of this intuition or belief has come a varied literature, allied with all the arts, of which eternity and the eternal quest have been the theme.

Within the compass of this book may be found a record of such questioning beginning in the ancient years and coming down to the present. How differently men in various ages have approached the problem of Life and Death, and how differently they have answered the old question : "If a man die, shall he live again?" And yet, for all the difference, there is a more profound likeness : a likeness so profound as to be universal, and because universal making possible a deep communication between mind and mind, between spirit and spirit, even across so many centuries.

In approaching the strange mystery of Death, one can hardly escape the conviction that it is bound to remain a mystery until the end of time. On the other hand, there is a difference between the mystery of Death, and the other mysteries that plague our curiosity. For Death, mysterious though it be, is what may be called a "normal mystery," that is, a mystery that involves us in no ambiguities, but which, rather, releases us from the bondage of time without in any way taking us out of time into mysticism.

It will be quite plain to the reader of these pages that no final conclusion is reached regarding the various kinds of possible immortality that lie before us. Nor is there any conclusion regarding the proven actuality of immortality itself. We have not tried to keep out the note of skepticism, except where the note of skepticism is made discordant by the accompaniment of downright cynicism. There is a longing in the heart of man that is somehow better music than the precise chords of absolute certainty. We have given much place to this longing, and there are pages on which its music is written in full score. But we have made place, also, for the sounds of certainty, and these will no doubt be of some importance to those who seek assurances that ring clear.

Whether or not we have chosen wisely from the vast treasury of

available material is a question that must be left to the reader to answer. During the process of gathering and selection, many good things must have been overlooked, and more had for various reasons to be omitted. Yet we believe that, on the whole, the range is wide enough, and the variety of views, opinions, aspirations and approaches great enough, to justify the presentation of the anthology without excessive trepidation. We have divided the material into eight large sections. This is merely an arbitrary arrangement which seemed to allow some orderly progression of material, and at the same time, an interesting juxtaposition of writings of many differing tempers from many centuries.

We wish to acknowledge with simple gratitude the help we have received from Mr. A. William Loos, Mr. Benjamin Lane, Mr. John H. Scammon, and Mr. Morris Arnold; and to express our gratitude, also to Dr. Amos Wilder and Dr. Daniel Evans, for their invaluable suggestions; and to thank Mrs. William Powell and Mrs. Carson Pritchard for their assistance in preparing the manuscript.

We have made every possible effort to trace material to its source, and to obtain permission to use the same. If by inadvertence, any have been overlooked, we wish now to acknowledge our indebtedness.

Kathryn Culver Bradley

Dwight Jaques Bradley

Newton Centre, Massachusetts,
May 14, 1937.

**ADVENTURE
ETERNAL**

P A R T I

A L A M P B E F O R E U S

SARA TEASDALE

The Lamp

If I can bear your love like a lamp before me,
When I go down the long steep Road of Darkness,
I shall not fear the everlasting shadows,
Nor cry in terror.

If I can find out God, then I shall find Him,
If none can find Him, then I shall sleep soundly,
Knowing how well on earth your love sufficed me,
A lamp in darkness.

CARL VAN DOREN

Every man who spoke to me about my father's death said, in one set of words or another, the same thing. He said that his own father's death had been for him like the burning of bridges, the cutting off of retreats. He discovered then, commonly for the first time, that he had always thought of his father as the point of life from which he was traveling and to which, believably, he might go back. This was as true of men quite independent of their fathers, or even hostile to them, as of the others. But after his father's death, each man of them said, he realized that he himself was a beginning, naked in time. He had been an individual. He had become a type.

In THE NINTH WAVE, seven years before my father's death, I had put into Kent Morrow's mind a conviction of my own. "People talked of children as springing from the bodies of their parents, and leaving the rent carcasses behind. Surely the image was nearly as accurate when reversed. The seed of the father is in the son, Kent mused. It nourishes itself upon the stuff of youth, gradually grows stronger, and in the end breaks the shell and casts it aside. No one can say whether the individual who remains is more thoroughly son or father. By such subtle links the generations are bound one to another. It seemed to Kent that he had surprised Nature at one of the tricks by which she holds mankind to its narrow path. She had been working, as it were, behind his back, as she had worked behind the back of every maturing man since Adam."

GEORGE WITHER

Lord! keep me faithful to the trust
 Which my dear spouse reposed in me:
 To him now dead preserve me just
 In all that should performèd be!
 For though our being man and wife
 Extendeth only to this life,
 Yet neither life nor death should end
 The being of a faithful friend.

From A Widow's Hymn

COVENTRY PATMORE

A Farewell

With all my will, but much against my heart,
 We two now part.
 My Very Dear,
 Our solace is, the sad road lies so clear.
 It needs no art,
 With faint, averted feet
 And many a tear,
 In our opposèd paths to persevere.
 Go thou to East, I West.
 We will not say
 There's any hope, it is so far away.
 But, O, my Best,
 When the one darling of our widowhead,
 The nursling Grief,
 Is dead,
 And no dews blur our eyes
 To see the peach-bloom come in evening skies,
 Perchance we may,
 Where now this night is day,
 And even through faith of still averted feet,
 Making full circle of our banishment,
 Amazèd meet;
 The bitter journey to the bourne so sweet
 Seasoning the termless feast of our content
 With tears of recognition never dry.

RICHARD CRASHAW

To these whom death again did wed
 This grave's the second marriage-bed.
 For though the hand of Fate could force
 'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
 It could not sever man and wife,
 Because they both lived but one life.
 Peace, good reader, do not weep ;
 Peace, the lovers are asleep.
 They, sweet turtles, folded lie
 In the last knot that love could tie.
 Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
 Till the stormy night be gone,
 And the eternal morrow dawn ;
 Then the curtains will be drawn,
 And they wake into a light
 Whose day shall never die in night.

*An Epitaph Upon Husband and Wife
 (Who Died and Were Buried Together)*

SADI

Vines hold not their clusters all the year; now are they fruitful, and now they shed their leaves like tears. Like the sun, the pure are clouded. On them the envious crowd may hurl its hate; but it is as sparks falling on the clear stream—the sparks perish, the water goes shining on. Fear not the dark, friend; perchance the Water of Life may be found in the dark abyss of sorrow. Let not thy gloom end in despair; for night is pregnant with the day.

In Suma my child's life passed away. How can I tell the sadness of that hour! It is not strange the rose should spring up from the earth where so many rose-like forms sleep. In my agony I longed to behold once more my buried child, and tore the heavy stone from above its form. Then fear seized upon me, and a little voice came from beneath the shroud, 'Dost thou feel terror amid this darkness? Let then thy life brighten it. If thou wouldest have thy grave as light as day, let the lamp of life fed by virtue descend with thee to illumine it!'

*Translated from the Persian by Moncure
 Daniel Conway*

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

You live still in the night, and are not ready
For the new dawn. When the dawn comes, my child,
You will forget. No, you will not forget,
But you will change. There are no mortal houses
That are so providently barred and fastened
As to keep change and death from coming in.
Tristram is dead, and change is at your door.
Two years have made you more than two years older,
And you must change.

From Tristram

LEIGH HUNT

A Grecian philosopher being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was in vain, replied, "I weep on that account." And his answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to contend, that we, whose eyes contain the fountains of tears, need never give way to them. It would be unwise not to do so on some occasions. Sorrow unlocks them in her balmy moods. The first bursts may be bitter and overwhelming; but the soil on which they pour, would be worse without them. They refresh the fever of the soul—the dry misery which parches the countenance into furrows, and renders us liable to our most terrible "flesh-quakes."

There are sorrows, it is true, so great, that to give them some of the ordinary vents is to run a hazard of being overthrown. These we must rather strengthen ourselves to resist, or bow quietly and drily down, in order to let them pass over us, as the traveller does the wind of the desert. But where we feel that tears would relieve us, it is false philosophy to deny ourselves at least that first refreshment; and it is always false consolation to tell people that because they cannot help a thing, they are not to mind it. The true way is, to let them grapple with the unavoidable sorrow, and try to win it into gentleness by a reasonable yielding. There are griefs so gentle in their very nature, that it would be worse than false heroism to refuse them a tear. Of this kind are the deaths of infants. Particular circumstances may render it more or less advisable to indulge in grief for the loss of a

little child; but, in general, parents should be no more advised to repress their first tears on such an occasion, than to repress their smiles toward a child surviving, or to indulge in any other sympathy. It is an appeal to the same gentle tenderness: and such appeals are never made in vain. The end of them is an acquittal from the harsher bonds of affliction – from the tying down of the spirit to one melancholy idea.

It is the nature of tears of this kind, however strongly they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last. We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good and kind person whom we have lost. It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and death itself: to turn the memory of them into pleasure; to survive with a placid aspect in our imaginations. We are writing at this moment just opposite a spot which contains the grave of one inexpressibly dear to us. We see from our windows the trees about it, and the church-spike. The green fields lie around. The clouds are travelling over-head alternately taking away the sunshine and restoring it. The vernal winds, piping of the flowery summer-time are nevertheless calling to mind the far-distant and dangerous ocean, which the heart that lies in that grave had many reasons to think of. And yet the sight of this spot does not give us pain. So far from it, it is the existence of that grave which doubles every charm of the spot; which links the pleasures of our childhood and manhood together; which puts a hushing tenderness in the winds, and patient joy upon the landscape; which seems to unite heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green field: and gives a more maternal aspect to the whole kindness of nature. It does not hinder gaiety itself. Happiness was what its tenant, through all her troubles, would have diffused. To diffuse happiness, and to enjoy it, is not only carrying on her wishes, but realising her hopes; and gaiety, freed from its only pollution, malignity and want of sympathy, is but a child playing about the knees of its mother.

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could; the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive; but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of Nature that pain does not

survive like pleasure, at any time, much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory, as the moon reflects the light upon us when the sun has gone into heaven.

Made as we are, there are certain pains without which it would be difficult to conceive certain great and overbalancing pleasures. We may conceive it possible for beings to be made entirely happy; but in our composition something of pain seems to be a necessary ingredient, in order that the materials may turn to as fine account as possible, though our clay, in the course of ages and experience, may be refined more and more. We may get rid of the worst earth, though not of earth itself.

Now, the liability to the loss of children—or rather what renders us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself—seems to be one of those necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that every one must lose one of his children in order to enjoy the rest, or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion. We allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as we could render them. But if none at all ever took place, we should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived what a world of endearing cares and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women, not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imaginations, and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand, those who have lost an infant, are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish their neighbors with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.

Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and our hopes. They are the ever-smiling emblems of joy; the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly, "Of these is the kingdom of heaven." Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all-accessible empire, whether on earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle spirits that must inhabit it. To such simplicity, or the resemblance of it, must they come. Such must be the ready confidence of their hearts and creativeness of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the "knowledge of good and evil," losing their discernment of that self-created trouble, by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT

Dear Lord, receive my son, whose winning love
 To me was like a friendship, far above
 The course of nature or his tender age;
 Whose looks could all my bitter griefs assuage:
 Let his pure soul, ordain'd seven years to be
 In that frail body which was part of me,
 Remain my pledge in Heaven, as sent to show
 How to this port at every step I go.

Of His Dear Son, Gervase

VERA BRITTAIN

Numerous other correspondents counselled patience and endurance; time, they told me with maddening unanimity, would heal. I resented the suggestion bitterly; I could not believe it, and did not even want it to be true. If time did heal I should not have kept faith with Roland, I thought, clinging assiduously to my pain, for I did not then know that if the living are to be of any use in this world, they must always break faith with the dead.

From Testament of Youth

THERESA HELBURN

Mother

I have praised many loved ones in my song,
 And yet I stand
 Before her shrine, to whom all things belong,
 With empty hand.

Perhaps a ripening future holds a time
 For things unsaid;
 Not now; men do not celebrate in rhyme
 Their daily bread.

WILLIAM BARNES

The Wife a-Lost

Since I noo mwore do zee your feäce,
 Up steärs or down below,
 I'll zit me in the lwonesome pleäce,
 Where flat-bough'd beech do grow;
 Below the beeches' bough, my love,
 Where you did never come,
 An' I don't look to meet ye now,
 As I do look at hwome.

Since you noo mwore be at my zide,
 In walks in zummer het,
 I'll goo alwone where mist do ride,
 Droo trees a-drippèn wet;
 Below the räin-wet bough, my love,
 Where you did never come,
 An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
 As I do grieve at hwome.

Since now bezide my dinner-bwoard
 Your väice do never sound,
 I'll eat the bit I can avword
 A-yield upon the ground;
 Below the darksome bough, my love,
 Where you did never dine,
 An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
 As I at hwome do pine.

Since I do miss your väice an' feäce
 In präyer at eventide,
 I'll präy wi' woone sad väice vor greäce
 To goo where you do bide;
 Above the tree an' bough, my love,
 Where you be gone avore,
 An' be a-waiten vor me now,
 To come vor evermwore.

G. F. YOUNG

Lorenzo, when he heard the news of Simonetta's death, "went out into the calm spring night to walk with a friend, and as he was speaking of the dead lady he suddenly stopped and gazed at a star which had never before seemed to him so brilliant. 'See,' he exclaimed, 'either the soul of that most gentle lady hath been transformed into that new star, or else hath it been joined together thereupon.' "

From The Medici

SOPHOCLES

Messenger: Sounded from Hades thunder, and the maids,
 As they heard, shivered; and at their father's knees
 Fell down, and wept, beating their breasts, and raised
 Wailings prolonged, unceasing. He the while,
 Soon as he heard their bitter note of woe,
 Folding his arms about them, said; "For you,
 My girls, this day there is no father more;
 For all things now are ended that were mine;
 And now no longer need you bear for me
 The burden of your hard tendance, hard indeed—
 I know it, my children; but one single word
 Cancels the evil of all cares like this;
 Love, which ye had from no one more than me;
 Of whom bereft, you for the time to come
 Must live your life."

From Oedipus Coloneus.
Translated by Sir George Young

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

Of Death and Old Age

All things which come by course of nature are to be reckoned and accompted among good things; and what is so much according to natural course as for an old aged man to die? Young men, in my

opinion, seem so to die as when a raging and violent flame of fire is quenched, with a great quantity or effusion of water; but old men die as it were fire, which lacking wood and combustible matter to nourish it, goeth out quietly and is quenched as though it were of his own accord, not forcible . . . And as often as I think thereon, I am rapt with such joy and comfort, that the nearer I draw and approach to death, the sooner, methink, I see the dry land, and (as it were, after a long navigation and seafaring voyage) shall at length arrive at the quiet haven and port of all rest and security. All other ages have a certain number of years appointed, how long every one continueth, but unto old age there are no determinate and certain times limited and prefixed, and therefore thou livest therein well and laudably, as long as thou canst execute thy office, discharge thy duty, and defend thine authority, and yet contemn death. And for this cause, it happeneth that old age is undued with greater courage and animosity than adolescence and youth is. And this is the cause, that when the tyrant Pesistratus demanded of Solon how he durst be so bold, or wherein he reposed his trust, so wilfully and boldly to gainsay and disobey his proceedings: Solon answered him that he trusted to his age, and that was it that made him full of courage and gave him boldness to resist him.

But the best end of life is this: when nature, which compacted and framed the body, doth likewise dissolve and bring to death the same, being in good and perfect remembrance, the use of the wits and senses is in no part appaired nor diminished. For even as the shipwright which made the ship knoweth best how to undo and pull asunder again, even so nature, which fashioned the feature of the body and set the same in a most decent symmetry, doth best dissolve and end it by natural death. For every conglutination when it is fresh and newly glued together, will not easily be pulled asunder but by violent haling and forcible rupture, but when it is inveterate and old, it may easily be divelled and severed. Thus, you see that the small remnant and time of our race and life which is behind unrun, is neither affectuously to be desired, nor without cause to be left and forsaken.

As touching the bitter pangs and extreme agonies which they suffer that lie in dying (if there may any such be) truly it continueth but for a small while, specially in an old man; and after death, the sense is either such as is blessed and optable, or else it is none at all. But all young men ought to imprint this in their minds, and meditate the same, that they be not in any servile and distardly fear of death, but to stand at defiance and contemn it. For whatsoever enureth not himself with this meditation cannot have a quiet mind. We are most sure that we must die, and we know not whether our hour will come

even that same very day. Therefore he that every hour standeth in fear of death, how can this mind be in any rest of tranquillity? . . .

Methinks satiety of all things causeth satiety of life . . . As the pleasure and delight of the studies and exercises in fresher and lustier ages doth in time wear away and come to an end, so doth the studies of old age in continuance and trace of time also die and vanish. And when this pleasure and delightful contentation begin in old men once to decrease, then doth satiety of life bring to them a convenient and mature time to die. For verily I cannot see why I should not be bold to utter and declare to you twain the very entire cogitations of my heart, and the opinion which I have of death, and the rather because I suppose that I do better know and see it, as one that now am near the pit's brink, having one of my feet already in the grave.

And I am in this belief, O Publius Scipio and Caius Lealius, that your noble fathers, men for their virtuous manners and worthy merit immortalized, who also were my most dear and loving friends, do yet live, yea, and such a life as is worthy only to be called a life, which is immortal and not transitory . . .

I am so firmly persuaded, and on this point so wholly resolved, seeing there is so great celerity of the mind, so good remembrance of things past, and so great forecast and produce in things to come, so many arts, so many sciences, so many inventions and ingenious devices, that all nature which understandeth and containeth the knowledge of all these things is not mortal. And sith the mind is ever moved having no beginning of motion because it moveth itself, and shall never have any end of motion, because it is eternal, and shall never leave itself, and sith the nature of the mind is simple, having nothing mixed to it which is unlike and discrepant to it, I thereby know that it is indivisible, whereupon it confrequently followeth that forasmuch as it is indivisible it can never die and perish utterly . . .

Xenophon writeth that King Cyrus, the elder, lying on his deathbed spake these words following to his children :

"I would not, my children, that you should think when I am departed out of this life and gone from you, that I shall be nowhere or brought to nothing. For you never saw with your bodily eyes my mind, during all this while that I lived here with you : but as long as I dwelled in this body you well perceived and knew by my valiant exploits and acts that I had a mind. Therefore think you not otherwise but that I am the very same still, and my said mind shall still remain as before, although you see it not visibly . . . And a man's nature being by death dissolved, it is apparent and well enough to all men known to what place all the other parts do go, for they do all return to that matter whereof they had their first and original beginning ; but the mind only is never with any bodily eyes seen nor

perceived, neither when it is in the body, nor when it goeth and departeth out of the body.

"Now you see that nothing is so like to death as sleep. And yet the minds of them that are asleep do greatly declare their divinity; for when they be at quietness and rest and with no careful cogitations overwhelmed, they do foresee many things to come, whereby it may plainly be perceived how and in what happy state they shall be, when they be dismissed and discharged out of their dungeon or goal of their mortal bodies. If, therefore, these things be true, then reverence and honour me as a god for the participation of the divine nature which is in my mind. But if the soul do die together with the body yet you, ever dreading the gods, being the protectors, disposers and governors of all the beautiful ornament and furniture of this wide world, shall not miss, but godly and inviolably solemnize and keep the memorial of me."

Furthermore, every good and wise man dieth willingly, and rejoiceth therein exceedingly taking death to be a joyful messenger to summon him to endless felicity; on the other side, every foolish man dieth unwillingly. Do you not think that the mind which seeth better and further off, doth well perceive and know that he goeth to a far better state than in this world is to be found? Again, the mind of foolish sort, whose sight is dimmer and duller, doth not see nor understand so much. But, verily, I have a great desire to see and behold your fathers, whom I entirely loved, and had for their singular virtues great admiration. And not them only as I so earnestly affected to see, with whom I was very familiarly acquainted, but others also of whom I have both heard, read and also written. And when I am in my journey to them (which I so greatly desire) there should no man bring me back again, though he would and also could; neither to make me to retire to the place from whence I came, like to a ball which tennis players toss and strike to their counter players, and they again to the other side, yea, though he would undertake to renew my youth again.

I will say more, if God would grant me now in this age to return again to my infancy and to be as young as a child that lieth crying in his cradle, I would refuse and forsake the offer with all my might; neither would I when I have already in a manner run the whole race and won the goal, be again revoked from the end marks to the lists, or place where I took my course at the first setting out. For who would be content, when he hath gotten the best game, to be forced to run again for the same? What pleasure and commodity hath life? yea, rather, what pain, toil, and labour hath it not? But let us admit that it had great commodity, yet, undoubtedly, it hath either an end or else satiety. For I mean not to lament and deplore the lack of the pleasant and fresh time of my youth, as diverse and the same

right well-learned men have done; neither do I repent that I have lived, because I have so lived and led my life that I may judge of myself that I was not born in vain, but rather for great utility and special consideration. And I depart out of this life as out of an inn, and not out of a dwelling-house. For nature hath given to us a lodging to remain and sojourn in for a time, and not to dwell in continually.

O lucky and blessed day wherein I shall take my journey to appear before the blissful troop and convocation of happy minds, and leave this troublesome world, being the vale of all misery and the filthy sink of all mischief. For I shall not only go to those worthy men of whom I spake a little before, but also to my dear son Cato, who was a man of such sanctity and goodness as none more, of such sincere and unstained honesty as none better, whose body was with funeral rites put into the fire and burned to ashes by me his father, whereas it had been more meet and agreeable to the course of nature that my body should have been with semblable obsequies and ceremonies first burnt and intumulate by him. But his mind and soul not utterly forsaking me, but ever looking and expecting my coming, is gone before into those places of joy whither he perceived that I myself, ere it be long, must also come. Which brunt of calamity and heavy chance of sorrow I seemed patiently to sustain, not because I did take the matter so patiently indeed; but I comforted myself thinking and deeming that we should not be long asunder, but after a time again to have a joyful meeting. These are the causes and the very reasons, Scipio (because you and Laelius said you much marvelled thereat) which make my old age to me easy and tolerable, and not only without all grievance and disturbance, but also replenished with all expedient pleasures.

And if I do err because I think that the souls of men be immortal, verily I am well contented in the same error still to continue, and as long as I live I will never renounce nor recant the same, wherein I take such singular pleasure and comfort . . . Yet it is both convenient and also optable for a man, when he hath honestly played his part in the pageant of this life, to die and pay his debt to nature. For nature as she hath an end of all other things, so also of living. And old age is, as it were, the peroration or final end of a man's time in this world, much like to the epilogue or catastrophe of an interlude, the wearisome repetition or defatigation whereof we ought to avoid and eschew, and especially when we are fully cloyed with satiety.

This much at your request I had to say concerning old age, unto the which God grant you may arrive, but the things which you have heard of me by mouth, you may prove true by certain trial and actual experiment.

Translated by Thomas Newton

ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

Encounter

Suppose, that day when you came toward me leaping,
 Over the junipers and grassy waves,
 Startled, like a deer suddenly waked from a long sleeping,
 Scenting, scenting in sunny reach what he most craves :

Suppose, when my full muslin skirt was lifted
 By the salt wind all billowing and bright,
 A pink balloon in the breeze suppose I had suddenly drifted
 Over the dune's edge out of sound and sight:

Then had we never known this hushed tomorrow
 This windless waiting one each side a door;
 Your brown hand had not beat upon this barrier, hollow,
 I had not spattered tears upon this floor.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

To a Mistress Dying

Lover. Your beauty, ripe and calm and fresh
 As eastern summers are,
 Must now, forsaking time and flesh,
 Add light to some small star.

Philosopher. Whilst she yet lives, were stars decay'd,
 Their light by hers relief might find ;
 But Death will lead her to a shade
 Where Love is cold and Beauty blind.

Lover. Lovers, whose priests all poets are,
 Think every mistress, when she dies,
 Is changed at least into a star :
 And who dares doubt the poets wise ?

Philosopher. But ask not bodies doom'd to die
 To what abode they go ;
 Since Knowledge is but Sorrow's spy,
 It is not safe to know.

SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

Protagoras is said to have died here; but his body alone reached the earth, his soul leapt up to the wise.

Valiant in war was Timocritus, whose tomb this is. War is not sparing of the brave, but of cowards.

Of themselves in the evening the kine came home to byre from the hill through the heavy snow. But Therimachus, alas! sleeps the long sleep under the oak. The fire of heaven laid him to rest.

Translated from the Greek by W. R. Paton

OSCAR WILDE

Requiescat

Tread lightly, she is near
Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast;
I vex my heart alone,
She is at rest.

Peace, peace; she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet;
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

EDMUND SPENSER

She fell away in her first ages spring,
 Whil'st yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her rinde,
 And whil'st her braunch faire blossomes foorth did bring,
 She fell away against all course of kinde.
 For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong ;
 She fell away like fruit blowne downe with winde.
 Weepe', Shepheard! weepe, to make my undersong.

And ever as I see the starres to fall,
 And under ground to goe to give them light
 Which dwell in darknes, I to minde will call
 How my fair Starre (that shinde on me so bright)
 Fell sodainly and faded under ground ;
 Since whose departure, day is turned to night,
 And night without a Venus starre is found.

And she, my love that was, my Saint that is,
 When she beholds from her celestiall throne
 (In which shee joyeth in eternall blis)
 My bitter penance, will my case bemone,
 And pittie me that living thus doo die ;
 For heavenly spirits have compassion
 On mortall men, and rue their miserie.

So when I have with sorrowe satisfide
 Th' importune fates, which vengeance on me seeke,
 And th' heavens with long languor pacifie,
 She, for pure pitie of my sufferance meeke,
 Will send for me; for which I daylie long ;
 And will till then my painful penance ekee.
 Weep, Shepheard! weep, to make my undersong !

From Daphnaïda, An Elegy

SAINT GREGORY

An angel of dazzling lightness carried thee off, Nonna, whilst thou wert praying here, pure in body and spirit. Part of thee he carried off and part he left in the temple.

An Epigram. Translated by W. R. Paton

CONRAD AIKEN

Bread and Music

Music I heard with you was more than music
 And bread I broke with you was more than bread :
 Now that I am without you all is desolate ;
 All that was once so beautiful is dead.

Your hands once touched this table and this silver,
 And I have seen your fingers hold this glass.
 These things do not remember you, beloved,
 And yet your touch upon them will not pass.

For it was in my heart you moved among them
 And blessed them with your hands and with your eyes ;
 And in my heart they will remember always —
 They knew you once — O beautiful and wise.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Of One Self-Slain

When he went blundering back to God,
 His songs half written, his work half done,
 Who knows what paths his bruised feet trod,
 What hills of peace or pain he won ?

I hope God smiled and took his hand,
 And said, "Poor truant, passionate fool !
 Life's book is hard to understand ;
 Why could'st thou not remain at school?"

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER

A Prayer For Those We Love

Almighty God, we entrust all who are dear to us to thy never-failing care and love, for this life and the life to come ; knowing that thou art doing for them better things than we can desire or pray for ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

The blessed damozel lean'd out
 From the gold bar of Heaven ;
 Her eyes were deeper than the depth
 Of waters still'd at even ;
 She had three lilies in her hand,
 And the stars in her hair were seven.

. . .

Around her, lovers, newly met
 'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
 Spoke evermore among themselves
 Their heart-remember'd names ;
 And the souls mounting up to God
 Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bow'd herself and stoop'd
 Out of the circling charm ;
 Until her bosom must have made
 The bar she lean'd on warm,
 And the lilies lay as if asleep
 Along her bended arm.

. . .

'I wish that he were come to me,
 For he will come,' she said.
 'Have I not pray'd in Heaven?—on earth,
 Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
 Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
 And shall I feel afraid ?

'When round his head the aureole clings,
 And he is clothed in white,
 I'll take his hand and go with him
 To the deep wells of light ;
 As unto a stream we will step down,
 And bathe there in God's sight.

'We two will stand beside that shrine,
 Occult, withheld, untrod,
 Whose lamps are stirr'd continually
 With prayer sent up to God ;
 And see our old prayers, granted, melt
 Each like a little cloud.

'We two will lie i' the shadow of
 That living mystic tree
 Within whose secret growth the Dove
 Is sometimes felt to be,
 While every leaf that His plumes touch
 Saith His Name audibly.

'And I myself will teach to him,
 I myself, lying so,
 The songs I sing here ; which his voice
 Shall pause in, hush'd and slow,
 And find some knowledge at each pause,
 Or some new thing to know.'

(Alas ! We two, we two, thou say'st !
 Yea, one wast thou with me
 That once of old. But shall God lift
 To endless unity
 The soul whose likeness with thy soul
 Was but its love for thee ?)

. . .

'He shall fear, haply, and be dumb :
 Then will I lay my cheek
 To his, and tell about our love,
 Not once abash'd or weak :
 And the dear Mother will approve
 My pride, and let me speak.

. . .

'There will I ask of Christ the Lord
 Thus much for him and me : —
 Only to live as once on earth
 With Love,—only to be,
 As then awhile, for every now
 Together, I and he.'

She gazed and listen'd and then said,
 Less sad of speech than mild, —
 'All this is when he comes.' She ceased.
 The light thrill'd towards her, fill'd
 With angels in strong level flight.
 Her eyes pray'd, and she smil'd.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
 Was vague in distant spheres :
 And then she cast her arms along
 The golden barriers,
 And laid her face between her hands,
 And wept. (I heard her tears.)

From The Blessed Damozel

HAMLIN GARLAND

The Death of Sitting Bull

The dust of my chieftain lies undisturbed in a neglected corner of a drear little military graveyard, near the Great Muddy River which was the eastern boundary of his lands. The sod is hot with untempered sun in summer, and piled with snow in winter, but in early spring the wild roses bloom on the primeval sod above his bones. No hand cares for the grave, no one visits it, and yet, nevertheless, the name written on that whitewashed board is secure on the walls of the red man's pantheon, together with that of Red Jacket and Tecumseh, Osceola and Black Hawk. Civilization marches above his face, but the heel of the oppressor cannot wear from the record of his race the name of "Ta-tank-yo-tanka," The Sitting Bull.

He epitomized the epic, tragic story of my kind. His life spanned the gulf between the days of our freedom and the death of every custom native to us. He saw the invader come and he watched the buffalo disappear. Within the half century of his conscious life he witnessed greater changes and comprehended more of my tribe's tragic history than any other red man.

These are the words of my father, the chief of the "Silent Eaters," and his voice was tremulous as he spoke them : "Ta-tank-yo-tanka was a great chief and a good man. He had nothing bad about him. He was ever peacemaker, and just and honorable in all his dealings. He cared only for the good of his people. He was unselfish and careful of others. He will grow bigger like a mountain as he recedes into the past. He was chief among the red men and we shall never see his like again. If the Great Spirit does not hate his red children, our Father is happy in the home of the spirits — the land of the returning buffalo."

From The Book of the American Indian

ROBERT BURNS

To Mary in Heaven

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray
 Thou lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love?
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace;
 Ah! little thought we, 'twas our last.

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er those scenes, my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but the impression deeper makes
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy blissful place of rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

LORD DE TABLEY

My Love lies in the gates of foam,
 The last dear wreck of shore :
 The naked sea-marsh binds her home,
 The sand her chamber door.

The gray gull flaps the written stones,
 The ox-birds chase the tide :
 And near that narrow field of bones
 Great ships at anchor ride.

In peace the swallow's eggs are laid
 Along the belfry walls ;
 The tempest does not reach her shade,
 The rain her silent halls.

Strong and alone, my Dove, with thee ;
 And tho' mine eyes be wet,
 There's nothing in the world to me
 So dear as my regret.

Sleep and forget all things but one,
 Heard in each wave of sea, —
 How lonely all the years will run
 Until I rest by thee.

From The Churchyard on the Sands

WILLIAM BLAKE

I know that our deceased friends are more really with us than when they were apparent to our mortal part. Thirteen years ago I lost a brother, and with his spirit I converse daily and hourly in the spirit, and see him in my remembrance, in the regions of my imagination. I hear his advice, and even now write from his dictate. Forgive me for expressing to you my enthusiasm, which I wish all to partake of, since it is to me a source of immortal joy, even in this world. By it I am the companion of angels. May you continue to be so more and more; and to be more and more persuaded that every mortal loss is an immortal gain. The ruins of Time build mansions in Eternity.

From a Letter to William Hayley

DANTE ALIGHIERI

The eyes that weep for pity of the heart
 Have wept so long that their grief languisheth
 And they have no more tears to weep withal :
 And now, if I could ease me of a part
 Of what, little by little, leads to death
 It must be done by speech, or not at all.
 And because often, thinking, I recall
 How it was pleasant, ere she went afar,
 To talk of her with you, kind damozels,
 I talk with no one else,
 But only with such hearts as women's are
 And I will say, — still sobbing as speech fails —
 That she hath gone to Heaven suddenly,
 And hath left Love below to mourn with me.

Beatrice is gone up into high Heaven,
 The kingdom where the angels are at peace ;
 And lives with them; and to her friends is dead.
 Not by the frost of winter was she driven
 Away, like others; nor by summer-heats ;
 But through a perfect gentleness, instead.
 Far from the lamp of her meek lowly head
 Such an exceeding glory went up hence
 That it woke wonder in the eternal sire,
 Until a sweet desire
 Entered Him for that lovely excellence,
 So that He bade her to Himself aspire ;
 Counting this weary and most evil place
 Unworthy of a thing so full of grace.

Wonderfully out of the beautiful form
 Soar'd her clear spirit, waxing glad the while ;
 And is in its first home, there where it is
 Who speaks thereof and feels not the tears warm
 Upon his face, must have become so vile
 As to be dead to all sweet sympathies.
 Out upon him ! an abject wretch like this
 May not imagine anything of her, —
 He needs no bitter tears for his relief.
 But sighing comes, and grief
 And the desire to find no comforter,
 (Save only Death, who makes all sorrow brief,)
 To him who for a while turns in his thought
 How she hath been among us, and is not.

With sighs my bosom always laboureth
 In thinking, as I do continually,
 Of her for whom my heart now breaks apace ;
 And very often when I think of death,
 Such a great inward longing comes to me
 That it will change the colour of my face ;
 And, if the idea settles in its place,
 All my limbs shake as with an ague-fit ;
 (Till, starting up in wild bewilderment,
 I do become so spent
 That I go forth, lest folks misdoubt of it.
 (Afterwards, calling with a sore lament
 On Beatrice, I ask, "Canst thou be dead ?"
 And calling on her, I am comforted.)

Grief with its tears, and anguish with its sighs,
 Come to me now whene'er I am alone ;
 So that I think the sight of me gives pain.
 And what my life hath been, that living dies,
 Since for my lady the New Birth's begun,
 I have not any language to explain.
 And so, dear ladies, though my heart were fain,
 I scarce could tell indeed how I am thus.
 All joy is with my bitter life at war ;
 Yea, I am fallen so far
 That all men seem to say, "Go out from us,"
 Eyeing my cold white lips how dead they are
 But she, though I be bowed unto the dust,
 Watches me ; and will guerdon me, I trust.

A gentle thought there is will often start,
 Within my secret self, to speech of thee ;
 Also of love it speaks so tenderly
 That much in me consents and takes its part.
 "And what is this," the soul saith to the heart,
 "That cometh thus to comfort thee and me,
 And thence where it would dwell, thus potently
 Can drive all other thoughts by its strange art ?"
 And the heart answers : "Be no more at strife
 'Twixt doubt and doubt : this is Love's messenger,
 And speaketh but his words, from him received ;
 And all the strength it owns and all the life
 It draweth from the gentle eyes of her
 Who, looking on our grief, hath often grieved."

From Vita Nuova. Translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Requiescat

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew:
In quiet she reposes;
Ah! would that I did too!

Her mirth the world required;
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabined, ample spirit,
It fluttered and failed for breath;
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death.

CHARLES DICKENS

Oh! It is hard to heart the lesson that such deaths will teach, but let no man reject it, for it is one that all must learn, and is a mighty, Universal Truth. When Death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which it lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world, and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven.

From The Old Curiosity Shop

ERNEST DIMNET

The world has a habit, which it is only too ready to crystallize into a theory, to regard sorrow as a sin. It tells us to run away from it. There are well-known resorts, both in Europe and in America, which are sanctuaries against it or the memory of it. People who go there after the loss of a beloved one are declared "fine" when they laugh. Senseless cowardice. Triumph of inanity. No man strong and brave enough to have set his all on a hope, or a love, will ever condescend to brush aside disappointment or bereavement. Only people of weak minds or feeble hearts can thus shrug away sorrow.

"But sorrow can be morbid, and doctors forewarn against it."

As they do about anything. Sorrow manfully braved and accepted can never be morbid and has, many times, been a fountain of nobility. Read Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. Whenever you see on a person's face that exceptional depth or gravity which even the soulless envy, be certain that the chisel of sorrow has cut those marks thus deep. Brave sadness does for us what winter does for the earth.

From What We Live By

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest:

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

From In Memoriam

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

I long for household voices gone,
 For vanished smiles I long,
 But God hath led my dear ones on,
 And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
 Of marvel or surprise,
 Assured alone that life and death
 His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
 To bear an untried pain,
 The bruised reed He will not break
 But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
 Nor works my faith to prove;
 I can but give the gifts He gave,
 And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
 I wait the muffled oar:
 No harm from Him can come to me
 On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air;
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
 If hopes like these betray,
 Pray for me that my feet may gain
 The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
 Thy creatures as they be,
 Forgive me if too close I lean
 My human heart on Thee!

PLUTARCH

As for the messenger you dispatched to tell me of the death of my little daughter, it seems he missed his way as he was going to Athens. But when I came to Tanagra, I heard of it by my niece. I suppose by this time the funeral is over. I wish that whatever has been done may create you no dissatisfaction as well now as hereafter. But if you have designedly let anything alone, depending upon my judgment, thinking better to determine the point if I were with you, I pray let it be without ceremony and timorous superstition, which I know are far from you.

Only, dear wife, let you and me bear our affliction with patience. I know very well and do comprehend what loss we have had; but if I should find you grieve beyond measure, this would trouble me more than the thing itself. For I had my birth neither from a stock nor a stone; and you know it full well, I having been assistant to you in the education of so many children, which we brought up at home under our own care. This daughter was born after four sons, when you were longing to bear a daughter, which made me call her by your own name. Therefore I know she was particularly dear to you and grief must have a peculiar pungency in a mind tenderly affectionate to children, when you call to mind how naturally witty, and innocent she was, void of anger, and not querulous. She was naturally mild, and compassionate to a miracle. And her gratitude and kindness not only gave us delight, but also manifested her generous nature; for she would pray her nurse to give suck, not only to other children, but to her very playthings as it were courteously inviting them to her table, and making the best cheer for them she could. Now, my dear wife, I see no reason why these and the like things, which delighted us so much when she was alive, should upon remembrance of them afflict us when she is dead. But I also fear lest, while we cease from sorrowing, we should forget her: As Clymene said, "I hate the handy horned bow and banish youthful pastimes now;" because she would not be put in mind of her son by the exercises he had been used to. For nature always shuns such things as are troublesome. But since our little daughter afforded all our senses the sweetest and most charming pleasure, so ought we to cherish her memory, which will conduce in many ways—or rather many fold—more to our joy than our grief. And it is but just, that the same arguments which we have oft-times used to others should prevail upon ourselves at this so seasonable

time, and that we should not supinely sit down and overwhelm the joys which we have tasted with a multiplicity of new griefs.

A Letter to His Wife. Translated from the Greek by Robert Midgley

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

When to the Sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
That can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I now pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think of thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE

Then—my sister died happily, nothing dark, except the inevitable shadow of Death overclouded her hour of dissolution. The doctor, a stranger who was called in, wondered at her fixed tranquillity of spirit and settled longing to be gone. He said in all his experience he had seen no such death-bed, and that it gave evidence of no common mind—yet to speak the truth, it but half consoles to remember this calm—there is piercing pain in it. Anne had had enough of life such as it was—in her twenty-eighth year she had laid it down as a burden. I hardly know whether it is sadder to think of that than of Emily turning her dying eyes reluctantly from the pleasant sun. Had I never believed in a future life before, my sister's fate would assure me of it. There must be Heaven or we must despair—for life seems bitter, brief—blank. To me—these two have left in their memories a noble legacy. Were I quite solitary in the world—bereft even of

Papa—there is something in the past I can love intensely and honour deeply—and it is something which cannot change—which cannot decay—which immortality guarantees from corruption.

They have died comparatively young—but their short lives were spotless—their brief career was honourable—their untimely death befell amidst all associations that can hallow, and not one that can desecrate.

From a Letter

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

How strange it seems, with so much gone,
Of life and love, to still live on !
Ah, brother ! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still ;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
 We sit beneath their orchard-trees,
 We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn ;
We turn the pages that they read,
 Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
 No step is on the conscious floor !
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just,)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees !
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play !
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
 And Love can never lose its own !

From Snow-Bound

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

He is made one with Nature : there is heard
 His voice in all her music, from the moan
 Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird ;
 He is a presence to be felt and known
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
 Which has withdrawn His being to its own ;
 Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

. . .

He is a portion of the loveliness
 Which once he made more lovely : he doth bear
 His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
 Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there,
 All new successions to the forms they wear ;
 Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
 To its own likeness, as each mass may bear ;
 And bursting in its beauty and its might
 From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The splendours of the firmament of time
 May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not ;
 Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
 And death is a low mist which cannot blot
 The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
 Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
 And love and life contend in it, for what
 Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,
 And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

. . .

The One remains, the many change and pass ;
 Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;
 Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
 Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
 Until Death tramples it to fragments. — Die,
 If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek !
 Follow where all is fled ! — Rome's azure sky,
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
 That Beauty in which all things work and move,
 That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
 Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
 Which through the web of being blindly wove
 By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
 Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
 Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
 The massy earth and spher'd skies are riven!
 I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
 Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

From Adonais

LUCRETIUS

Now no more shall a glad home and a true wife welcome thee, nor darling children race to snatch thy first kisses and touch thy heart with a sweet and silent content: no more mayest thou be prosperous in thy doings and a defence to thine own; 'alas and woe!' say they, 'one disastrous day has taken all these prizes of thy life away from thee' — but thereat they do not add this, 'and now no more does any longing for these things beset thee.' This did their thought but clearly see and their speech follow, they would release themselves from great heartache and fear. 'Thou, indeed, as thou art sunk in the sleep of death, wilt so be for the rest of the ages, severed from all weary pains; but we, while close by us thou didst turn ashen on the awful pyre, made unappeasable lamentation, and everlasting shall time never rid our heart of anguish!' Ask we then this of him, what there is that is so very bitter, if sleep and peace be the conclusion of the matter, to make one fade away in never-ending grief?

Translated by John Mackaill

WILLIAM BARNES

Mater Dolorosa

I'd a dream to-night
 As I fell asleep,
 O! the touching sight
 Makes me still to weep :
 Of my little lad,
 Gone to leave me sad,
 Ay, the child I had,
 But was not to keep.

As in heaven high,
 I my child did seek,
 There in train came by
 Children fair and meek,
 Each in lily white,
 With a lamp alight ;
 Each was clear to sight,
 But they did not speak.

Then, a little sad,
 Came my child in turn,
 But the lamp he had,
 O it did not burn !
 He, to clear my doubt,
 Said, half turn'd about,
 'Your tears put it out ;
 Mother, never mourn.'

WILLIAM CORY

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead;
 They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
 I wept as I remember'd how often you and I
 Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
 A handful of gray ashes, long, long ago at rest,
 Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales awake;
 For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

JOHN MILTON

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves.
 Where, other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

From Lycidas

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

A Pause

They made the chamber sweet with flowers and leaves,
 And the bed sweet with flowers on which I lay,
 While my soul, love-bound, loitered on its way.
 I did not hear the birds about the eaves,
 Nor hear the reapers talk among the sheaves :
 Only my soul kept watch from day to day,
 My thirsty soul kept watch for one away :—
 Perhaps he loves, I thought, remembers, grieves.

At length there came the step upon the stair,
 Upon the lock the old familiar hand :
 Then first my spirit seemed to scent the air
 Of Paradise; then first the tardy sand
 Of time ran golden ; and I felt my hair
 Put on a glory, and my soul expand.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

O strong soul, by what shore
 Tarriest thou now? For that force,
 Surely, has not been left vain!
 Somewhere, surely, afar,
 In the sounding labor-house vast
 Of being, is practised that strength,
 Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
 Conscious or not of the past,
 Still thou performest the word
 Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live
 Prompt, unwearied, as here.
 Still thou upraisest with zeal
 The humble good from the ground,
 Sternly repressest the bad;
 Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
 Those who with half-open eyes
 Tread the border-land dim
 'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st,
 Succorest. This was thy work,
 This was thy life upon earth.

From Rugby Chapel

ELIZABETH MORROW

Like treasure lost at sea, her loveliness
 Lies buried now: unchanged, inviolate,
 Beyond all sounding, glassy depths possess
 That beauty; naught has perished small or great.
 Far from this surface world of weeks and days,
 The coming summer or the winter's cold,
 Ineffably her own, a thousand ways
 Rest in the dark of understanding, hold
 Color and light against that other death
 Oblivion. Sunk in silence they await
 The moving tide of memory at whose breath
 Waters divide above our doomed estate;
 Her look, her laugh, her step upon the stair,
 Leaping to life, incomparably fair.

RICHARD MAURICE BUCKE

A Letter to Maurice Andrews Bucke, from His Father

Dear Maurice : — A year ago today, in the prime of youth, of health and of strength, in an instant, by a terrible and fatal accident, you were removed forever from this world in which your mother and I still live. Of all young men I have known you were the most pure, the most noble, the most honourable, the most tender-hearted. In the business of life you were industrious, honest, faithful, intelligent and entirely trustworthy. How at the time we felt your loss—how we still feel it—I would not set down even if I could. I desire to speak here of my confident hope, not of my pain. I will say that through the experiences which underlie this volume, I have been taught, that in spite of death and the grave, although you are beyond the range of our sight and hearing, notwithstanding that the universe of sense testifies to your absence, you are not dead and not really absent, but alive and well and not far from me this moment. If I have been permitted—no, not to enter, but—through the narrow aperture of a scarcely opened door, to glance one instant into that other divine world, it was surely that I might thereby be enabled to live through the receipt of those lightning-flashed words from Montana which time burns only deeper into my brain.

Only a little while now, and we shall be again together, and with us those other noble and well-beloved souls gone before. I am sure I shall meet you and them; that you and I shall talk of a thousand things, and of that unforgettable day, and of all that followed it; and that we shall clearly see that all were parts of an infinite plan which was wholly wise and good. Do you see and approve as I write these words? It may well be. Do you read from within what I am now thinking and feeling? If you do, you know how dear to me you were, while you yet lived what we call life here, and how much more dear you have become to me since.

Because of the indissoluble links of birth and death wrought by nature and fate between us; because of my love and because of my grief; above all, because of the infinite and inextinguishable confidence there is in my heart, I inscribe to you this book, which, full as it is of imperfections which render it unworthy of your acceptance, has nevertheless sprung from the divine assurance born of the deepest insight of the noblest members of our race.

Your Father.

FRANÇOIS VILLON

The Epitaph in Form of a Ballad (which Villon made for himself and his comrades, expecting to be hanged along with them.)

Men, brother men, that after us yet live,
 Let not your hearts too hard against us be ;
 For if some pity of us poor men ye give,
 The sooner God shall take of you pity.
 Here are we five or six strung up you see,
 And here the flesh that all too well we fed
 Bit by bit eaten and rotten, rent and shred,
 And we the bones grow dust and ash withal ;
 Let no man laugh at us discomfited,
 But pray to God that he forgive us all.

If we call on you, brothers, to forgive,
 Ye should not hold our prayer in scorn, though we
 Were slain by law ; ye know that all alive
 Have not wit alway to walk righteously ;
 Make therefore intercession heartily
 With him that of a virgin's womb was bred,
 That his grace be not as a dry well-head
 For us, nor let hell's thunder on us fall ;
 We are dead, let no man harry or vex us dead.
 But pray to God that he forgive us all.

The rain has washed and laundered us all five,
 And the sun dried and blackened ; yea, perdie,
 Ravens and pies with beaks that rend and rive
 Have dug our eyes out, and plucked off for fee
 Our beards and eyebrows ; never are we free,
 Not once, to rest ; but here and there still sped,
 Drive at its wild will by the wind's change led,
 More pecked of birds than fruits on garden wall ;
 Men, for God's love, let no gibe here be said,
 But pray to God that he forgive us all.

Prince Jesus, that of all art lord and head,
 Keep us, that Hell be not our bitter bed ;
 We have nought to do in such a master's hall.
 Be not ye therefore of our fellowhead,
 But pray to God that he forgive us all.

Translated by Algernon Charles Swinburne

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS

When Pantagruel was born, there was none more astonished and perplexed than his father Gargantua ; for, of the one side, seeing his wife Badebec dead, and on the other side his son Pantagruel born, so fair and so great, he knew not what to say, not what to do. And the doubt that troubled his brain was to know whether he should cry for the death of his wife, or laugh for the joy of his son. He was hinc inde—choked with sophisticated arguments, for he framed them very well in mode et figura, but he could not resolve them, remaining pestered and entangled by this means, like a mouse catch't in a trap, or a kite in a gin. "Shall I weep?" said he. "Yes, for why? My good wife is dead, who was the most this, the most that, that ever was in the world. Never shall I see her, never shall I recover such another, it is unto me an inestimable loss! Oh my good God, what had I done that Thou shouldest punish me? Why didst Thou not take me away before her? seeing for me to live without her is to languish. Oh! Badebec, Badebec, my minion, my dear heart, my sugar, my sweeting, my honey, my little coney! Ah, poor Pantagruel, thou hast lost thy good mother, thy sweet nurse, thy well-beloved lady! O fake death how injurious and despiteful hast thou been to me! How malicious and outrageous have I found thee in taking her from me, my well-beloved wife, to whom immortality did of right belong!"

With these words he did cry like a cow; but on a sudden fell a-laughing like a calf, when Pantagruel came into his mind. "Ha! my little son! (said he) "my childilolly, fedlifondly, dandlichucky! My ballocky, my pretty rogue! Oh how jolly thou art, and how much am I bound to my gracious God, that hath been pleased to bestow on me a son so fair, so spriteful, so lively, so smiling, so pleasant and so gentle! Ho! ho! ho! ho! how glad I am! Let us drink, ho! and put away melancholy! Bring of the best, rinse the glasses, lay the cloth, drive out the dogs, blow this fire, light candles, shut that door there, cut this bread in sippets for brewis, send away these poor folks in giving them what they ask, hold my gown—I will strip myself into my doublet to make the gossips merry, and keep them company."

As he spoke thus, he heard the litanies and the funeral mementos of the priests that carried his wife to be buried, upon which he left the good purpose he was in, and was suddenly ravished another way, saying: "Lord God! must I again contest myself. This grieves me. I am no longer young, I grow old, the weather is dangerous; I may perhaps take an ague, then shall I be foiled, if not quite undone. By the faith of a gentleman! it were better to cry less, and drink more. My wife is dead, well by God I shall not raise her again by my crying;

she is well, she is in Paradise, at least, if she be no higher ; she prayeth to God for us, she is happy, she is above the sense of our miseries, nor can our calamities reach her. What though she be dead, must not we also die ? The same debt which she has paid hangs over our heads ; nature will require it of us, and we must all of us some day taste of the same sauce. Let her pass thus, and the Lord preserve the survivors ! for I must now cast how to get another wife." "But I will tell you what you shall do," said he to the midwives. "Go to my wife's interment, and I will the while rock my son ; for I find myself somewhat altered and distempered, and should otherways be in danger of falling sick ; but drink one draught first, you will be the better for it." Then at his request they went to her burial and poor Gargantua stayed at home.

From Gargantua. Translated by Thomas Urquhart

JOHN MILTON

Manoa. Come, come no time for lamentation now,
 Nor much more cause, Samson hath quit himself
 Like Samson, and heroicly hath finish'd
 A life Heroic, . . .
 Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
 Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
 Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble . . .

Chorus. All is best, though we oft doubt,
 What th' unsearchable dispose
 Of highest wisdom brings about,
 And ever best found in the close.
 Oft he seems to hide his face,
 But unexpectedly returns
 And to his faithful Champion hath in place
 Bore witness gloriously ; whence Gaza mourns
 And all that band them to resist
 His uncontroulable intent,
 His servants he with new acquist
 Of true experience from this great event
 With peace and consolidation hath dismift,
 And calm of mind all passion spent.

From Samson Agonistes

HENRY JAMES

He stopped and looked up, recognising the place as a church. The thought quickly came to him that since he was tired he might rest there; so that after a moment he had in turn pushed up the leathern curtain and gone in. It was a temple of the old persuasion, and there had evidently been a function—perhaps a service for the dead; the high altar was still a blaze of candles. This was an exhibition he always liked, and he dropped into a seat with relief. More than it had ever yet come home to him it struck him as good there should be churches.

This one was almost empty and the other altars were dim; a verger shuffled about, an old woman coughed, but it seemed to Stransom there was hospitality in the thick sweet air. Was it only the savour of the incense or was it something of larger intention? He had at any rate quitted the great grey suburb and come nearer to the warm center. He presently ceased to feel intrusive, gaining at last even a sense of community with the only worshipper in his neighborhood, the sombre presence of a woman, in mourning unrelieved, whose back was all he could see of her and who had sunk deep into prayer at no great distance from him. He wished he could sink, like her, to the very bottom, be as motionless, as rapt in prostration. After a few moments he shifted his seat; it was almost indelicate to be so aware of her. But Stransom subsequently quite lost himself, floating away on the sea of light. If occasions like this had been more frequent in his life he would have had more present the great original type, set up in a myriad temples, of the unapproachable shrine he had erected in his mind. That shrine had begun in vague likeness to church pomps but the echo had ended by growing more distinct than the sound. The sound now rang out, the type blazed at him with all its fires, and with a mystery of radiance in which endless meanings could glow. The thing became as he sat there his appropriate altar and each starry candle an appropriate vow. He numbered them, named them, grouped them—it was the silent roll-call of the his Dead. They made together a brightness vast and intense, a brightness in which the mere chapel of his thoughts grew so dim that as it faded away he asked himself if he shouldn't find his real comfort in some material act, some outward worship.

This idea took possession of him while, at a distance, the black-robed lady continued prostrate; he was quietly thrilled with his conception, which at last brought him to his feet in the sudden excitement of a plan. He wandered softly through the aisles, pausing in the different chapels, all save one applied to a special devotion. It was in this clear recess, lampless and unapplied, that he stood longest—the

length of time it took him fully to grasp the conception of gilding it with his bounty. He should snatch it from no other rites and associate it with nothing profane ; he would simply take it as it should be given up to him and make it a masterpiece of splendour and a mountain of fire. Tended sacredly all the year, with the sanctifying church round it, it would always be ready for his offices. There would be difficulties, but from the first they presented themselves only as difficulties surmounted. Even for a person so little affiliated the thing would be a matter of arrangement. He saw it all in advance, and how bright in especial the place would become to him in the intermissions of toil and the dusk of afternoons ; how rich in assurance at all times, but especially in the indifferent world.

This was the origin of the rites more public, yet certainly esoteric, that he at last found himself able to establish. It took a long time, it took a year, and both the process and the result would have been—for any who knew—a vivid picture of his good faith. No one did know, in fact — no one but the bland ecclesiastics whose acquaintance he had promptly sought, whose objections he had softly overridden, whose curiosity and sympathy he had artfully charmed, whose assent to his eccentric munificence he had eventually won, and who had asked for concessions in exchange for indulgences. [Stransom had of course at an early stage of his enquiry been referred to the Bishop, and the Bishop had been delightfully human, the Bishop had been almost amused. Success was within sight, at any rate, from the moment the attitude of those whom it concerned became liberal in response to liberality.] The altar and the sacred sheel that half encircled it, consecrated to an ostensible and customary worship, were to be splendidly maintained; all that Stransom reserved to himself was the number of his lights and the free enjoyment of his intentions. When the intention had taken complete effect the enjoyment became even greater than he had ventured to hope. He liked to think of this effect when far from it, liked to convince himself of it yet again when near. He was not often indeed so near as that a visit to it hadn't perforce something of the patience of a pilgrimage ; but the time he gave to his devotion came to seem to him more a contribution to his other interests than a betrayal of them. Even a loaded life might be easier when one had added a new necessity to it.

How much easier was probably never guessed by those who simply knew there were hours when he disappeared and for many of whom there was a vulgar reading of what they used to call his plunges. These plunges were into depth quieter than the deep sea-caves, and the habit had at the end of a year or two become the one it would have cost him to relinquish. Now they had really, his Dead, something that was indefeasibly theirs ; and he liked to think that they

might in cases be the Dead of others, as well as that the Dead of others might be invoked there under the protection of what he had done. Whoever bent a knee on the carpet he had laid down appeared to him to act in the spirit of his intention. Each of his lights had a name for him, and from time to time a new light was kindled. This was what he had fundamentally agreed for, that there should always be room for them all. What those who passed or lingered saw was simply the most resplendent of the altars called suddenly into vivid usefulness, with a quiet elderly man, for whom it evidently had a fascination, often seated there in a maze of a doze; but half the satisfaction of the spot for this mysterious and fitful worshipper was that he found the years of his life there, and the ties, the affections, the struggles, the submissions, the conquests, if there had been such, a record of that adventurous journey in which the beginnings and the endings of human relations are the lettered mile-stones. He had in general little taste for the past as a part of his own history; at other times and in other places it mostly seemed to him pitiful to consider and impossible to repair; but on these occasions he accepted it with something of that positive gladness with which one adjusts one's self to an ache that begins to succumb to treatment. To the treatment of time the malady of life begins at a given moment to succumb; and these were doubtless the hours at which that truth most came home to him. The day was written for him there on which he had first become acquainted with death, and the successive phases of the acquaintance were marked each with a flame.

The flames were gathering thick at present, for Stransom had entered that dark defile of our earthly descent in which some one dies every day. It was only yesterday that Kate Creston had flashed out her white fire; yet already there were younger stars ablaze on the tips of the tapers. Various persons in whom his interest had not been intense drew closer to him by entering this company. He went over it, head by head, till he felt like the shepherd of a huddled flock, with all a shepherd's vision of differences imperceptible. He knew his candles apart, up to the colour of the flame, and would still have known them had their positions all been changed. To other imaginations they might stand for other things—that they should stand for something to be hushed before was all he desired; but he was intensely conscious of the personal note of each and the distinguishable way it contributed to the concert. There were hours at which he almost caught himself wishing that certain of his friends would now die, that he might establish with them in this manner a connexion more charming than, as it happened, it was possible to enjoy with them in life. In regard to those from whom one was separated by the long curves of the globe such a connexion could only be an improvement;

it brought them instantly within reach. Of course there were gaps in the constellation, for Stransom knew he could only pretend to act for his own, and it wasn't every figure passing before his eyes into the great obscure that was entitled to a memorial.

From The Altar of the Dead

THUCYDIDES

The Funeral Oration of Pericles

Methinks that a death as theirs has been gives the true measure of a man's worth; it may be the first revelation of his virtues, but is at any rate their final seal. For even those who come short in other ways may justly plead the vale with which they have fought for their country; they have blotted out the evil with the good, and have benefitted the state more by their public services than they have injured her by private actions. None of these men were enervated by wealth or hesitated to resign the pleasures of life; none of them put off the evil day in the hope, natural to poverty, that a man, though poor, may one day become rich. But, deeming that the punishment of their enemies was sweeter than any of these things, and that they could fall in no nobler cause, they determined at the hazard of their lives to be honorably avenged, and to leave the rest. They resigned to hope their unknown chance of happiness; but in the face of death they resolved to rely upon themselves alone. And when the moment came they were minded to resist and suffer, rather than to fly and save their lives; they ran away from the word dishonor, but on the battle-field their feet stood fast, and in an instant, at the height of their fortune, they passed away from the scene, not of their fear, but of their glory.

Such was the end of these men; they were worthy of Athens, and the living need not desire to have a more heroic spirit, although they may pray for a less fatal issue. The value of such a spirit is not to be expressed in words. Any one can discourse to you for ever about the advantages of a brave defence, which you know already. But instead of listening to him I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens, until you become filled with the love of her; and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it, who in the hour of conflict had the fear of dishonor always present to them, and who, if ever they failed in an enter-

p:ise, would not allow their virtues to be lost to their country, but fully gave their lives to her as the fairest offering which they could present at her feast. The sacrifice which they collectively made was individually repaid to them; for they received again each one for himself a praise which grows not old, and the noblest of sepulchres. I speak not of that in which their remains are laid, but of that in which their glory survives, and is proclaimed always and on every fitting occasion both in word and deed. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stone but in the hearts of men. Make them your examples, and, esteeming courage to be freedom and freedom to be happiness, do not weigh too nicely the perils of war. The unfortunate who has no hope of a change for the better has less reason to throw away his life than the prosperous who, if he survives, is always liable to a change for the worse, and to whom any accidental fall makes the most serious difference. To a man of spirit, cowardice and disaster coming together are far more bitter than death striking him unperceived at a time when he is full of courage and animated by the general hope.

Wherfore I do not now commiserate the parents of the dead who stand here; I would rather comfort them. You know that your life has been passed amid vicissitudes; and that they may be deemed fortunate who have gained most honor, whether an honorable death like theirs, or an honorable sorrow like yours, and whose days have been so ordered that the term of their happiness is likewise the term of their life. I know how hard it is to make you feel this, when the good fortune of others will too often remind you of the gladness which once lightened your hearts. And sorrow is felt as the want of those blessings, not which a man never knew, but which were a part of his life before they were taken from him. Some of you are of an age at which they may hope to have other children, and they ought to bear their sorrow better; not only will the children who may hereafter be born make them forget their own lost ones, but the city will be doubly a gainer. She will not be left desolate and she will be safer. For a man's counsel cannot have equal weight or worth, when he alone has no children to risk in the general danger. To those of you who have passed their prime, I say: "Congratulate yourselves that you have been happy during the greater part of your days; remember that your life of sorrow will not last long, and be comforted by the glory of those who are gone. For the love of honor alone is ever young, and not riches, as some say, but honor is the delight of men when they are old and useless."

Translated by Benjamin Jowett

EDWIN ARNOLD

He who died at Azan sends
Hope to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends. It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say "Abdullah's dead?"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this—
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends, what the women lave
For the last sleep of the grave
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a bird my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room—
The wearer, not the garb—the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars
That kept him from those splendid stars.

Loving friends. Be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye—
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell—one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury;
A mind that loved him; let it lie.
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold is in his store.

Allah glorious. Allah good.
 Now thy world is understood;
 Now the long, long winter ends;
 Yet ye weep, my foolish friends,
 While the man whom ye call dead,
 "In unspoken bliss, instead,
 Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
 For the light that shines for you;
 But in the light ye cannot see
 Of undisturbed felicity—
 In a perfect paradise,
 And a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends. But not farewell;
 Where I am ye, too, shall dwell.
 I am gone before your face,
 A moment's worth, a little space,
 When ye come where I have stepped
 Ye will wonder why ye wept;
 Ye will know, by true love taught,
 That here is all, and there is naught.

Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
 Sunshine still must follow rain;
 Only not at death—for death,
 We know, is that first breath
 Which our souls draw when we enter
 Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems love,
 Viewed from Allah's throne above;
 Be ye stout of heart, and come
 Bravely onward to your home.
 La-il Allah. Allah-la.
 O love divine. O love alway.

He who died at Azan gave
 This to those who made his grave.

P A R T I I

GLAD RELEASE

PYRAMID TEXTS, 3000 B. C.

Death is before me to-day
(Like) the recovery of a sick man,
Like going forth into a garden after sickness.

Death is before me to-day
Like the odor of myrrh,
Like sitting under a sail on a windy day.

Death is before me to-day
Like the course of the freshet,
Like the return of a man from the war-galley to his house.

Death is before me to-day
As a man longs to see his house
When he has spent years in captivity.

Translated from the Egyptian by James Henry Breasted

NANCY BYRD TURNER

Death is a Door

Death is only an old door
Set in a garden wall.
On quiet hinges it gives at dusk,
When the thrushes call.

Along the lintel are green leaves,
Beyond, the light lies still;
Very weary and willing feet
Go over that sill.

There is nothing to trouble any heart,
Nothing to hurt at all.
Death is only an old door
In a garden wall.

SAINT GREGORY

To a virtuous man the sweetest pillow is that of death. Cheerfully he approaches its proffered rest, as a peasant wearied with his daily toil retires to his bed at night. Though storms may frown upon his morn of life, and blacken his meridian with increasing gloom, his evening is ever cloudless and serene; his sun gently sinks to rise in a better world, and nothing can obscure the last glimmer of his day.

Translated by Hugh Stuart Boyd

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Lament for the Makers

I that in heill was and gladness
Am trublit now with great sickness
And feblit with infirmities :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Our plesance here is all vain glory,
This fals world is but transitory,
The flesh is bruckle, the Feynd is slee :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The state of man does change and vary,
Now sound, now sick, now blyth, now sary,
Now dansand mirry, now like to die :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Unto the Death gois all Estatis,
Princis, Prelatis, and Potestatis,
Baith rich and poor of all degree :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen he has all my brether tane,
He will naught let me live alane;
Of force I man his next prey be :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Since for the Death remeid is none,
Best is that we for Death dispone,
After our death that live may we :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

THE VENERABLE BEDE

The Conversion of Edwin

The present life of man, O king, seems to me, in comparison of that time which is unknown to us, like the swift flight of a sparrow through the room wherein you sit at supper in winter, with your commanders and ministers, and a good fire in the midst, whilst the storms of rain and snow prevail abroad ; the sparrow, I say, flying in at one door, and immediately out at another, whilst he is within, is safe from the wintry storm ; but after a short space of fair weather, he immediately vanishes out of your sight, into the dark winter from which he had emerged. So this life of man appears for a short space, but of what went before, or what is to follow, we are utterly ignorant. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed.

From The Ecclesiastical History of England

FRANCIS QUARLES

Respice Finem

My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on ;
 Judge not the play before the play is done :
 Her plot hath many changes ; every day
 Speaks a new scene ; the last act crowns the play.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Requiem

Under the wide and starry sky
 Dig the grave and let me lie :
 Glad did I live and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :
Here he lies where he long'd to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

FRANCIS BACON

On Death

I have often thought upon death, and I find it the least of all evils. All that which is past is as a dream; and he that hopes or depends upon time coming, dreams waking. So much of our life as we have discovered is already dead; and all those hours which we share, even from the breasts of our mothers, until we return to our grandmother the earth, are part of our dying days, whereof even this is one, and those that succeed are of the same nature, for we die daily; and, as others have given place to us, so we must, in the end, give way to others.

Physicians, in the name of death, include all sorrow, anguish, disease, calamity, or whatsoever can fall in the life of man, either grievous or unwelcome. But these things are familiar unto us, and we suffer them every hour; therefore we die daily, and I am older since I affirmed it.

I know many wise men that fear to die, for the change is bitter, and flesh would refuse to prove it; besides, the expectation brings terror, and that exceeds the evil. But I do not believe that any man fears to be dead, but only the stroke of death; and such are my hopes, that if Heaven be pleased, and nature renew but my lease for twenty-one years more without asking longer days, I shall be strong enough to acknowledge without mourning, that I was begotten mortal. Virtue walks not in the highway, though she go *per alta*; this is strength and the blood to virtue, to contemn things that be desired, and to neglect that which is feared.

This ruler of monuments leads men, for the most part, out of this world with their heels forward, in token that he is contrary to life, which being obtained, sends men headlong into this wretched theatre, where, being arrived, their first language is that of mourning. Nor, in my own thoughts, can I compare men more fitly to any thing than to the Indian fig-tree, which, being ripened to his full height, is said to decline his branches down to the earth, whereof she conceives again, and they become roots in their own stock.

So man, having derived his being from the earth, first lives the life of a tree, drawing his nourishment as a plant, and made ripe for death, he tends downwards, and is sown again in his mother the earth, where he perisheth not, but expects a quickening.

Death arrives gracious only to such as sit in darkness, or lie heavy burdened with grief and irons; to the poor Christian, that sits bound in the galley; to despairful widows, pensive prisoners, and deposed kings; to them whose fortune runs back, and whose spirits mutiny:

unto such, death is a redeemer, and the grave a place for retiredness and rest.

These wait upon the shore of death, and waft unto him to draw near, wishing above all others to see his star, that they might be led to his place; wooing the remorseless sisters to wind down the watch of their life, and to break them off before the hour.

And if wishes might find place, I would die together, and not my mind often, and my body once; that is, I would prepare for the messengers of death, sickness, and affliction, and not wait long, or be attempted by the violence of pain.

I might say much of the commodities that death can sell a man; but, briefly, death is a friend of ours, and he that is not ready to entertain him, is not at home. Whilst I am, my ambition is not to foreflow the tide; I have but so to make my interest of it as I may account for it; I would wish nothing but what might better my days, nor desire any greater place than the front of good opinion. I make not love to the continuance of days, but to the goodness of them; nor wish to die, but refer myself to my hour, which the great Dispenser of all things hath appointed me; yet, as I am frail, and suffered for the first fault, were it given me to choose, I should not be earnest to see the evening of my age; that extremity, of itself, being a disease, and a mere return into infancy; so that, if perpetuity of life might be given me, I should think what the Greek poet said; "Such an age is a mortal evil."

And since I must needs be dead, I require it may not be done before mine enemies, that I be not stript before I be cold; but before my friends. The night is even now: but that name is lost; it is not now late, but early. Mine eyes begin to discharge their watch, and compound with this fleshly weakness for a time of perpetual rest; and I shall presently be as happy for a few hours, as I had died the first hour I was born.

STEPHEN HAWES

An Epitaph

O mortal folk, you may behold and see
How I lie here, sometime a mighty knight;
The end of joy and all prosperitee
Is death at last, thorough his course and might:
After the day there cometh the dark night,
For though the daye be never so long,
At last the bells ringeth to evensong.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

The Divine Lover

See, Lord, see, I am dead:
 Tombed in myself, myself my grave.
 A drudge: so born, so bred:
 Myself even to myself a slave.
 Thou Freedom, Life: can life and Liberty
 Love bondage, death? Thy freedom I: I tyed
 To loose thy bonds; be bound to me:
 My yoke shall ease, my bonds shall free.
 Dead soul, thy spring of life, my dying side:
 There dye with me to live: to live in thee I dyed.

THOMAS WOLFE

Proud Death, proud Death . . . What have you ever touched that you have not touched with love and pity, Death? Proud Death, wherever we have seen your face, you came with mercy, love, and pity, Death, and brought to all of us your compassionate sentences of pardon and release. For have you not retrieved from exile the desperate lives of men who never found their home? Have you not opened your dark door for us who never yet found doors to enter, and given us a room who, roomless, doorless, unassuaged, were driven on forever through the streets of life? Have you not offered us your stern provender, Death, with which to stay the hunger that grew to madness from the food it fed upon, and given all of us the goal for which we sought but never found, the certitude, the peace, for which our over-laden hearts contended, and made for us, in your dark house, an end of all the tortured wandering and unrest that lashed us on forever? Proud Death, proud Death, not for the glory that you added to the glory of the king, proud Death, nor for the honor you imposed upon the dignities of famous men, proud Death, nor for the final magic you have given to the lips of genius, Death, but because you come so gloriously to us who never yet knew glory, so proudly and sublimely to us whose lives were nameless and obscure, because you give to all of us—the nameless, faceless, voiceless atoms of the earth—the awful chrysm of your grandeur, Death, because I have seen and known you so well, and have lived so long with Loneliness, your brother, I do not fear you any longer, friend, and I have made this praise for you.

From Death the Proud Brother

HORACE

Ode to Mæcenas

But God has widely hid from human sight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depths of night.
He laughs at all the giddy turns of state,
Where mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
And put it out of Fortune's power;
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extreme.

Now with the noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft its head,
And bears down all before it with tempestuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown:
Both house and homestead into seas are borne,
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd honors
mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own:
He who secure within, can say,
"To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate, are mine.
Nor Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour."

Translated by John Dryden

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE

To Philosophize is to Learn to Die

Our very religion itself has no surer human foundation than the contempt of death. Not only the argument of reason invites us to it—for why should we fear to lose a thing, which being lost cannot be lamented?—but, also, seeing we are threatened by so many sorts of death, is it not infinitely worse eternally to fear them all than once to undergo one of them? And what matters it, when it shall happen, since it is inevitable? To him that told Socrates, “The thirty tyrants have sentenced thee to death;” “And nature them,” said he. What a ridiculous thing it is to trouble ourselves about taking the only step that is to deliver us from all trouble!

As our birth brought us the birth of all things, so in our death is the death of all included. And therefore to lament that we shall not be alive a hundred years hence, is the same folly as to be sorry we were not alive a hundred years ago. Death is the beginning of another life. So did we weep, and so much it cost us to enter into this, and so did we put off our former veil in entering into it.

Nothing can be a grievance that is but once. Is it reasonable so long to fear a thing that will so soon be despatched? Long life, and short, are by death made all one; for there is no long, nor short, to things that are no more. Aristotle tells us that there are certain little beasts upon the banks of the river Hypanis, that never live above a day: they which die at eight of the clock in the morning, die in their youth, and those that die at five in the evening, in their decrepitude: which of us would not laugh to see this moment of continuance put into the consideration of weal or woe? The most and the least, of ours, in comparison with eternity, or yet with the duration of mountains, rivers, stars, trees, and even of some animals, is no less ridiculous.

But nature compels us to it. “Go out of this world,” says she, “as you entered into it; the same pass you made from death to life, without passion or fear, the same, after the same manner, repeat from life to death. Your death is a part of the order of the universe, 'tis a part of the life of the world.

“Shall I exchange for you this beautiful contexture of things? 'Tis the condition of your creation; death is a part of you, and whilst you endeavour to evade it, you evade yourselves. This very being of yours that you now enjoy is equally divided between life and death. The day of your birth is one day's advance towards the grave.

"All the whole time you live, you purloin from life, and live at the expense of life itself. The perpetual work of your life is but to lay the foundation of death. You are in death, whilst you are in life, because you still are after death, when you are no more alive; or, if you had rather have it so, you are dead after life, but dying all the while you live; and death handles the dying much more rudely than the dead, and more sensibly and essentially. If you have made your profit of life, you have had enough of it; go your way satisfied.

"If you have not known how to make the best use of it, if it was unprofitable to you, what need you care to lose it, to what end would you desire longer to keep it?

"Life in itself is neither good nor evil; it is the scene of good or evil, as you make it. And, if you have lived a day, you have seen all; one day is equal and like to all other days. There is no other light, no other shade; this very sun, this moon, these very stars, this very order and disposition of things, is the same your ancestors enjoyed, and that shall also entertain your posterity.

"And, come the worst that can come, the distribution and variety of all the acts of my comedy are performed in a year. If you have observed the revolution of my four seasons, they comprehend the infancy, the youth, the virility, and the old age of the world: the year has played his part, and knows no other art but to begin again; it will always be the same thing.

"I am not prepared to create for you any new recreations.

"Give place to others, as others have given place to you. Equality is the soul of equity. Who can complain of being comprehended in the same destiny, wherein all are involved? Besides, live as long as you can, you shall by that nothing shorten the space you are to be dead; 'tis all to no purpose; you shall be every whit as long in the condition you so much fear, as if you had died at nurse.

"And yet I will place you in such a condition as you shall have no reason to be displeased.

"Nor shall you so much as wish for the life you are so concerned about.

"Death is less to be feared than nothing, if there could be anything less than nothing.

"Neither can it any way concern you, whether you are living or dead: living, by reason that you are still in being: dead, because you are no more. Moreover, no one dies before his hour: the time you leave behind was no more yours, than that was lapsed and gone before you came into the world; nor does it any more concern you.

"Wherever your life ends, it is all there. The utility of living consists not in the length of days, but in the use of time; a man may have lived long, and yet lived but a little. Make use of time while

it is present with you. It depends upon your will, and not upon the number of days, to have a sufficient length of life. Is it possible you can imagine never to arrive at the place towards which you are continually going? and yet there is no journey but hath its end. And, if company will make it more pleasant or more easy to you, does not all the world go the self-same way?

"Does not all the world dance the same brawl that you do? Is there anything that does not grow old, as well as you? A thousand men, a thousand animals, a thousand other creatures, die at the same moment that you die.

"To what end should you endeavour to draw back, if there be no possibility to evade it? you have seen examples enough of those who have been well pleased to die, as thereby delivered from heavy miseries; but have you ever found any who have been dissatisfied with dying? It must, therefore, needs be very foolish to condemn a thing you have neither experimented in your own person, nor by that of any other. Why dost thou complain of me and of destiny? Do we do thee any wrong?

Is it for thee to govern us? A man of low stature is as much a man as a giant; neither men nor their lives are measured by the ell.

"Chiron refused to be immortal, when he was acquainted with the conditions under which he was to enjoy it, by the god of time itself and its duration, his father Saturn. Do but seriously consider how much more insupportable and painful an immortal life would be to a man than what I have already given him. If you had not death, you would eternally curse me for having deprived you of it; I have mixed a little bitterness with it, to the end, that seeing of what convenience it is, you might not too greedily and indiscreetly seek and embrace it: and that you might be so established in this moderation, as neither to nauseate life, nor have an antipathy for dying, which I have decreed you shall once do, I have tempered the one and the other betwixt pleasure and pain. It was I that taught Thales, the most eminent of your sages, that to live and to die were indifferent. Water, earth, air, and fire, and the other parts of this creation of mine, are no more instruments of thy life than they are of thy death. Why dost thou fear thy last day? It contributes no more to thy dissolution, than every one of the rest: the last step is not the cause of lassitude: it does but confess it. Every day travels towards death: the last only arrives at it." These are the good lessons our mother Nature teaches.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

The Sleep

Of all the thoughts of God that are
 Borne inward unto souls afar,
 Along the Psalmist's music deep,
 Now tell me if that any is,
 For gift or grace, surpassing this—
 "He giveth His belovèd, sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?
 The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
 The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
 The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
 The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
 He giveth His belovèd, sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
 A little faith all undisproved,
 A little dust to overweep,
 And bitter memories to make
 The whole earth blasted for our sake:
 He giveth His belovèd, sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
 But have no tune to charm away
 Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.
 But never doleful dream again.
 Shall break the happy slumber when
 He giveth His belovèd, sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
 O men, with wailing in your voices!
 O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!
 O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
 God strikes a silence through you all,
 And giveth His belovèd, sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
 His cloud above it saileth still,
 Though on its slope men sow and reap:
 More softly than the dew is shed,
 Or cloud is floated overhead,
 He giveth His belovèd, sleep.

Aye, men may wonder while they scan
 A living, thinking, feeling man
 Confirmed in such a rest to keep ;
 But angels say,— and through the word
 I think their happy smile is heard —
 He giveth His belovèd, sleep.

For me, my heart that erst did go
 Most like a tired child at a show,
 That sees through tears the mummers leap,
 Would now its wearied vision close,
 Would childlike on His love repose
 Who giveth His belovèd, sleep !

And, friends, dear friends.— when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let One, most loving of you all,
 Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall !
 He giveth His belovèd, sleep."

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Splendidis Longum Valedico Nugis

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust,
 And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things !
 Grow rich in that which never taketh rust :
 Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
 Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
 To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be :
 Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light
 That doth both shine and give us sight to see.
 O take fast hold ! let that light be thy guide
 In this small course which birth draws out to death.
 And think how evil becometh him to slide
 Who seeketh Heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
 Then farewell, world ! thy uttermost I see :
 Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me !

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

The Conclusion

Even such is Time, that takes in trust
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
 And pays us but with earth and dust;
 Who in the dark and silent grave,
 When we have wandered all our ways,
 Shuts up the story of our days;
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
 My God shall raise me up, I trust.

JOHN LYDGATE

Vox Ultima Crucis

Tarye no lenger; toward thyn heritage
 Hast on thy weye, and be of ryght good chere.
 Go eche day onward on thy pylgrymage;
 Thynke howe short tyme thou hast abyden here.
 Thy place is bygged above the sterres clere,
 Noon erthly palys wrought in so statly wyse.
 Come on, my friend, my brother most entere!
 For the I offered my blood in sacryfice.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth —
 My sinful earth these rebel powers array —
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men;
 And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

PLATO

Of all the things which a man has, next to the God, his soul is the most divine and most truly his own. Now in every man there are two parts: the better and superior part, which rules, and the worse and inferior part, which serves; and the ruler is always to be preferred to the servant. Wherefore I am right in bidding every one next to the gods, who are our masters, and those who in order follow them, to honor his own soul, which every one seems to honor, but no one honors as he ought.

After this, I said, imagine the enlightenment or ignorance of our nature in a figure: Behold! human beings living in a sort of underground den, which has a mouth open towards the light, and reaching all across the den; they have been here from their childhood, and have their legs and necks chained so that they cannot move, and can only see before them; for the chains are arranged in such a manner as to prevent them from turning their heads around. At a distance above and behind them the light of a fire is blazing, and between the fire and the prisoners there is a raised way; and you will see, if you look, a low wall built along the way, like the screen which marionette players have before them, over which they show the puppets.

I see, he said.

And do you see, I said, men passing along the wall carrying vessels, which appear over the wall; also figures of men and animals, made of wood and stone and various materials; and some of the passengers, as you would expect, are talking, and some of them are silent?

That is a strange image, he said, and they are strange prisoners.

Like ourselves, I replied; and they see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave?

True, he said: how could they see anything but the shadows if they were never allowed to move their heads?

And of the objects which are being carried in like manner they would see only the shadows?

Yes, he said.

And if they were able to talk with one another, would they not suppose that they were naming what was actually before them?

Very true.

And suppose further that the prison had an echo which came from the other side, would they not be sure to fancy that the voice which they heard was that of a passing shadow?

No question, he replied.

There can be no question, I said, that the truth would be to them just nothing but the shadows of images.

That is certain.

And now look again, and see how they are released and cured of their folly. At first, when any one of them is liberated and compelled suddenly to go up and turn his neck round and walk and look at the light, he will suffer sharp pains; the glare will distress him, and he will be unable to see the realities of which in his former state he had seen the shadows: and then imagine some one saying to him, that what he saw before was an illusion, but that now he is approaching real Being, and has a truer sight and vision of more real things,—what will be his reply? And you may further imagine that his instructor is pointing to the objects as they pass and requiring him to name them,—will he not be in difficulty? Will he not fancy that the shadows which he formerly saw are truer than the objects which are now shown to him?

Far truer.

And if he is compelled to look at the light, will he not have a pain in his eyes, which will make him turn away to take refuge in the object of vision which he can see, and which he will conceive to be clearer than the things which are now being shown him?

True, he said.

And suppose once more, that he is reluctantly dragged up a steep and rugged ascent, and held fast and forced into the presence of the sun himself, do you not think that he will be pained and irritated, and when he approaches the light he will have his eyes dazzled, and will not be able to see any of the realities which are now affirmed to be the truth?

Not all in a moment, he said.

He will require to get accustomed to the sight of the upper world. And first he will see the shadows best, next the reflections of men and other objects in the water, and then the objects themselves; next he will gaze upon the light of the moon and the stars; and he will see the sky and the stars by night, better than the sun, or the light of the sun, by day?

Certainly.

And at last he will be able to see the sun, and not mere reflections of him in the water, but he will see him as he is in his own proper place, and not in another; and he will contemplate his nature?

Certainly.

And after this he will reason that the sun is he who gives the seasons and the years, and is the guardian of all that is in the visible world, and in a certain way the cause of all things which he and his fellows have been accustomed to behold?

Clearly, he said, he would come to the other first and to this afterward.

And when he remembered his old habitation, and the wisdom of the den and his fellow-prisoners, do you not suppose that he would felicitate himself on the change, and pity them?

Certainly he would.

And if they were in the habit of conferring honors on those who were quickest to observe and remember and foretell which of the shadows went before, and which followed after, and which were together, do you think that he would care for such honors and glories, or envy the possessors of them? Would he not say with Homer,—“Better be a poor man, and have a poor master,” and endure anything, rather than to think and live after their manner?

Yes, he said, I think that he would rather suffer anything than live after their manner.

Imagine once more, I said, that such a one, coming suddenly out of the sun, were to be replaced in his old situation: is he not certain to have his eyes full of darkness?

Very true, he said.

And if there were a contest, and he had to compete in measuring the shadows with the prisoners who have never moved out of the den, during the time that his sight is weak, and before his eyes are steady (and the time which would be needed to acquire this new habit of sight might be very considerable), would he not be ridiculous? Men would say of him that up he went and down he comes without his eyes; and that there was no use in even thinking of ascending: and if any one tried to loose another and lead him up to the light, let them only catch the offender in the act, and they would put him to death.

No question, he said.

This allegory, I said, you may now append to the previous argument: the prison is the world of sight, the light of the fire is the sun, the ascent and vision of the things above you may truly regard as the upward progress of the soul into the intellectual world; that is my poor belief, to which, at your desire, I have given expression. Whether I am right or not, God only knows: but whether true or false, my opinion is that in the world of knowledge the idea of good appears last of all, and is seen only with an effort; and when seen, is also inferred to be the universal author of all things beautiful and right, parent of light and the lord of light in this world, and the source of truth and reason in the other: this is the first great cause, which he who would act rationally either in public or private life must behold.

I agree, he said, as far as I am able to understand you.

I should like to have your agreement in another matter, I said. For I would not have you marvel that those who attain to this beatific vision are unwilling to descend to human affairs; but their souls are ever hastening into the upper world in which they desire to dwell: and this is very natural, if our allegory may be trusted.

From The Republic. Translated by Benjamin Jowett

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Fidele

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
 Care no more to clothe and eat;
 To thee the reed is as the oak:
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
 Fear not slander, censure rash;
 Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
 Nothing ill come near thee!
 Quiet consummation have;
 And renowned be thy grave!

JOHN DONNE

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so :
 For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
 Die not, poor Death ; nor yet canst thou kill me.
 From Rest and Sleep, which but thy picture be,
 Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow ;
 And soonest our best men with thee do go—
 Rest of their bones and souls' delivery !
 Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
 And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell ;
 And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
 And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then ?
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
 And Death shall be no more : Death, thou shalt die !

MARION BULLARD

Death, like the wind, shall come some day —
 Come to my threshold where I stay
 And work so hard at little things.
 Death, like the wind, shall come some day
 And blow the clutter of things away.

Then across my threshold clear,
 I shall walk straight out, with a tear
 Just one—or two—or maybe three
 For the small white house that shelters me—
 A tear for the fire and hearth and all,
 And one for the flowers by the garden wall.
 The rest of my loves I carry with me
 When Death, like a wind, sweeps the door-stone free.

Oh, Death like a wind, shall come some day
 And blow the clutter of things away.
 I shall walk straight out to the mountain high,
 To the tallest peak, where the big clouds lie.
 I shall lay my hands against the sky
 When Death, like a wind, has come that day
 And blown the clutter of things away.

CHUANG TSU

When Chuang Tsu's wife died a friend went to condole. He found the widower squatting on the ground, singing, with his legs spread out at a right angle and beating on a basin between them.

"When a wife has lived with her husband," cried the friend, "and your eldest son is grown up and she dies, not to shed a tear is surely enough! But when you go on drumming on this basin and singing, it is surely a most excessive and singular demonstration!"

Chuang Tsu answered:

"It really is not. When first she died I could not help being troubled by the event. But then I remembered she had already existed before birth. She had neither form nor substance then. Substance was added to spirit and substance took on form, and she was born. And now change comes yet again, and she is dead. The relation between all this is like the procession of the four seasons. There now she lies with her face turned upward, sleeping in the Great Chamber (of Eternity). And while this is so, if I were to fall to weeping and sobbing I should think I was ignorant of the law of nature. I therefore restrain myself."

How do I know that the love of life is not a delusion and that the man who dreads to die is not like a child who has lost the way home? The lady Li Chi was a daughter of the border warden of Ai. When the Prince of Ch'in first got possession of her, she wept until the bosom of her dress was wet with tears. But when she came to his palace, shared with him his luxurious bed, and ate his grain and grass-fed meat, she regretted that she had wept. How do I know that the dead do not repent of their former craving for life? There is the Great Awakening, after which we shall know this life was a dream.

Confucius was bigoted! He and you are both dreams, and I who say you are dreams—what am I but a dream? This is a paradox. After ten thousand years a sage may arise to explain it. Since, then, you and I and man cannot decide, must we not depend upon Another? But such dependence is not in truth dependence. We are embraced in the obliterating unity of the Divine. Take no heed of Time nor right nor wrong, but passing into the Infinite there take up your position.

Translated from the Chinese by H. A. Giles

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Nature

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
 Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
 Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
 And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
 Still gazing at them through the open door,
 Nor wholly reassured and comforted
 By promises of others in their stead,
 Which though more splendid, may not please
 him more;

So Nature deals with us, and takes away
 Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
 Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
 Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
 Being too full of sleep to understand
 How far the unknown transcends the what
 we know.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

Tears

When I consider life and its few years—
 A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun ;
 A call to battle and the battle done
 Ere the last echo dies within our ears ;
 A rose choked in the grass ; an hour of fears ;
 The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat ;
 A burst of music down an unlistening street,—
 I wonder at the idleness of tears.
 Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
 Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,
 By every cup of sorrow that you had,
 Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
 How each hath back what once he stayed to weep ;
 Homer his sight, David his little lad !

RICHARD BURTON

Death and departure of friends are things generally grievous, the most austere and bitter accidents that can happen to a man in this life, to part forever, to forsake the world and all our friends, 'tis the last and greatest terror, most irksome and troublesome unto us. And though we hope for a better life, eternal happiness, after these painful and miserable days, yet we cannot compose ourselves willingly to die; the remembrance of it is most grievous unto us, especially to such who are fortunate and rich; they start at the name of death, as a horse at a rotten post. Say what you can of that other world, they had rather be here. Nay, many generous spirits, and grave staid men otherwise, are so tender in this, that at the loss of a dear friend they will cry out, roar, and tear their hair, lamenting some months after, howling "O Hone," as those Irish women and Greeks at their graves, commit many indecent actions, and almost go beside themselves . . . But howsoever this passion of sorrow be violent, bitter, and seizeth familiarly on wise, valiant, discreet men, yet it may surely be withheld, it may be diverted. For what is there in this life, that it should be so dear unto us? or that we should so much deplore the departure of a friend? The greatest pleasures are common society, to enjoy one another's presence, feasting, hawking, hunting, brooks, woods, hills, music, dancing, etc., all this is but vanity and loss of time, as I have sufficiently declared. As alchemists spend that small modicum they have to get gold, and never find it, we lose and neglect eternity for a little momentary pleasure which we cannot enjoy, nor shall ever attain in this life. We abhor death, pain, and grief, all, yet we will do nothing of that which should vindicate us from, but rather voluntarily thrust ourselves upon it. We are never better nor freer from cares than when we sleep, and yet, which we so much avoid and lament, death is but a perpetual sleep; and why should it, as Epicurus argues, so much affright us? If our present weakness is such, we cannot moderate our passions in this behalf, we must divert them by all means, by doing something else, thinking of another subject. Do something or other, let it not transpose thee, or "by premeditation make such accidents familiar, "accustom thyself, and harden beforehand by seeing other men's calamities, and applying them to thy present estate." . . . And for false fears and all other fortuitous inconveniences, mischances, calamities, to resist and prepare ourselves, not to faint is best: 'tis a folly to fear that which cannot be avoided, or to be discouraged at all. "For he that so faints or fears, and yields to his passion, flings away his own weapons, makes a cord to bind himself, and pulls a beam upon his own head."

From the Anatomy of Melancholy

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

Brutus My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this closing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once . . .
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would
rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

From Julius Caesar

JOHN FLETCHER

Aspatia's Song

Lay a garland on my herse
Of the dismal yew;
Maiden, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

THE TALMUD

A Passing Shadow

Man is born with his hands clenched; he dies with his hands wide open. Entering life he desires to grasp everything; leaving the world, all that he possessed has slipped away.

Even as a fox is man; as a fox which seeing a fine vineyard lusted after its grapes. But the palings were placed at narrow distances, and the fox was too bulky to creep between them. For three days he fasted, and when he had grown thin he entered into the vineyard. He feasted upon the grapes, forgetful of the morrow, of all things but his enjoyment; and lo, he had again grown stout and was unable to leave the scene of his feast. So for three days more he fasted, and when he had again grown thin, he passed through the palings and stood outside the vineyard, meagre as when he entered.

So with man; poor and naked he enters the world, poor and naked does he leave.

Very expressive is the legend, one of many woven around the name of Alexander.

He wandered to the gates of Paradise and knocked for entrance.

"Who knocks?" demanded the guardian angel.

"Alexander."

"Who is Alexander?"

"Alexander—the Alexander—Alexander the Great—the conqueror of the world."

"We know him not," replied the guardian angel; "this is the Lord's gate, only the righteous enter here."

Alexander begged for something to prove that he had reached the gates of Paradise, and a small piece of skull was given to him. He showed it to his wise men, who placed it in one scale of a balance. Alexander poured gold and silver into the other scale, but the small bone weighed heavier; he poured in more, adding his crown jewels, his diadem; but still the bone outweighed them all. Then one of the wise men, taking a grain of dust from the ground placed that upon the bone, and lo, the scale flew up.

The bone was that which surrounds the eye of man; the eye of man which naught can satisfy save the dust which covers it in the grave.

When the righteous dies 'tis earth that meets with loss. The jewel will ever be a jewel, but it has passed from the possession of its former owner. Well may the loser weep.

Life is a passing shadow, say the Scriptures. The shadow of a

tower or a tree; the shadow which prevails for a time? No; even as the shadow of a bird in its flight, it passeth from our sight, and neither bird nor shadow remains.

From Teachings of the Rabbis. Translated by H. Polano

LADY NAIRNE

The Land o' the Leal

I'm wearin' awa', John,
 Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
 I'm wearin' awa'
 To the land o' the leal.
 There's nae sorrow there, John,
 There's neither cauld nor care, John,
 The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
 She was baith gude and fair, John;
 And oh! we grudged her sair
 To the land o' the leal.
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
 And joy's a-comin' fast, John,
 The joy that's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
 Sae free the battle fought, John,
 That sinfu' man e'er brought
 To the land o' the leal.
 Oh! dry your glistening ee, John,
 My saul langts to be free, John,
 And angels beckon me
 To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John,
 Your day it's wearin' through, John,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,
 The world's cares are vain, John,
 We'll meet and we'll be fain
 In the land o' the leal.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

Margaritae Sorori

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies :
 And from the west,
 Where the sun, his day's work ended,
 Lingers as in content,
 There falls on the old, gray city
 An influence luminous and serene,
 A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
 In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
 Shine and are changed. In the valley
 Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
 Closing his benediction,
 Sinks, and the darkening air
 Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night —
 Night with her train of stars
 And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing !
 My task accomplished and the long day done,
 My wages taken, and in my heart
 Some late lark singing,
 Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
 The sundown splendid and serene,
 Death.

JOHN KEATS

My fancy to its utmost blisses spreads ;
 Yet would I on this very midnight cease,
 And the world's gaudy ensigns see in shreds ;
 Verse, Fame, and Beauty are intense indeed,
 But Death intenser — Death is Life's high meed.

From the Sonnet: Why Did I Laugh Tonight

SAINT AUGUSTINE

Heaven and Earth Shall Pass

If each one begin to die, that is to be in death, the moment death, that is to say a shortening of his life, begins to take effect in him, then he is assuredly in death the moment he begins to exist in the body. For what else do all his days, hours and moments declare, but that they being done, the death wherein he lived is now at an end, and that his time is now no more in death, but after death? Therefore if man cannot be in life and in death both at once, he is never in life so long as he is in that dying rather than living body.

God also made for thee the world which is one day to perish, and therefore He made thee as one who is one day to die. Man himself, the ornament of the city, man himself, the city's inhabitant, ruler, governor, comes on this condition, that he go, is born that he may die, entered the world that he may pass away. "Heaven and earth shall pass" (Matt. xxiv, 35); what wonder then if at some time or another the city (of Rome) come to an end?

Dost thou sin against God for food? God will be eternal food to thee. Dost thou sin against God for raiment? God is to clothe thee with immortality. Dost thou sin against God for honours? God will be thine honour. Dost thou sin against God out of love for this temporal life? God will be to thee eternal life.

Translated by Erich Przywara, S. J.

JOAN OF ARC

I pray you, go to the nearest church, and bring me the cross, and hold it up level with my eyes until I am dead. I would have the cross on which God hung be ever before my eyes while life lasts in me.

Her last words. Translated by Willard Trask

WALT WHITMAN

Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.

Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come
unfalteringly.

Approach strong deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss O death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments and feast-
ings for thee,
And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread sky
are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice
I know,
And the soul turning to thee O vast and well-veil'd death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the
prairies wide,
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming wharves and
ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee O death.

From Memories of President Lincoln

THE HOLY BIBLE

Nunc Dimitis

And behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel: and the Holy Ghost was upon him.

And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ.

And he came by the Spirit into the temple: and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law,

Then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said,

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word:

For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,

Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;

A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

Luke 2:25-32

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning of the bar,

When I put out to sea,

For such a tide as moving seems asleep,

Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep

Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,

And after that, the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell,

When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place

The flood may bear me far,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face

When I have crossed the bar.

JOHN DRINKWATER

The God of Quiet

I only see,
Beyond disaster that I understand
Darkly as men the process of a hand
Obscure in heaven and hell, a little space
For rest, and the remembrance of a face,
And falling sleep, then covering death, obscure
Even as life, unfathomable, sure
As fugitive thoughts that pass and turn again;
Aye, death is dark as the madness of men,
But life distract is savage in the throat,
A blind uncaptained vigour, and remote
From reason's airy palaces, a way
Teased by a million purposes, till day
Rattles on day in black bewilderment . . .
But death, I think, is quiet, and a spent
Sorrow at least, when every friend is kind,
And fretting worms no more can plague the mind.

From Pawns

JOHN DONNE

This is my playes last seene, here heavens appoint
My pilgrimages last mile; and my race
Idly, yet quickly runne, hath this last pace,
My spans last inch, my minutes latest point,
And gluttonous death, will instantly unjoyn
My body, and soule, and I shall sleepe a space,
But my' ever-waking part shall see that face,
Whose feare already shakes my every joynt;
Then, as my soule, to' heaven her first seate, takes flight,
And earth-borne body, in the earth shall dwell,
So, fall my sinnes, that all may have their right,
To where they' are bred, and would presse me, to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evill,
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devill.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Speak low to me, my Savior, low and sweet,
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so,
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet !
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber while I go
In reach of thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection — thus, in sooth,
To lose the sense of losing ; as a child,
Whose song bird seeks the wood forevermore,
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

P A R T I I I

A S T A R F A R S E E N

PINDAR

The wealth that a noble nature hath made glorious bringeth power for this and that,—putting into the heart of man a deep and eager mood, a star far seen, a light wherein a man shall trust, if but the holder thereof knoweth the things that shall be: how that of all who die the guilty should pay penalty, for all the sins sinned in this realm of Zeus One judgeth under earth, pronouncing sentence by unloved constraint.

But evenly, ever in sunlight, night and day, an unlaborious life the good receive; neither with violent hand vex they the earth nor the waters of the sea, in that new world; but with the honored of the gods, whosoever had pleasure in keeping of oaths, they possess a tearless life: but the other part suffer pain too dire to look upon.

Then whosoever have been of good courage to the abiding steadfast thrice on either side of death, and have refrained their souls from all iniquity, travel the road of Zeus unto the tower of Kronos; there round the islands of the blest the ocean-breezes blow, and golden flowers are glowing, some from the land and on trees of splendor, and some the water feedeth, with wreaths whereof they entwine their hands: so ordereth Rhadamanthos's just decree, whom at his own right hand hath ever the father Kronos, husband of Rhea, throned above all worlds.

From The Second Olympian Ode.

*For Theron of Akragas, Winner in the
Chariot Race. Translated from the
Greek by Ernest Myers*

ROBERT BRIDGES

When Death to either shall come,—
I pray it be first to me,—
Be happy as ever at home,
If so, as I wish, it be.

Possess thy heart, my own;
And sing to the child on thy knee,
Or read to thyself alone
The songs that I made for thee.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
 That not one life shall be destroy'd,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
 That not a moth with vain desire
 Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
 Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything ;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last—far off—at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream : but what am I ?
 An infant crying in the night :
 An infant crying for the light :
 And with no language but a cry.

The wish, that of the living whole
 No life may fail beyond the grave,
 Derives it not from what we have
 The likkest God within the soul ?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
 That Nature lends such evil dreams ?
 So careful of the type she seems,
 So careless of the single life ;

That I, considering everywhere
 Her secret meaning in her deeds,
 And finding that of fifty seeds
 She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
 And falling with my weight of cares
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs
 That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
 And gather dust and chaff, and call
 To what I feel is Lord of all,
 And faintly trust the larger hope.

From In Memoriam

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

To be, or not to be : that is the question.
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them. To die ; to sleep ;
 No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
 Devoutly to the wish'd. To die ; to sleep ;—
 To sleep ? Perchance to dream ! Ay, there's the rub ;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffl'd off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life.
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscovered country from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of?

From Hamlet

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

Let us pause to consider this immortal yearning for immortality—even though the gnostics or intellectuals may be able to say that what follows is not philosophy but rhetoric. Moreover, the divine Plato, when he discussed the immortality of the soul in his *Phaedo*, said that it was proper to clothe it in legend, mythology.

First of all, let us recall once again—and it will not be for the last time—that saying of Spinoza that every being endeavors to persist in itself, and that this endeavor is its actual essence, and implies indefinite time, and that the soul, in fine, sometimes with a clear and distinct idea, sometimes confusedly, tends to persist in its being with indefinite duration, and is aware of its persistency.

It is impossible for us, in effect, to conceive of ourselves as not existing, and no effort is capable of enabling consciousness to realize absolute unconsciousness, its own annihilation. Try, reader, to imagine to yourself, when you are wide awake, the condition of your soul when you are in a deep sleep; try to fill your consciousness with the representation of no-consciousness, and you will see the impossibility of it. The effort to comprehend it causes the most tormenting dizziness. We cannot conceive ourselves as not existing.

The visible universe, the universe that is created by the instinct of self-preservation, becomes all too narrow for me. It is like a cramped cell, against the bars of which my soul beats its wings in vain. Its lack of air stifles me. More, more, and always more! I want to be myself, and yet without ceasing to be myself to be others as well, to merge myself into the totality of things visible and invisible, to extend myself into the illimitable of space and to prolong myself into the infinite of time. Not to be all and for ever is as if not to be—at least, let me be my whole self, and be so for ever and ever. And to be the whole of myself is to be everybody else. Either all or nothing!

All or nothing! And what other meaning can the Shakespearean "To be or not to be" have, or that passage in *Coriolanus* where it is said of Marcius "He wants nothing of a god but eternity?" Eternity, eternity!—that is the supreme desire! The thirst of eternity is what is called love among men, and whosoever loves another wishes to eternalize himself in him. Nothing is real that is not eternal.

From the poets of all ages and from the depths of their souls this tremendous vision of the flowing away of life like water has wrung bitter cries—from Pindar's "dream of a shadow," to Calderon's "life is a dream" and Shakespeare's "we are such stuff as dreams are made on," this last a yet more tragic sentence than Calderon's, for whereas the Castilian only declares that our life is a dream, but not that we

ourselves are the dreamers of it, the Englishman makes us ourselves a dream, a dream that dreams.

The vanity of the passing world and love are the two fundamental and heart-penetrating notes of pure poetry. And they are two notes of which neither can be sounded without causing the other to vibrate. The feeling of the vanity of the passing world kindles love in us, the only thing that triumphs over the vain and transitory, the only thing that fills life again and eternalizes it. And love, above all when it struggles against destiny, overwhelms us with the feeling of the vanity of this world of appearances and gives us a glimpse of another world, in which destiny is overcome and liberty is law.

*From The Tragic Sense of Life.
Translated by J. E. Crawford-Flitch*

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Death, thy servant, is at my door.

He has crossed the unknown sea and brought thy call to my home.

The night is dark and my heart is fearful—yet will I take up the lamp, open my gates and bow to him my welcome. It is thy messenger who stands at my door.

I will worship him with folded hands, and with tears. I will worship him placing at his feet the treasure of my heart.

He will go back with his errand done, leaving a dark shadow on my morning; and in my desolate home only my forlorn self will remain as my last offering to thee.

In desperate hope I go and search for her in all the corners of my room; I find her not.

My house is small and what once has gone from it can never be regained.

But infinite is thy mansion, my lord, and seeking her I have come to thy door.

I stand under the golden canopy of thine evening sky and I lift my eager eyes to thy face.

I have come to the brink of eternity from which nothing can vanish—no hope, no happiness, no vision of a face seen through tears.

Oh, dip my emptied life into that ocean, plunge it into the deepest fullness. Let me for once feel that lost sweet touch in the allness of the universe.

From Gitanjali

J. B. S. HALDANE

But if death will probably be the end of me as a finite individual mind, that does not mean that it will be the end of me altogether. It seems to me immensely unlikely that mind is a mere by-product of matter . . . I notice when I think logically and scientifically or act morally my thoughts and actions are those of any intelligent or moral being in the same position ; in fact, I am already identifying my mind with an absolute or unconditioned mind.

Only insofar as I do this can I see any probability of my survival, and the more I do so the less I am interested in my private affairs and the less desire do I feel for personal immortality.

In so far as I set my heart on things that will not perish with me, I automatically remove the sting from my death. I am far more interested in the problems of biochemistry than in the question of what, if anything, will happen to me when I am dead.

From Possible Worlds

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Uphill

Does the road wind uphill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you waiting at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

HOMER

'Anon came up the soul of my mother dead, Anticleia, the daughter of Autolycus the great-hearted, whom I left alive when I departed for sacred Ilios. At the sight of her I wept, and was moved with compassion, . . . and she knew me, and bewailing herself spake to me winged words:

"Dear child, how didst thou come beneath the darkness and the shadow, thou that art a living man? Grievous is the sight of these things to the living, for between us and you are great rivers and dreadful streams . . ."

'Even so she spake, and I answered her, and said: . . . "come, declare me this and plainly tell it all. What doom overcame thee of death that lays men at their length? Was it a slow disease, or did Artemis the archer slay thee with the visitation of her gentle shafts?

. . ."

'Even so I spake, and anon my lady mother answered me: ". . . It was not the archer goddess of the keen sight, who slew me in my halls with the visitation of her gentle shafts, nor did any sickness come upon me, such as chiefly with a sad wasting draws the spirit from the limbs; nay, it was my sore longing for thee, and for thy counsels, great Odysseus, and for thy loving-kindness, that reft me of sweet life."

'So spake she, and I mused in my heart and would fain have embraced the spirit of my mother dead. Thrice I sprang towards her, and was minded to embrace her; thrice she flitted from my hands as a shadow or even as a dream, and sharp grief arose ever at my heart. And uttering my voice I spake to her winged words:

"Mother mine, wherefore dost thou not abide me who am eager to clasp thee, that even in Hades we twain may cast our arms each about the other, and have our fill of chill lament? Is this but a phantom that the high goddess Persephone hath sent me, to the end that I may groan for more exceeding sorrow?"

'So spake I, and my lady mother answered me anon: "Ah me, my child, of all men most ill-fated, Persephone, the daughter of Zeus, doth in no wise deceive thee, but even on this wise it is with mortals when they die. For the sinews no more bind together the flesh and the bones, but the great force of burning fire abolishes these, so soon as the life hath left the white bones, and the spirit like a dream flies forth and hovers near."

From the Odyssey. Translated by S. H. Butcher and Andrew Lang

"These things the gods wrought. They spun the thread of life thin for some, that others in time to come might have a song."

Ibid

JULIAN HUXLEY

If we do not know anything about survival, we do not know, and there for the moment is an end of it. We can make every effort to find out, and some day perhaps we shall know something. Meanwhile we can bravely accept our ignorance. Some theologians, including St. Paul, have stated that if there is no life after death, we have no motive against mere self-indulgence. This is to take a low and also a false view of human nature. Facing ignorance and overcoming fear, men and women can still find enjoyment and interest for themselves in this world, and can attempt to transform it in the direction of something better, for the benefit of others now and in time to come. If they do this, and if there is another world after death, their existence in that other world will take care of itself.

From The Future Life, A Symposium

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

From The Tempest

JOHN BURROUGHS

I shall live in the future just as I have lived in the past, namely, in the life of humanity, in the lives of other men and women. When the last man perishes from the earth, then I perish—to reappear in other worlds, other systems. No doubt that man has always existed on some of the myriad worlds of space, and no doubt he will always exist. So far as consciousness or personality is concerned, this life is all. We do not know ourselves again, we do not take form again, except in others.

From His Journal

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

Vigil In The Heart

In a world wistful with half-revelations, we keep vigil in our hearts . . . Often disappointed, but never losing hope, we are sure of one thing, that the curtain has not yet rung up on the last of the world drama; there is more, and that more may come any moment with surprising suddenness. Human life is a symphony, but it is an unfinished symphony, and we are waiting the last movement, the last, or undiscovered chord which will give meaning to the discord at the very moment when it is resolved. There is melody. We cannot hear the birds sing, look into the eyes of a friend, or behold the heroisms and loyalties of men, without knowing there is melody; but it is a broken melody, and "nature slides into semitones, sinks into a minor, blunts into a ninth, and still we wait for the C-major of this life."

Yet always there is a sense of Something very near, trying to lay hands upon us; Something seeking to make itself seen and heard and felt. The world aches with the stress of a Silence that tries to speak, but is tongue-tied as in sleep, because we do not hear. Here and there a hint, a gleam, of the Eternal bursts through, and as much, or as little, as we see is our religion.

From a Sermon

OMAR KHAYYAM

Look to the blowing Rose about us—“Lo,
Laughing,” she says, “into the world I blow.

At once the silken tassels of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw.”

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like rain,

Alike to no such aureate Earth are turned
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,

Like Snow upon the Desert’s dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

Think, in this battered Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,

How Sultan after Sultan in his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;

And Bahram, that great hunter,—the Wild Ass
Stamps o’er his Head but cannot break his Sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled;

That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-lip on which we lean—

Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Belovèd, fill the Cup that clears
Today of past Regret and future Fears:

To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday’s Seven Thousand Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
 That from his Vintage rolling Time hath pressed,
 Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
 And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
 They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
 Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
 Descend — ourselves to make a Couch — for whom ?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend.
 Before we, too, into the Dust descend ;
 Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
 Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and — sans End !

From The Rubaiyat. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald

GEORGE HERBERT

The Pulley

When God at first made Man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by —
 Let us (said He) pour on him all we can ;
 Let the world's riches, which disperséd lie,
 Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way,
 Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure :
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
 Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
 Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
 He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness ;
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to My breast.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

If love lives through all life ; and survives through all sorrow ; and remains steadfast with us through all changes ; and in all darkness of spirit burns brightly ; and, if we die, deplores us forever, and loves still equally ; and exists with the very last gasp and throb of the faithful bosom — whence it passes with the pure soul, beyond death ; surely it shall be immortal ! Though we who remain are separated from it, is it not ours in Heaven ? If we love still those we lose, can we altogether lose those we love ?

From The Newcomes

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of a wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word ; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

From the Address at the Funeral of his Brother

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

When I am dead, my dearest,
 Sing no sad songs for me ;
 Plant thou no roses at my head,
 Nor shady cypress tree :
 Be the green grass above me
 With showers and dewdrops wet ;
 And if thou wilt, remember,
 And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
 I shall not feel the rain ;
 I shall not hear the nightingale
 Sing on, as if in pain ;
 And dreaming through the twilight
 That doth not rise nor set,
 Haply I may remember,
 And haply may forget.

ERNEST RENAN

My philosophy, according to which the world in its entirety is filled with the divine breath, does not admit the force of personal and individual wills in the ordering of the universe . . . In the unconscious effort towards the good and the true with which the universe is animated, Nature risks a throw of the dice in the life of everyone of us. Every sort of thing turns up, the quaterion along with the rest. We can upset the providential design of which we are the object, but we count for almost nothing in its eventual success.

My experience in life has been a very pleasant one and I do not believe, in our present state of consciousness, that there have been many persons happier than I . . . And so, though I know not precisely whom to thank, I am thankful all the same. I have, indeed, had so much enjoyment in this life that I do not really have the right to expect any compensation beyond the grave. It is for other reasons that I sometimes find myself rebelling at death. Death is a leveller to an irritating degree, a democrat that dynamites us all in turn. It might at least be a little more patient, await our convenience, put itself at our disposal. I receive several times a year an anonymous letter, containing these words, always in the same handwriting: "And suppose there is a hell!" Surely the pious person who writes me thus is anxious for the salvation of my soul, and whoever he be, I thank him. But hell is a hypothesis very little conforming to the Divine Goodness which we know elsewhere. Moreover, and I say this with the deepest sincerity, I do not believe that I deserve hell. A little purgatory perhaps, because heaven would follow, and there would be prayers of good souls which would act, I hope, to set me free. The infinite goodness which I have encountered in this world inspires me with the conviction that eternity is filled by a goodness no less great and in this I put an unwavering trust.

And now I ask no more from the good genius which has so often counselled, guided, and consoled me than a gentle and swift death at my appointed hour, be it late or soon. The stoics assert that one may live happily inside the bull of Phalaris. That is going too far. Pain lowers and humiliates us and prods us to blaspheme. The only acceptable death is a noble one which is not a pathological accident, but an end wished for and precious in the eyes of the Eternal . . . But the will of God be done. Hereafter I shall learn no more of great consequence; now I see almost all which the human spirit at the present moment of its development can perceive of the truth . . . The life which has been given me without my having asked for it has been a boon. If it were offered me again, I would accept it with grati-

tude. The age in which I have lived will probably not be the greatest, but it will surely be considered the most amusing. Unless my last years hold for me acute misery, I shall have, in bidding farewell to life, only the most heartfelt thanks to offer the Creator of all good for the delightful promenade which He has given me to fulfill through reality.

From Memories of Childhood and Youth

JOSEPH CONRAD

The Life Beyond

We moderns have complicated our old perplexities to the point of absurdity; our perplexities older than religion itself. It is not for nothing that for so many centuries the priest, mounting the steps of the altar, murmurs, "Why art thou sad, my soul, and why dost thou trouble me?" Since the day of Creation two veiled figures, Doubt and Melancholy, have been pacing endlessly in the sunshine of the world. What humanity needs is not the promise of scientific immortality, but compassionate pity in this life and infinite mercy on the Day of Judgment.

And for the rest, during the transient hour of our pilgrimage, we may well be content to repeat the Invocation of Sar Peladan. Sar Peladan was an occultist, a seer, a modern magician. He believed in astrology, in the spirits of the air, in elves; he was marvelously and deliciously absurd. Incidentally he wrote some incomprehensible poems and a few pages of harmonious prose, for, you must know, "a magician is nothing else but a great harmonist." Here are some eight lines of the magnificent Invocation. Let me, however, warn you, strictly between ourselves, that my translation is execrable. I am sorry to say I am no magician.

"O Nature, indulgent Mother, forgive! Open your arms to the son, prodigal and weary.

"I have attempted to tear asunder the veil you have hung to conceal from us the pain of life, and I have been wounded by the mystery. Oedipus, half way to finding the word of the enigma, young Faust, regretting already the simple life, the life of the heart, I come back to you repentant, reconciled, O gentle deceiver!"

From Notes on Life and Letters

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

Tourist Death

I promise you these days and an understanding
Of light in the twigs after sunfall

Do you ask to descend
At dawn in a new world with wet on the pavements
And a yawning cat and the fresh odor of dew
And red geraniums under the station windows
And doors wide and brooms and sheets on the railing
And a whistling boy and the sun like shellac on the street

Do you ask to embark at night at the third hour
Sliding away in the dark and the sails of the fishermen
Slack in the light of the lanterns and black seas
And the tide going down and the splash and drip of the
hawser

Do you ask something to happen as spring does
In a night in a small time and nothing the same again
Life is neither a prize box nor a terminus
Life is a haft that has fitted the palms of many
Dark as the helved oak

with sweat bitter
Browned by numerous hands

Death is the rest of it
Death is the same bones and the trees nearer
Death is a serious thing like the loam smell
Of the plowed earth in the fall

Death is here
Not in another place not among strangers
Death is under the moon here and the rain

I promise you old signs and a recognition
Of sun in the seething grass and the wind's rising

Do you ask more

Do you ask to travel for ever

FROM THE SANSKRIT

Immortality

Never the spirit was born ; the spirit shall cease to be never ;
 Never was time it was not ; End and Beginning are dreams !
 Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit forever ;
 Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems.

Nay, but as one who layeth
 His worn-out robes away,
 And taking new ones, sayeth
 "These will I wear today!"
 So putteth by the spirit
 Lightly its robe of flesh,
 And passeth to inherit
 A residence afresh.

Translated by Edwin Arnold

JOHN GALSWORTHY

He opened his door cautiously, and went downstairs. In the hall the dog Balthasar lay solitary, and, followed by him, old Jolyon passed into his study and out into the burning afternoon. He meant to go down and meet her in the coppice, but felt at once he could not manage that in this heat. He sat down instead under the oak tree by the swing, and the dog Balthasar, who also felt the heat, lay down beside him. He sat there smiling. What a revel of bright minutes ! What a hum of insects, and cooing of pigeons ! It was the quintessence of a summer day. Lovely ! And he was happy — happy as a sand-boy, whatever that might be. She was coming ; she had not given him up ! He had everything in life he wanted — except a little more breath, and less weight — just here ! He would see her when she emerged from the fernery come, swaying just a little, a violet-grey figure passing over the daisies and dandelions and 'soldiers' on the lawn — the soldiers with their flowery crowns. He would not move, but she would come up to him and say : 'Dear Uncle Jolyon, I am sorry !' and sit in the swing and let him look at her and tell her that he had not been very well but was all right now ; and that dog would lick her hand. That dog knew his master was fond of her ; that dog was a good dog.

It was quite shady under the tree; the sun could not get at him, only make the rest of the world bright so that he could see the Grand Stand at Epsom away out there, very far, and the cows cropping the clover in the field and swishing at the flies with their tails. He smelled the scent of limes, and lavender. Ah! that was why there was such a racket of bees. They were excited—busy, as his heart was busy and excited. Drowsy, too, drowsy and drugged on honey and happiness; as his heart was drugged and drowsy. Summer—summer—they seemed saying; great bees and little bees, and the flies too!

The stable clock struck four; in half an hour she would be here. He would have just one tiny nap, because he had had so little sleep of late; and then he would be fresh for her, fresh for youth and beauty, coming towards him across the sunlit lawn—lady in grey! And settling back in his chair he closed his eyes. Some thistledown came on what little air there was, and pitched on his moustache more white than itself. He did not know; but his breathing stirred it, caught there. A ray of sunlight struck through and lodged on his boot. A humble-bee alighted and strolled on the crown of his Panama hat. And the delicious surge of slumber reached the brain beneath that hat, and the head swayed forward and rested on his breast. Summer—summer! So went the hum.

The stable clock struck the quarter past. The dog Balthasar stretched and looked up at his master. The thistledown no longer moved. The dog placed his chin over the sunlit foot. It did not stir. The dog withdrew his chin quickly, rose, and leaped on old Jolyon's lap, looked in his face, whined; then, leaping down, sat on his haunches, gazing up. And suddenly he uttered a long, long howl.

Summer—summer—summer! The soundless footsteps on the grass!

From The Indian Summer of a Forsyte

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

"In all this," replied Don Quixote, "I must inform thee, friend Sancho, that there is no remembrance which time will not deface, nor no pain to which death will not put a period." "Thank you for nothing," quoth Sancho.

From Don Quixote. Translated by Peter Anthony Motteux

GEORGE SANTAYANA

There is an escape from death open to man; one not found by circumventing nature, but by making use of her own expedients in circumventing her imperfections. Existence is essentially temporal and life foredoomed to be mortal, since its basis is a process and an opposition; it floats in the stream of time, never to return, never to be recovered or repossessed. But ever since substance became at some sensitive point intelligent and reflective, ever since time made room and pause for memory, for history, for the consciousness of time, a god, as it were, became incarnate in mortality and some vision of truth, some self-forgetful satisfaction, became a heritage that moment could transmit to moment, and man to man. This heritage is humanity itself, the presence of immortal reason in creatures that perish. Apprehension, which makes man so like a god, makes him in one respect immortal; it quickens his numbered moments with a vision of what never dies, the truth of those moments and their inalienable values.

Since the ideal has this perpetual pertinence to mortal struggles, he who lives in the ideal and leaves it expressed in society or in art enjoys a double immortality. The eternal has absorbed him while he lived, and when he is dead his influence brings others to the same absorption, making them, through that ideal identity with the best in him, reincarnations and perennial seats of all in him which he could rationally hope to rescue from destruction. He can say, without any subterfuge or desire to delude himself, that he shall not wholly die; for he will have a better notion than the vulgar of what constitutes his being. By becoming the spectator and confessor of his own death and of universal mutation, he will have identified himself with what is spiritual in all spirits and masterful in all apprehension; and so conceiving himself, he may truly feel and know that he is eternal.

From The Life of Reason

HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR

Finis

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.
Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art:
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

HOMER

The son of Peleus upon the beach of the sounding sea lay groaning heavily, amid the host of Myrmidons, in an open place, where waves were breaking on the shore. Now when sleep took hold on him, easing the cares of his heart, deep sleep fell about him. Then came upon him the spirit of hapless Patroklos, in all things like his living self, in stature, in fair eyes, and voice, and the raiment of his body was the same; and he stood above Achilles' head and spake to him: "Thou sleepest, and hast forgotten me, O Achilles. Not in my life wast thou ever unmindful of me, but in my death. Bury me with all speed, that I pass the gates of Hades. Far off the spirits banish me, the phantoms of men outworn, nor suffer me to mingle with them beyond the River, but vainly I wander along the wide-gated dwelling of Hades. Now give me, I pray pitifully of thee, thy hand, for never more again shall I come back from Hades, when ye have given me my due of fire. Never among the living shall we sit apart from our dear comrades and take counsel together, but me hath the harsh fate swallowed up which was appointed me even from my birth. Yea and thou too thyself, Achilles peer of gods, beneath the wall of the noble Trojans art doomed to die. Yet one thing will I say, and charge thee, if haply thou wilt have regard thereto. Lay not my bones apart from thine, Achilles, but together, even as we were nurtured in your house . . ."

Then made answer unto him Achilles fleet of foot: "Wherefore, O my brother, hast thou come hither, and chargest me everything that I should do? Verily I will accomplish all, and have regard unto thy bidding. But stand more nigh me; for one moment let us throw our arms around each other, and take our fill of dolorous lament."

He spake, and reached forth with his hands, but clasped him not; for like a vapour the spirit was gone beneath the earth with a faint shriek. And Achilles sprang up marvelling, and smote his hands together, and spake a word of woe: "Ay me, there remaineth then even in the house of Hades a spirit and phantom of the dead, albeit the life be not anywise therein: for all night long hath the spirit of hapless Patroklos stood over me, wailing and making moan, and charged me everything that I should do, and wondrous like his living self it seemed."

Thus said he, and stirred in all of them yearning to make lament; and rosy-fingered Morn shone forth on them while they still made moan around the piteous corpse.

"These issues lie on the laps of the gods. I too will cast my spear.
The rest shall the gods decide."

Ibid

Then Hector knew the truth in his heart, and spake and said : "Ay me, now verily the gods have summoned me to death nor is there way of escape. This then was from of old the pleasure of Zeus and of the far-darting son of Zeus, who yet before were fain to succor me: but now my fate hath found me. At least let me not die without a struggle or ingloriously, but in some great deed of arms whereof man yet to be born shall hear."

Ibid

JOHN MILTON

On Time

Fly envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And meerly mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all, thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When everything that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme Throne
Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
Then all this Earthy grosnes quit,
Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time.

JOSEPH ADDISON

It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well!—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
 Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us,
 'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.

From Cato

THOMAS MOORE

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
 To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye;
 And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
 And tell me our love is remember'd even in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear,
 When our voices commingling breathed like one on the ear;
 And as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
 I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice from the Kingdom of Souls
 Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

THEODORE DREISER

What we plainly see is birth and death,—the result of chemic and electro physical processes of which at bottom we know exactly nothing. And beyond that—murder, the chase, life living on life, the individual sustaining himself at the expense of every other, and wishing not to die. And then beauty, beauty, beauty, which seems to derive as much and more from the internecine and wholly heartless struggle as from any other thing. And yet, beauty, beauty, beauty—the entire process, to the human eye at least, aesthetic in its results if by no means entirely so in its processes.

From Living Philosophies

LOUIS PASTEUR

This is not to be taken to mean that, in my beliefs and in the conduct of my life, I only take account of acquired science : if I would, I could not do so, for I should then have to strip myself of a part of myself. There are two men in each one of us: the scientist, he who starts with a clear field and desires to rise to the knowledge of Nature through observation, experimentation and reasoning, and the man of sentiment, the man of belief, the man who mourns his dead children, and who cannot, alas, prove that he will see them again, but who believes that he will, and lives in that hope, the man who will not die like a vibrio, but who feels that the force that is within him cannot die. The two domains are distinct, and woe to him who tries to let them trespass on each other in the so imperfect state of human knowledge.

*From an Address. Translated by Mrs.
R. L. Devonshire*

ORPHEUS

Hymn to Death

Hear me, O Death, whose empire unconfin'd
 Extends to mortal tribes of ev'ry kind.
 On thee the portion of our time depends,
 Whose absence lengthens life, whose presence ends.
 Thy sleep perpetual bursts the vivid folds
 By which the soul attracting body holds
 Common to all, of ev'ry sex and age,
 For nought escapes thy all-destructive rage.
 Not youth itself thy clemency can gain,
 Vig'rous and strong, by thee untimely slain.
 In thee the end of nature's works is known,
 In thee all judgment is absolv'd alone.
 No suppliant arts thy dreadful rage control,
 No vows revoke the purpose of thy soul.
 O blessed pow'r, regard my ardent pray'r,
 And human life to age abundant spare.

*Translated from the Greek by Thomas
Taylor*

EMILY BRONTE

The Prisoner

Still let my tyrants know, I am not doom'd to wear
Year after year in gloom and desolate despair;
A messenger of Hope comes every night to me,
And offers for short life, eternal liberty.

He comes with Western winds, with evening's wandering airs,
With that clear dusk of heaven that brings the thickest stars :
Winds take a pensive tone, and stars a tender fire,
And visions rise, and change, that kill me with desire.

Desire for nothing known in my maturer years,
When Joy grew mad with awe, at counting future tears:
When, if my spirit's sky was full of flashes warm,
I knew not whence they came, from sun or thunder-storm.

But first, a hush of peace—a soundless calm descends ;
The struggle of distress and fierce impatience ends.
Mute music soothes my breast—unutter'd harmony
That I could never dream, till Earth was lost to me.

Then dawns the Invisible ; the Unseen its truth reveals ;
My outward sense is gone, my inward essence feels ;
Its wings are almost free—its home, its harbour found,
Measuring the gulf, it stoops, and dares the final bound.

O dreadful is the check—intense the agony—
When the ear begins to hear, and the eye begins to see ;
When the pulse begins to throb—the brain to think again—
The soul to feel the flesh, and the flesh to feel the chain.

Yet I would lose no sting, would wish no torture less ;
The more that anguish racks, the earlier it will bless ;
And robed in fires of hell, or bright with heavenly shine,
If it but herald Death, the vision is divine.

EDMUND WALLER

Old Age

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
 So calm are we when passions are no more.
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
 Lets in new light through chinks that Time hath made:
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
 As they draw near to their eternal home.
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

CORLISS LAMONT

By "immortality" is meant *personal* immortality, that is the literal survival of the individual human personality or consciousness for an indefinite period after death with its memory and awareness of self-identity essentially intact. That is the meaning of immortality which has so moved and agitated mankind throughout the world, in ancient as well as in modern times. It is the meaning which has been sanctioned by the teaching and practices of the Christian and other important religions . . .

This is not to say that "immortality" has not had other noteworthy meanings. Even among Christians the word has sometimes signified the attainment here and now in this world of a certain eternal quality in life and thought, with "eternal" meaning that which is independent of time and existence. This view has been held by such philosophers as Spinoza and Santayana and is sometimes called "Platonic" or "ideal" immortality. "Immortality" has likewise designated the survival after death of an impersonal entity which is absorbed into some sort of All or Absolute or God. Akin to this is "material" or "chemical" immortality through the reabsorption by Nature of the elements of the body. Then there is the "social" immortality of Comte and kindred thinkers,—the survival of one's personality in the minds of other men, or the unending influence of one's character and deeds on succeeding generations. Finally we have "biological" or "plasmal" immortality through one's children and descendants. It is logically possible to believe simultaneously in several of these different sorts of immortality . . .

While eternal life can no doubt be considered the soul of immortality, personal survival after death constitutes its heart. And theories of immortality which leave out this heart will possess emotional efficacy and imaginative reality for only a very few. They will appeal here and there, especially social and ideal immortality, to certain esthetic, philosophic, or romantic groups; but to the great masses of men they will have little meaning. As a matter of fact, both social and ideal immortality, by their very nature, preclude attainment except by the cream of intellect and character and achievement. They are aristocratic immortalities, *par excellence*. Even were ideal immortality achievable by the ordinary plodding citizen, would he be interested? Would he not regard it as rather a wretched substitute for the good substantial future life he had once been promised? If ideal immortality means having a vision of eternal things, why, he might ask, would it not be better to keep on having such visions forever in a durational sense?

The larger portion of mankind will in all probability continue to agree with official Christianity that the real victory over death is the actual abolishment of it through the certainty of a worth while future life. This does not imply that some of the secondary meanings of immortality may not go on having importance, but this will occur chiefly in conjunction with the primary meaning of a future life, as with Fosdick and von Hügel in reference to ideal immortality. In a word, it is our prophecy that the idea of immortality will in the future, as in the past, have its greatest and most widespread religious significance when including the meaning of existence beyond the grave.

From Issues of Immortality

THOMAS MANN

Farewell—and if thou livest or diest! Thy prospects are poor. The desperate dance, in which thy fortunes are caught up, will last many a sinful year; we should not care to set a high stake on thy life by the time it ends. We even confess that it is without great concern we leave the question open. Adventures of the flesh and in the spirit, while enhancing thy simplicity, granted thee to know in the spirit what in the flesh thou scarcely wouldest have done. Moments were there, when out of death, and the rebellion of the flesh, there came to thee, as thou tookest stock of thyself, a dream of love. Out of this universal feast of death, out of this extremity of fever, kindling the rain-washed evening sky to a fiery glow, may it be that Love one day shall mount?

From The Magic Mountain

MARCUS AURELIUS

Let it be thy perpetual meditation, how many physicians who once looked so grim, and so tetrically shrunk their brows upon their patients, are dead and gone themselves. How many astrologers, after that in great ostentation they had foretold the death of some others, how many philosophers after so many elaborate tracts and volumes concerning either mortality or immortality; how many brave captains and commanders, after the death and slaughter of so many; how many kings and tyrants, after they had with such horror and insolency abused their power upon men's lives, as though themselves had been immortal; how many, that I may so speak, whole cities both men and towns: Helice, Pompeii, Herculaneum, and others innumerable, are dead and gone. Run them over also, whom thou thyself, one after another, hast known in thy time to drop away. Such and such a one took care of such and such a one's burial; and soon after was buried himself. So one, so another: and all things in a short time. For herein lieth all indeed, ever to look upon worldly things, as things for their continuance, that are but for a day: and for their worth, most vile, and contemptible, as for example, What is man? That which but the other day when he was conceived was vile snivel; and within a few days shall be either an embalmed carcass, or mere ashes. Thus must thou according to truth and nature, thoroughly consider how man's life is but for a very moment of time, and so depart meek and contented: even as if a ripe olive should praise the ground that bare her, and give thanks to the tree that begat her.

If so be that the souls remain after death (say they that will not believe it); how is the air from all eternity able to contain them? How is the earth (say I) ever from that time able to contain the bodies of them that are buried? For as here the change and resolution of dead bodies into another kind of subsistence (whatsoever it be); makes place for other dead bodies: so the souls after death transferred into the air, after they have conversed there a while, are either by way of transmutation, or transfusion, or conflagration, received again into that original rational substance, from which all others do proceed: and so give way to those souls, who before coupled and associated unto bodies, now begin to subsist single. This, upon a supposition that the souls after death do for a while subsist single, may be answered. And here, (besides the number of bodies, so buried and contained by the earth), we may further consider the number of several beasts, eaten by us men, and by other creatures. For notwithstanding that such a multitude of them is daily consumed, and as it

were buried in the bodies of the eaters, Yet is the same place and body able to contain them, by reason of their conversion, partly into blood, partly into air and fire. What in these things is the speculation of truth? to divide things into that which is passive and material; and that which is active and formal.

Whatsoever is expedient unto thee, O World, is expedient unto me; nothing can either be unseasonable unto me, or out of date, which unto thee is seasonable. Whatsoever thy seasons bear, shall ever by me be esteemed as happy fruit, and increase. O Nature! from thee are all things, in thee all things subsist, and to thee all tend. Could he say of Athens, Thou lovely city of Cecrops; and shalt not thou say of the world, Thou lovely city of God?

Use thyself therefore often to meditate upon this, that the nature of the universe delights in nothing more, than in altering those things that are and in making others like unto them. So that we may say, that whatsoever is, is but as it were the seed of that which shall be. For if thou think that that only is seed, which either the earth or the womb receiveth, thou art very simple.

Let the fulfilling and accomplishment of those things which the common nature hath determined, be unto thee as thy health. Accept then, and be pleased with whatsoever doth happen, though otherwise harsh and unpleasing, as tending to that end, to the health and welfare of the universe, and to Jove's happiness and prosperity. For whatsoever it be, should not have been produced, had it not conduced to the good of the universe. For neither doth any ordinary particular nature bring anything to pass, that is not to whatsoever is within the sphere of its own proper administration and government agreeable and subordinate. For these two considerations then thou must be well pleased with anything that doth happen unto thee. First, because that for thee properly it was brought to pass, and unto thee it was prescribed; and that from the very beginning by the series and connection of the first causes, it hath ever had a reference unto thee. And secondly, because the good success and perfect welfare, and indeed the very continuance of Him, that is the Administrator of the whole, doth in a manner depend on it.

Thou must comfort thyself in the expectation of thy natural dissolution, and in the meantime not grieve at the delay; but rest contented in those two things. First, that nothing shall happen unto thee, which is not according to the nature of the universe. Secondly, that it

is in thy power, to do nothing against thine own proper God, and inward spirit. For it is not in any man's power to constrain thee to transgress against him.

All that I consist of, is either form or matter. No corruption can reduce either of these into nothing: for neither did I of nothing become a subsistent creature. Every part of mine then, will by mutation be disposed into a certain part of the whole world, and that in time into another part; and so *in infinitum*; by which kind of mutation, I also became what I am, and so did they that begot me, and they before them, and so upwards *in infinitum*. For so we may be allowed to speak, though the age and government of the world, be to some certain periods of time, limited, and confined.

Let death surprise me when it will, and where it will, I may be a happy man, nevertheless. For he is a happy man, who in his lifetime dealeth unto himself a happy lot and portion. A happy lot and portion is, good inclinations of the soul, good desires, good actions.

He that feareth death, either feareth that he will have no sense at all, or that his senses will not be the same. Whereas, he should rather comfort himself, that either no sense at all, and so no sense of evil; or if any sense, then another life, and so no death properly.

O my soul, the time I trust will be, when thou shalt be good, simple, single, more open and visible, than that body by which it is enclosed. Thou wilt one day be sensible of their happiness, whose end is love, and their affections dead to all worldly things. Thou shalt one day be full, and in want of no external thing: not seeking pleasure from anything, either living or insensible, that this world can afford; neither wanting time for the continuation of thy pleasure, nor place and opportunity, nor the favour either of the weather or of men. When thou shalt have content in thy present estate, and all things present shall add to thy content: when thou shalt persuade thyself, that thou hast all things; all for thy good, and all by the providence of the Gods: and of things future also shalt be as confident, that all will do well, as tending to the maintenance and preservation in some sort, of his perfect welfare and happiness, who is perfection of life, of goodness, and beauty; who begets all things, and containeth all things in himself, and in himself doth recollect all things from all places that are dissolved, that of them he may beget others again like unto them.

O man! as a citizen thou hast lived, and conversed in this great city the world. Whether just for so many years, or no, what is it unto thee? Thou hast lived (thou mayest be sure) as long as the laws and orders of the city required; which may be the common comfort of all. Why then should it be grievous unto thee, if (not a tyrant, nor an unjust judge, but) the same nature that brought thee in, doth now send thee out of the world? As if the praetor should fairly dismiss him from the stage, whom he had taken in to act a while. Oh, but the play is not yet at an end, there are but three acts yet acted of it? Thou hast well said: for in matter of life, three acts is the whole play. Now to set a certain time to every man's acting, belongs unto him only, who as first he was of thy composition, so is now the cause of thy dissolution. As for thyself, thou hast to do with neither. Go thy ways then well pleased and contented: for so is He that dismisseth thee.

*From The Meditations. Translated by
Meric Casaubon*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

After-Thought

I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being past away.—Vain sympathies!
For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide;
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide;
The Form remains, the Function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish;—be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's
transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.

*Sonnet from the Series on the River
Duddon*

FRANCIS THOMPSON

How many trampled and deciduous joys
 Enrich thy soul for joys deciduous still,
 Before the distance shall fulfil
 Cyclic unrest with solemn equipoise !
 Happiness is the shadow of things past,
 Which fools still take for that which is to be !
 And not all foolishly :
 For all the past, read true, is prophecy,
 And all the firsts are hauntings of some Last,
 And all the springs are flash-lights of one Spring.
 Then leaf, and flower, and fall-less fruit
 Shall hang together on the unyellowing bough ;
 And silence shall be Music mute
 For her surcharged heart. Hush thou !
 These things are far too sure that thou should'st dream
 Thereof, lest they appear as things that seem.

We pass, we pass ; this does not pass away,
 But holds the furrowing earth still harnessed to its yoke.
 The stars still write their golden purposes
 On heaven's high palimpsest, and no man sees,
 Nor any therein Daniel; I do hear
 From the revolving year
 A voice which cries :
 "All dies ;
 Lo, how all dies ! O seer,
 And all things too arise :
 All dies, and all is born ;
 But each resurgent morn, behold, more near the
 Perfect Morn."

From The Night of Forebeing

THORNTON WILDER

The sun had gone down, but the Abbess led the way with a lantern down corridor after corridor. Dona Clara saw the old and the young, the sick and the blind, but most of all she saw the tired, bright old element, glance into the Eternal. Believe what thou findest written

and say suddenly: "I can't help thinking that something could be done for the deaf-and-dumb. It seems to me that some patient person could study out a language for them. You know there are hundreds and hundreds in Peru. Do you remember whether anyone in Spain has found a way for them? Well, some day they will." Or a little later: "Do you know, I keep thinking that something can be done for the insane. I am old, you know, and I cannot go where these things are talked about, but I watch them sometimes and it seems to me . . . In Spain, now, they are gentle with them? It seems to me that there is a secret about it, just hidden around the corner. Some day back in Spain, if you hear of anything that would help us, you will write me a letter . . . if you are not too busy?" . . .

She talked that night of all those out in the dark (she was thinking of Esteban alone, she was thinking of Pepita alone) who had no one to turn to, for whom the world perhaps was more than difficult, without meaning. And those who lay in their beds there felt that they were within a wall that the Abbess had built for them; within all was light and warmth, and without was the darkness they would not exchange even for a relief from pain and from dying. But even while she was talking, other thoughts were passing in the back of her mind. "Even now," she thought, "almost no one remembers Esteban and Pepita, but myself. Camila alone remembers her Uncle Pio and her son; this woman, her mother. But soon we shall die and all memory of those five will have left the earth, and we ourselves shall be loved for a while and forgotten. But the love will have been enough; all those impulses of love return to the love that made them. Even memory is not necessary for love. There is a land of the living and a land of the dead and the bridge is love, the only survival, the only meaning."

From The Bridge of San Luis Rey

THOMAS CARLYLE

Is the Past annihilated, then, or only past; is the Future non-extant or only future? Those mystic faculties of thine, Memory and Hope, already answer: already through those mystic avenues, thou the Earth-blinded summonest both Past and Future, and communest with them, though as yet darkly, and with mute beckonings. The curtains of Yesterday drop down, the curtains of Tomorrow roll up; but Yesterday and Tomorrow both *are*. Pierce through the Time-element, glance into the Eternal. Believe what thou findest written

in the sanctuaries of Man's Soul, even as all Thinkers, in all ages, have devoutly read it there : that Time and Space are not God, but creations of God; that with God as it is a universal Here, so it is an everlasting Now.

And seest thou therein any glimpse of Immortality?—O Heaven! Is the white Tomb of our Loved One, who died from our arms, and had to be left behind us there, which rises in the distance, like a pale, mournfully receding Milestone, to tell how many toilsome uncheered miles we have journeyed on alone,—but a pale spectral Illusion? Is the lost Friend still mysteriously Here, even as we are Here mysteriously, with God!—Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable ; that the real being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, *is* even now and forever. This, should it unhappily seem new, thou mayest ponder at thy leisure ; for the next twenty years, or the next twenty centuries : believe it thou must ; understand it thou canst not.

From Sartor Resartus

HENRY VAUGHAN

They are all gone into the world of light!

And I alone sit lingering here.

Their very memory is fair and bright,

And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast

Like stars upon some gloomy grove,

Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest

After the Sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,

Whose light doth trample on my days;

My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,

Mere glimmering and decays,

O holy Hope! O high Humility!

High as the heavens above:

These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me

To kindle my cold love.

LEO TOLSTOI

Pierre interrupted him. "Do you believe in a future life?" he asked. "In a future life?" repeated Prince Andrey.

But Pierre did not give him time to answer, and took this repetition as a negative reply, the more readily as he knew Prince Andrey's atheistic views in the past. "You say that you can't see the dominion of good and truth on the earth. I have not seen it either, and it cannot be seen if one looks upon our life as the end of everything. On earth, this earth here" (Pierre pointed to the open country), "there is no truth—all is deception and wickedness. But in the world, the whole world, there is a dominion of truth, and we are now the children of earth, but eternally the children of the whole universe. Don't I feel in my soul that I am a part of that vast, harmonious whole? Don't I feel that in that vast, innumerable multitude of beings, in which is made manifest the Godhead, the higher power—what you choose to call it—I constitute one grain, one step upward from lower beings to higher ones? If I see clearly that ladder that rises up from the vegetable to man, why should I suppose that ladder breaks off with me and does not go on further and further? I feel that I cannot disappear as nothing does disappear in the universe, that indeed I always shall be and always have been. I feel that beside me, above me, there are spirits, and that in their world there is truth."

"Yes, that's Herder's theory," said Prince Andrey. "But it's not that, my dear boy, convinces me; but life and death are what have convinced me. What convinces me is seeing a creature dear to me, and bound up with me, to whom one has done wrong, and hoped to make it right" (Prince Andrey's voice shook and he turned away), "and all at once that creature suffers, is in agony, and ceases to be. What for? It cannot be that there is no answer! And I believe there is . . . That's what convinces, that's what has convinced me," said Prince Andrey.

"Just so, just so," said Pierre! "isn't that the very thing I'm saying?"

"No. I only say that one is convinced of the necessity of a future life, not by argument, but when one goes hand-in-hand with some one, and all at once that some one slips away *yonder into nowhere*, and you are left facing that abyss and looking down into it. And I have looked into it . . ."

"Well, that's it then! You know there is a *yonder* and there is *some one*. *Yonder* is the future life; *Some one* is God."

Prince Andrey did not answer. The coach and horses had long been taken across to the other bank, and had been put back into the shafts,

and the sun had half sunk below the horizon, and the frost of evening was staring the pools at the fording-place; but Pierre and Andrey, to the astonishment of the footmen, coachmen, and ferrymen, still stood in the ferry and were still talking.

"If there is God and there is a future life, then there is truth and there is goodness; and the highest happiness of man consists in striving for their attainment. We must live, we must love, we must believe," said Pierre, "that we are not only living today on this clod of earth, but have lived and will live for ever there in everything" (he pointed to the sky). Prince Andrey stood with his elbow on the rail of the ferry, and as he listened to Pierre he kept his eyes fixed on the red reflection of the sun on the bluish stretch of water. Pierre ceased speaking. There was perfect stillness. The ferry had long since come to a standstill, and only the eddies of the current flapped with a faint sound on the bottom of the ferry boat. It seemed to Prince Andrey that the lapping of the water kept up a refrain to Pierre's words: "It's the truth, believe it."

As he fell asleep he was still thinking of what he had been thinking about all the time—of life and death. And most of death. He felt he was closer to it.

'Love? What is love?' he thought.

'Love hinders death. Love is life. All, all that I understand, I understand only because I love. All is, all exists only because I love. All is bound up in love alone. Love is God, and dying means for me a particle of love, to go back to the universal and eternal source of love.' These thoughts seemed to him comforting. But they were only thoughts. Something was wanting in them; there was something one-sided and personal, something intellectual; they were not self evident. And there was uneasiness, too, and obscurity. He fell asleep.

He dreamed that he was lying in the very room in which he was lying in reality, but that he was not ill, but quite well. Many people of various sorts, indifferent people of no importance, were present. He was talking and disputing with them about some trivial matter. They seemed to be preparing to set off somewhere. Prince Andrey had a dim feeling that all this was of no consequence, and that he had other matters of graver moment to think of, but still he went on uttering empty witticisms of some sort that surprised them. By degrees all these people began to disappear, and the one thing left was the question of closing the door. He got up and went towards the door to close it and bolt it. *Everything* depended on whether he were in time to shut it or not. He was going, he was hurrying, but his legs would not move, and he knew that he would not have time to shut the door, but still he was painfully straining every effort to

do so. And an agonizing terror came upon him. And that terror was the fear of death ; behind the door stood *It*. But while he is helplessly and clumsily struggling towards the door, that something awful is already pressing against the other side of it, and forcing the door open. Something not human—death—is forcing the door open, and he must hold it to. He clutches at the door with a last straining effort—to shut it is impossible, at least to hold it—but his efforts are feeble and awkward ; and, under the pressure of that awful thing, the door opens and shuts again.

Once more *It* was pressing on the door from without. His last, supernatural efforts are vain, and both leaves of the door are noiselessly opened. *It* comes in, and it is *death*. And Prince Andrey died.

But at the instant when in his dream he died, Prince Andrey recollected that he was asleep ; and at the instant when he was dying, he made an effort and waked up.

"Yes, that was death. I died and I waked up. Yes, death is an awakening," flashed with sudden light into his soul, and the veil that had till then hidden the unknown was lifted before his spiritual vision.

*From War and Peace. Translated by
Constance Garnett*

THE HOLY BIBLE

Even today is my complaint bitter : my stroke is heavier than my groaning.

Oh that I knew where I might find him ! that I might come even to his seat !

I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments.

I would know the words which he would answer me, and understand what he would say unto me.

Will he plead against me with his great power ? No ; but he would put strength in me.

There the righteous might dispute with him ; so should I be delivered for ever from my judge.

Behold, I go forward, but he is not there ; and backward, but I cannot perceive him :

On the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him : he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him :

But he knoweth the way that I take : when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

Job 23:2-10

MICHAEL PUPIN

If the soul does not act and react, how does the beauty of the sunset appear in the world of our consciousness, or how do the objective physical realities, revealed by science during the last four hundred years, become subjective realities in the world of our consciousness? It would indeed be a very great achievement, if we could reduce these psychic actions and reactions, the operators of the creative power of the soul, to the simple laws of Newtonian dynamics, but why despair if we cannot? The actions and reactions of an individual radiating atom have not yet been reduced to the simplicity of Newton's dynamics, but that does not shake anybody's faith in the radiating power of the atom. Our faith in the creative power of the soul should be at least as strong, for surely the world of consciousness, the product of that creative power, is at least as real as atomic radiation. The existence of this creative power is the most fundamental human experience in the course of centuries of centuries, so that today it is just as axiomatic as Newton's laws of motion, and it is a sufficient proof of the existence of the soul, although the actions and reactions of the soul are for the present and probably will remain forever entirely outside of Newtonian dynamics.

From The New Reformation

JOHN KEATS

I

Can death be sleep, when life is but a dream,
 And scenes of bliss pass as a phantom by?
 The transient pleasures as a vision seem,
 And yet we think the greatest pain's to die.

II

How strange it is that man on earth should roam,
 And lead a life of woe, but not forsake
 His rugged path ; nor dare he view alone
 His future doom which is but to awake.

IRWIN EDMAN

I shall never see God as the mystics used to see Him, but I recognize now that I have often seen divinity. It comes in a flash or a moment that records itself immortally in the heart, in a sound of music, a curve of marble, a gift of gladness or generosity in a friend, the sudden miracle of green in a forest at daybreak. All these desolate little atheisms cannot touch me. Divinity hedges more creatures in the world than kings. There is immortal loveliness, enduring and returning beauty, which may be touched again and again by the sure-fingered and the open-eyed. For clear minds and gentle hearts, in every generation, the word becomes flesh and lives among men. In the face of the corrosions and defeats of daily life that is sufficient religion to cling to. One's heaven is peopled with the angels of one's own ideals. Life becomes a loyalty on the side of the angels. What better religion has any saint ever had? What other in our day is possible? The old stories of conversions have a certain perpetual truth. God is found in the longing for Him. It is the longing that is God.

From Richard Kane Looks at Life

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

We are much better believers in immortality than we can give grounds for. The real evidence is too subtle, or is higher than we can write down in propositions.

These questions which we lust to ask about the future are a confession of sin. God has no answer for them. No answer in words can reply to a question of things. It is not in an arbitrary "decree of God," but in the nature of man, that a veil shuts down on the facts of tomorrow: for the soul will not have us read any other cipher but that of cause and effect. By this veil which curtains events it instructs the children of men to live in to-day. The only mode of obtaining an answer to these questions of the senses is to forego all low curiosity, and, accepting the tide of being which floats us into the secret of nature, work and live, work and live, and all unawares the advancing soul has built and forged for itself a new condition, and the question and the answer are one.

From The Over-Soul

FRANCIS THOMPSON

Why have we longings of immortal pain,
And all we long for mortal? Woe is me,
And all our chants but chaplet some decay,
As mine this vanishing—nay, vanished Day.
The low sky-line dusks to a leaden hue,

No rift disturbs the heavy shade and chill,
Save one, where the charred firmament lets through
The scorching dazzle of Heaven; 'gainst which the hill,
Out-flattened sombrely,
Stands black as life against eternity.
Against eternity?
A rifting light in me
Burns through the leaden broodings of the mind:
O blessed Sun, thy state
Uprisen or derogate
Dafts me no more with doubt; I seek and find.

If with exultant tread
Thou foot the Eastern sea,
Or like a golden bee
Sting the West to angry red,
Thou dost image, thou dost follow
That King-Maker of Creation,
Who, ere Hellas hailed Apollo,
Gave thee, angel-god, thy station;
Thou art of Him a type memorial.

Like Him thou hang'st in dreadful pomp of blood
Upon thy Western rood;
And His stained brow did vail like thine tonight,
Yet lift once more Its light,
And, risen, again departed from our ball,
But when It set on earth arose in Heaven.
Thus hath He unto death His beauty given:
And so of all which form inheriteth
The fall doth pass the rise in worth;
For birth hath in itself the germ of death,
But death hath in itself the germ of birth.
It is the falling acorn buds the tree,
The falling rain that bears the greenery,
The fern-plants moulder when the ferns arise.
For there is nothing lives but something dies,

And there is nothing dies but something lives.
Till skies be fugitives,
Till Time, the hidden root of change, updries,
Are Birth and Death inseparable on earth ;
For they are twain yet one, and Death is Birth.

From Ode to the Setting Sun

SIR JAMES JEANS

Many (scientists) would hold that, from the broad philosophical standpoint, the outstanding achievement of 20th Century physics . . . is the general recognition that we are not yet in contact with ultimate reality. To speak in terms of Plato's well-known simile, we are still imprisoned in our cave, with our backs to the light, and can only watch the shadows on the wall. At present the only task immediately before science is to study these shadows, to classify them and explain them in the simplest possible way . . .

The shadows which reality throws onto the wall of our cave might *a priori* have been of many kinds. They might conceivably have been perfectly meaningless to us, as meaningless as a cinematograph film showing the growth of microscopic tissues would be to a dog who had strayed into a lecture room by mistake. Indeed our earth is so infinitesimal in comparison with the whole universe, we, the only thinking beings, so far as we know, in the whole of space, are to all appearances so accidental, so far removed from the main scheme of the universe, that it is *a priori* all too probable that any meaning that the universe as a whole may have, would entirely transcend our terrestrial experience, and so be totally unintelligible to us . . .

Although this is the most likely event, it is not impossible that some of the shadows thrown onto the walls of our cave might suggest objects and operations with which we cave-dwellers were already familiar in our caves . . .

Thirty years ago, we thought, or assumed, that we were heading towards an ultimate reality of a mechanical kind. It seemed to consist of a fortuitous jumble of atoms, which was destined to perform meaningless dances for a time under the action of blind purposeless forces, and then fall back to form a dead world. Into this wholly mechanical world, through the play of the same blind forces, life had stumbled by accident. One tiny corner at least, and possibly

several tiny corners, of this universe of atoms had chanced to become conscious for a time, but was destined in the end, still under the action of blind mechanical forces, to be frozen out and again leave a lifeless world.

Today there is a wide measure of agreement, which on the physical side of science approaches almost to unanimity, that the stream of knowledge is heading towards a non-mechanical reality ; the universe begins to look more like a great thought than a great machine. Mind no longer appears as an accidental intruder into the realm of matter ; we are beginning to suspect that we ought rather to hail it as the creator and governor of the realm of matter—not of course our individual minds, but the mind in which the atoms out of which our individual minds have grown exist as thoughts.

The new knowledge compels us to revise our hasty first impressions that we had stumbled into a universe which either did not concern itself with life or was actively hostile to life . . .

We discover that the universe shews evidence of a designing or controlling power that has something in common with our own individual minds— . . . And while much in it may be hostile to the material appendages of life, much also is akin to the fundamental activities of life ; we are not so much strangers or intruders in the universe as we at first thought.

From The Mysterious Universe

THE HOLY BIBLE

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble.

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down : he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

And dost thou open thine eyes upon such an one, and bringest me into judgment with thee ?

Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean ? not one.

Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months are with thee, thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass ;

Turn from him, that he may rest, till he shall accomplish, as an hireling, his day.

For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease.

Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground ;

Yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant.

But man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up:

So man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.

O that thou wouldest hide me in the grave, that thou wouldest keep me secret, until thy wrath be past, that thou wouldest appoint me a set time, and remember me!

If a man die, shall he live again? all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.

Job 14:1-15

H. A. OVERSTREET

The upward wave of a new movement is beginning. Physics, once in the forward sweep of materialistic thinking, is now in the forward sweep of anti-materialistic thinking. Biology has not as yet in full measure felt the power of this new up-going wave. But it begins to feel it. Especially in the recognition of a creative emergence, biology enters upon a non-materialistic view of the life-processes. Psychology, which . . . was the latest of the sciences to be swept into the current of the earlier thinking, is still reluctant to make itself into a science of what is uniquely psychological. Doubtless its earlier mishaps with the "soul" are still too recent in its memory. But even in psychology there is a trend away from purely mechanistic conceptions to such as admit the organic character of psychological life.

Need we then be left with a despairing sense of the complete insignificance of our life? Need we feel crushed before a universe too vast for us to compass? Or worse, in order to signalize our self-respect and our utter veracity, need we stand erect before the omnipotence of that universe and fling it our angry defiance?

The universe, as we now seem to see, is life of our life, spirit of our spirit. It is in us and of us. It moves in all our members. But if this is so, then every creative act that we perform, small though it may be, every wish for the more nearly complete, and every will to get it achieved, is our own triumph in a universe that triumphs with us.

From The Enduring Quest

THE UPANISHADS

But once when Janaka, (king) of Videha, and Yajnavalkya were discussing together at an Agnihotra, Yajnavalkya granted the former a boon. He chose asking whatever question he wished. He granted it to him. So (now) the king, (speaking) first, asked him:

'Yajnavalkya, what light does a person here have?'

'He has the light of the sun, O king,' he said, 'for with the sun, indeed, as his light one sits, moves around, does his work, and returns.'

'Quite so, Yajnavalkya. But when the sun has set, Yajnavalkya, what light does a person here have?'

'The moon, indeed, is his light,' said he, 'for with the moon, indeed, as his light one sits, moves around, does his work, and returns.'

'Quite so, Yajnavalkya. But when the sun has set, and the moon has set, what does a person here have?'

'Fire, indeed, is his light,' said he, 'for with fire, indeed, as his light one sits, moves around, does his work, and returns.'

'Quite so, Yajnavalkya. But when the sun has set, Yajnavalkya, and the moon has set, and the fire has gone out, what light does a person here have?'

'Speech, indeed, is his light,' said he, 'for with speech, indeed, as his light one sits, moves around, does his work, and returns. Therefore, verily, O king, where one does not discern even his own hands, when a voice is raised, then one goes straight towards it.'

'Quite so, Yajnavalkya. But when the sun has set, Yajnavalkya, and the moon has set, and the fire has gone out, and speech is hushed, what light does a person here have?'

'The soul (*atman*), indeed, is his light,' said he, 'for with the soul, indeed, as his light one sits, moves around, does his work, and returns.'

From the Fourth Adhyaya: Third Brahmana. Translated by Robert E. Hume

JULIUS SEELYE BIXLER

Yet we know that the desire for immortality, so far from being the form of wishful thinking it is sometimes called, so far from resting on an unwillingness to face the facts, actually springs from the confidence of the race in its own integrity and in the validity of its aims.

From Immortality and The Present Mood

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Since all that beat about in Nature's range,
Or veer or vanish; why shouldst thou remain
The only constant in a world of change,
O yearning thought; that livest but in the brain?
Call to the hours, that in the distance play,
The faery people of the future day—
Fond thought! not one of all that shining swarm
Will breathe on thee with life-enkindling breath,
Till when, like strangers sheltering from a storm,
Hope and Despair meet in the porch of Death!

And art thou nothing? Such thou art, as when
The woodman winding westward up the glen
At wintry dawn, where o'er the sheep-track's maze
The viewless snow-mist weaves a glistening haze,
Sees full before him, gliding without tread,
An image with a glory round its head;
The enamour'd rustic worships its fair hues,
Nor knows he makes the shadow he pursues!

From Sibylline Leaves

HERBERT DINGLE

The theory of relativity has taught us a great deal about time. We know that the term "now" is ambiguous except for bodies in contact with one another; the present instant to us may mean any time within nearly two million years to an inhabitant of the Andromeda nebula. Again, a being moving with the speed of light may experience instantaneously what to us occupies a lifetime. Are we sure, then, that we know what we mean when we ask if Mr. A is alive now? We cannot go to the Andromeda nebula or move with the speed of light, but we can die, and that is possibly at least as revolutionary an adventure. It may be that the act of dying, which occupies an instant to the onlooker, stretches for the dying man through eternity. We have no right to assume that our ingenuous association of the independent abstractions, mind and time, has any meaning in Nature.

From Science and Human Experience

SONG OF THE HARPER

(The poem that is in the Hall of the tomb of the King of the South and the King of the North, Antef: whose word is Truth, and is cut in front of the Harper.)

O Good Prince, it is a decree,
And what hath been ordained thereby is well,
That the bodies of men shall pass away and disappear,
Whilst others remain.

Since the time of the oldest ancestors,
The gods who lived in olden time,
Who lie at rest in their sepulchres,
The Masters and also the Shining Ones,
Who have been buried in their splendid tombs,
Their place is no more.
Consider what hath become of them.

I have heard the words of Imhotep and Herutataf,
Which are treasured above everything because they uttered them.
Consider what hath become of their tombs.

Their walls have been thrown down:
Their places are no more:
They are just as if they had never existed.
Not one of them cometh from where they are.
Who can describe to us their form or condition?
Who can describe to us their surroundings?
Who can give comfort to our hearts?
And can act as our guide
To the place whereunto they have departed?

Give comfort to thy heart,
And let thy heart forget these things:
What is best for thee to do is
To follow thy heart's desire as long as thou livest.

Anoint thy head with scented unguents,
Let thy apparel be of byssus
Dipped in costly perfumes,
In the veritable products of the gods.
Enjoy thyself more than thou hast ever done before,
And let not thy heart pine for lack of pleasure.

Pursue thine heart's desire and thy own happiness.
 Order thy surroundings on earth in such a way
 That they may minister to the desire of thy heart :
 For at length that day of lamentation shall come
 Wherein he whose heart is still shall not hear the lamenta-
 tion,
 Never shall cries of grief cause
 To beat again the heart of a man who is in the grave.

Therefore occupy thyself with thy pleasure daily,
 And never cease to enjoy thyself.

Behold a man is not permitted
 To carry his possessions away with him.
 Behold there never was anyone who, having departed,
 Was able to come back again.

*Translated from the Egyptian by E. A.
 Wallis Budge*

JEREMY TAYLOR

It is ten to one but when we die we shall find the state of affairs wholly differing from all our opinions here, and that no man or sect hath guessed anything at all of it as it is. However it be, it is certain they are not dead ; and though we no more see the Souls of our dead friends than we did when they were alive, yet we have reason to believe them to know more things and better.

From Holy Dying

SAMUEL JOHNSON

When the thoughts are extended to a future state, the present life seems hardly worthy of all those principles of conduct, and maxims of prudence, which one generation of men has transmitted to another ; but upon a closer view, when it is perceived how much evil is produced, and how much good is impeded by embarrassment and distress, and how little room the expedients of poverty leave for the exercise of virtue, it grows manifest that the boundless importance of the next life enforces some attention to the interest of this.

From a letter to Boswell

SIR JAMES JEANS

Beginnings and Endings

Looked at in terms of space, the message of astronomy is at best one of melancholy grandeur and oppressive vastness. Looked at in terms of time, it becomes one of almost endless possibility and hope. As denizens of the universe we may be living near its end rather than its beginning ; for it seems likely that most of the universe had melted into radiation before we appeared on the scene. But as inhabitants of the earth, we are living at the very beginning of time. We have come into being in the fresh glory of the dawn, and a day of almost unthinkable length stretches before us with unimaginable opportunities for accomplishment. Our descendants of far-off ages, looking down this long vista of time from the other end, will see our present age as the misty morning of the world's history ; our contemporaries of today will appear as dim heroic figures who fought their way through jungles of ignorance, error and superstition to discover truth, to learn how to harness the forces of nature, and to make a world worthy for mankind to live in. We are still too much engulfed in the greyness of the morning mists to be able to imagine, however vaguely, how this world of ours will appear to those who will come after us and see it in full light of day. But by what light we have, we seem to discern that the main message of astronomy is one of hope to the race and of responsibility to the individual—of responsibility because we are drawing plans and laying foundations for a longer future than we can well imagine.

From The Universe Around Us

FROM HYMN TO NUT (*Goddess of the Sky*)

O Perfect Daughter, mighty One of the Mother, who art crowned like a King of the North,
 Make this Pepi a spirit-soul in thee. Let him not die.
 O great Lady, who didst come into being in the sky, who art mighty, Who dost make happy, and dost fill every being with thy beauty, The whole earth is under thee, thou hast taken possession of it. Thou hast encompassed the earth, everything is in thy two hands. Grant thou that this Pepi may be in thee like an imperishable star.

Translated from the Egyptian by E. A. Wallis Budge

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Nos Immortales

Perhaps we go with wind and cloud and sun,
Into the free companionship of air;
Perhaps with sunsets when the day is done,
All's one to me—I do not greatly care;
So long as there are brown hills—and a tree
Like a mad prophet in a land of dearth—
And I can lie and hear eternally
The vast monotonous breathing of the earth.

I have known hours, slow and golden-glowing,
Lovely with laughter and suffused with light,
O Lord, in such a time appoint my going,
When the hands clench, and the cold face grows white,
And the spark dies within the feeble brain,
Spilling its star-dust back to dust again.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE

In Paradise what have I to do? I care not to enter, but only to have Nicolette, my very sweet friend, whom I love so dearly well. For unto Paradise go none but such people as I will tell you of. There go those aged priests, and those old cripples, and the maimed who all day long and all night cough before the altars, and in the crypts beneath the churches; those who go in worn old mantles and old tattered habits; who are naked and barefoot, and full of sores; who are dying of hunger and of thirst, of cold and of wretchedness. Such of these enter in Paradise, and with them I have nought to do. But in Hell will I go. For to Hell go the fair clerks and the fair knights who are slain in the tourney and the great wars, and the stout archer and the loyal man. With them will I go. And there go the fair and courteous ladies, who have friends, two or three, together with their wedded lords. And there pass the gold and the silver, the ermine and all rich furs, harpers and minstrels, and the happy of the world. With these will I go, so only that I have Nicolette, my very sweet friend, by my side.

JOHN KEATS

On Seeing the Elgin Marbles

My spirit is too weak—mortality
 Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,
 And each imagin'd pinnacle and steep
 Of godlike hardship tells me I must die
 Like a sick Eagle looking at the sky.
 Yet 'tis a gentle luxury to weep
 That I have not the cloudy winds to keep
 Fresh for the opening of the morning's eye.
 Such dim-conceivèd glories of the brain
 Bring round the heart an indescribable feud;
 So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,
 That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude
 Wasting of old Time—with a billowy main—
 A sun—a shadow of a magnitude.

THE UPANISHADS

As a heavily loaded cart goes creaking, just so this bodily self, mounted by the intelligent Self, goes groaning when one is breathing one's last.

When he comes to weakness—whether he comes to weakness through old age or through disease—this person frees himself from these limbs just as a mango, or a fig, or a berry releases itself from its bond; and he hastens again, according to the entrance and place of origin, back to life.

As noblemen, policemen, chariot-drivers, village-heads wait for food, drink, and lodgings for a king who is coming, and cry: "Here he comes! Here he comes!" so indeed do all things wait for him who has this knowledge and cry: "Here is Brahma coming! Here is Brahma coming!"

As noblemen, policemen, chariot-drivers, village-heads gather around a king who is about to depart, just so do all the breaths gather around the soul at the end, when one is breathing one's last.

From the Fourth Adhyaya, Third Brahmana. Translated by Robert E. Hume

G. W. F. HEGEL

We know that in religion we withdraw ourselves from what is temporal, and that religion is for our consciousness that region in which all the enigmas of the world are solved, all the contradictions of deeper-reaching thought have their meaning unveiled, and where the voice of the heart's pain is silenced—the region of eternal truth, of eternal rest, of eternal peace. Speaking generally, it is through thought, concrete thought, or, to put it more definitely, it is by reason of his being Spirit, that man is man; and from man as Spirit proceed all the many developments of the sciences and arts, the interests of political life, and all those conditions which have reference to man's freedom and will. But all these manifold forms of human relations, activities, and pleasures, and all the ways in which these are intertwined; all that has worth and dignity for man, all wherein he seeks his happiness, his glory, and his pride, finds its ultimate centre in religion, in the thought, the consciousness, and the feeling of God. Thus God is the beginning of all things, and the end of all things. As all things proceed from this point, so all return back to it again. He is the centre which gives life and quickening to all things, and which animates and preserves in existence all the various forms of being. In religion man places himself in a relation to this centre, in which all other relations concentrate themselves, and in so doing he rises up to the highest level of consciousness and to the region which is free from relation to what is other than itself, to something which is absolutely self-sufficient, the unconditioned, what is free, and is its own object and end.

*From The Philosophy of Religion.
Translated from the German by E. B.
Speirs and J. Burdon Sanderson*

CHARLES LAMB

New Year's Eve

On those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to raise hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me. Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it indeed, and, if need were,

he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now, shall I confess a truth?—I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like misers' farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away "like a weaver's shuttle." Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived; I, and my friends: to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave. A new state of being staggers me.

Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fire-side conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and *irony itself*—do these things go out with life?

Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him?

And you, my midnight darlings, my Folios! must I part with the intense delight of having you (huge armfuls) in my embraces? Must knowledge come to me, if it come at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading?

Shall I enjoy friendships there, wanting the smiling indications which point me to them here,—the recognizable face—the "sweet assurance of a look"—?

I have heard some profess an indifference to life. Such hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge; and speak of the grave as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow. Some have wooed death—but out upon thee, I say, thou foul, ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with Friar John) give thee six-score thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned as an universal viper; to be branded, proscribed, and spoken evil of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin, melancholy *Privation*, or more frightful and confounding *Positive*.

Those antidotes, prescribed against the fear of thee, are altogether

frigid and insulting, like thyself. For what satisfaction hath a man, that he shall "lie down with kings and emperors in death," who in his life-time never greatly coveted the society of such bed-fellows?—or, forsooth, that "so shall the fairest face appear?"—why, to comfort me, must Alice W----n be a goblin? More than all, I conceive disgust at those impertinent and misbecoming familiarities, inscribed upon your ordinary tombstones. Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism, that "Such as he now is I must shortly be." Not so shortly, friend, perhaps as thou imaginest. In the meantime I am alive. I move about. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters! Thy New Years' Days are past. I survive, a jolly candidate for 1821.

VIRGIL

"Each hath his proper day; brief and irreparable is the span of life to all: but to enlarge his fame by prowess—this is the brave man's task!"

From The Aeneid. Translated by James Lonsdale and Samuel Lee

THE HOLY BIBLE

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel be broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Ecclesiastes 12: 1-7

PART IV

OLDER THAN EDEN

THE HOLY BIBLE

Psalm XC

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction ; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood ; they are as a sleep : in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up ; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath : we spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten ; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow ; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger ? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O Lord, how long ? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercies ; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us : and establish thou the work of our hands upon us ; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

EMILY DICKINSON

I never saw a moor,
 I never saw the sea ;
 Yet know I how the heather looks,
 And what a wave must be.

I never spoke to God,
 Nor visited in heaven ;
 Yet certain am I of the spot
 As if the chart were given.

IMMANUEL KANT

Two things fill the mind with ever new and increasing admiration and awe, the oftener and the more steadily we reflect on them : *the starry heavens above and the moral law within*. I have not to search for them and conjecture them as though they were veiled in darkness or were in the transcendent region beyond my horizon ; I see them before me and connect them directly with the consciousness of my existence. The former begins from the place I occupy in the external world of sense, and enlarges my connexion therein to an unbounded extent with worlds upon worlds and systems of systems, and moreover into limitless times of their periodic motion, its beginning and continuance. The second begins from my invisible self, my personality, and exhibits me in a world which has true infinity, but which is traceable only by the understanding, and with which I discern that I am not in a merely contingent but in a universal and necessary connexion, as I am also thereby with all those visible worlds. The former view of a countless multitude of worlds annihilates, as it were, my importance as an *animal creature*, which after it has been for a short time provided with vital power, one knows not how, must again give back the matter of which it was formed to the planet it inhabits (a mere speck in the universe). The second, on the contrary, infinitely elevates my worth as an *intelligence* by my personality, in which the moral law reveals to me a life independent of animality and even of the whole sensible world—at least so far as may be inferred from the destination assigned to my existence by this law, a destination not restricted to conditions and limits of this life, but reaching into the infinite.

From Critique of Practical Reason.
Translated by Thomas K. Abbott

W. R. INGE

I think that those who have had to bear this sorrow will agree with me that bereavement is the deepest initiation into the mysteries of human life, an initiation more searching and profound than even happy love. Love remembered and consecrated by grief belongs, more clearly than the happy intercourse of friends, to the eternal world; it has proved itself stronger than death. Bereavement is the sharpest challenge to our trust in God; if faith can overcome this, there is no mountain which it cannot remove. And faith can overcome it. It brings the eternal world nearer to us, and makes it seem more real. It is not that we look forward to anything remotely resembling Ezekiel's vision of the valley of dry bones. Still less could we find any comfort from the pathetic illusions of modern necromancy. These fancies have nothing to do with our hope of immortality, which would be in no way strengthened by such support. Rather does pure affection, so remembered and so consecrated, carry us beyond the bourne of time and place altogether. It transports us into a purer air, where all that has been, is, and will be lives together, in its true being, meaning and value before the throne of God.

*From Personal Religion and The Life
of Devotion*

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

From In Memoriam

WILLIAM JAMES

Most religious men believe (or 'know', if they be mystical) that not only they themselves, but the whole universe of beings to whom God is present, are secure in his parental hands. There is a sense, a dimension, they are sure, in which are *all* saved, in spite of the gates of hell and all adverse terrestrial appearances. God's existence is the guarantee of an ideal order that shall be permanently preserved. This world may indeed, as science assures us, some day burn up or freeze; but if it is part of his order, the old ideals are sure to be brought elsewhere to fruition; so that where God is, tragedy is only provisional and partial, and shipwreck and dissolution are not the absolutely final things.

From Varieties of Religious Experience

THE HOLY BIBLE

Psalm XCII

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder : the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him : I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him : I will be with him in trouble ; I will deliver him, and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

THE BHAGAVADGITA

Death is Birth

The Diety said :

You have grieved for those who deserve no grief, and you talk words of wisdom. Learned men grieve not for the living nor the dead. Never did I not exist, nor you, nor these rulers of men ; nor will any one of us ever hereafter cease to be. As in this body, infancy and youth and old age (come) to the embodied (self), so does the acquisition of another body ; a sensible man is not deceived about that. The contacts of the senses, O son of Kunti ! which produce cold and heat, pleasure and pain, are not permanent, they are ever coming and going. Bear them, O descendant of Bharata ! For, O chief of men ! that sensible man whom they (pain and pleasure being alike to him) afflict not, he merits immortality. There is no existence for that which is unreal, there is no non-existence for that which is real. And the (correct) conclusion about both is perceived by those who perceive the truth. Know that to be indestructible which pervades all this ; the destruction of that inexhaustible (principle) none can bring about. These bodies appertaining to the embodied (self) which is eternal, indestructible, and indefinable, are said to be perishable ; therefore do engage in battle, O descendant of Bharata ! He who thinks it to be the killer and he who thinks it to be killed, both know nothing. It kills not, is not killed. It is not born, nor does it ever die, nor having existed, does it exist no more. Unborn, everlasting, unchangeable, and primeval, it is not killed when the body is killed. O son of Pritha ! how can that man who knows it thus to be indestructible, everlasting, unborn, and inexhaustible, how and whom can he kill, whom can he cause to be killed ? As a man, casting off old clothes, puts on others and new ones, so the embodied (self) casting off old bodies, goes to others and new ones. Weapons do not divide

it (into pieces) ; fire does not burn it ; waters do not moisten it ; the wind does not dry it up. It is not divisible ; it is not combustible ; it is not to be moistened ; it is not to be dried up. It is everlasting, all-pervading, stable, firm, and eternal. It is said to be unperceived, to be unthinkable, to be unchangeable. Therefore knowing it to be such, you ought not to grieve. But even if you think that it is constantly born, and constantly dies, still, O you of mighty arms ! you ought not to grieve thus. For to one that is born, death is certain ; and to one that dies, birth is certain.

Translated by F. Max Müller

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

The fact is that man is always conscious that there is something more in him than the life of the body and he cannot believe that the death of the body involves also the extinction of this higher principle. From the material point of view man is no more than a blade of grass, a fugitive atom of living matter, but, as Pascal said, he is a blade of grass that can think, and therefore he is something more than the whole material universe. He is at the mercy of the forces of nature, but when they crush him, he knows that he dies, and so he is greater than the force that crushes him, but knows not that it does so.

But man is not only conscious of death, he is also God-conscious : he has the sense of eternity. He realises the tragedy of death, because he also realises the existence of something beyond death—a world of spiritual realities over which death has no power. And this consciousness is not confined to saints or mystics ; we see it also in philosophers and scientists, and poets and artists—in Sophocles and Shakespeare and Beethoven. They do not belong simply to this world ; they give us glimpses of something greater than man and something beyond space and time. That is why death is not for man simply a negative thing—the opposite of life. On the contrary, death seems to call forth everything that is strongest and most vital in human nature ; the greatest literature and art, the noblest heroism, and the highest love and self-sacrifice. These things are just as real as our Sunday dinner, though they are rarer. They are an essential part of the complex and paradoxical thing that is man. If you deny them, there is no room for belief in a future life, but you are left with a very impoverished and one-sided conception of human life altogether. But if, on the other hand, you accept those things for what they are worth, it is only reasonable to go further and to accept the spiritual world—the world to which these things belong—as no less real and no less important than the material world which we see around us.

One sometimes hears people say that if there was a heaven they would not know what to do with it. The prospect of endless happiness and eternal rest appalls them and suggests the idea of endless satiety and boredom. But it is obvious that they are thinking in terms of the present life and that all such ideas have no relevance to eternal life. When the soul leaves the body, there is no longer any room for succession and change. The pure intelligence, stripped of all contact with sensible experience, finds its full satisfaction in the simple act of divine vision — an act which is outside time and without succession and which includes in itself all that is and all that can be. It is true that the mere fact of death is not enough to admit man to this vision, it is only the man whose whole mind and will are turned to God in this life who is capable of entering immediately into the full light of the life to come. The ordinary man, whose mind is more or less concentrated on the things of the present world, enters eternity like a man who goes out of a dark room into the full light of the sun. He cannot see and the effort to see is at first intensely painful. This is the state of the soul in Purgatory; it suffers not from sin, but from the consequences of sin, which must be purged away before the soul can receive the divine light for which it craves. Thus, according to Catholic doctrine, Purgatory is in no sense a second existence in which the soul gets another chance. The changeability of the human will is essentially connected with the condition of bodily existence and with the passions and emotions of mortality; after death no change is possible, for the spirit-will is immutable. That is why Christianity has always laid such tremendous emphasis on the momentous nature of man's present existence and on the eternal and irrevocable character of the Judgment of God.

Thus the world is the scene of a process of spiritual evolution the end of which is to transform the human animal into the spiritual personality. The body is not an obstacle to the soul's development, a dead weight that drags it down to earth, for it is only in and through the body that the soul realises its destiny, and extends the kingdom of the spirit into the world of matter. And thus eternal life is not to be looked for only in the future and the other side of death; it is here and now in this present life that the gift of eternal life is to be received, if it is to be received at all. And the man who has found that life here goes into the life to come, not like a blind man going out into the dark, but as a man who comes out of shadows and closed rooms into the light of the open day.

SOPHOCLES

Creon : The edict hadst thou heard, which this forbade,
Antigone : I could not choose but hear what all men heard.
Creon : And didst thou dare to disobey the law,
Antigone : Nowise from Zeus, methought, this edict came,
 Nor Justice, that abides among the gods
 In Hades, who ordained these laws for men.
 Nor did I deem *thine* edicts of such force
 That they, a mortal's bidding, should o'erride
 Unwritten laws, eternal in the heavens.
 Not of to-day or yesterday are these,
 But live from everlasting, and from whence
 They sprang, none knoweth. I would not, for the breach
 Of these through fear of any human pride,
 To heaven atone. I knew that I must die :
 How else ? Without thine edict, that were so.
 And if before my time, why, this were gain,
 Compassed about with ills, who lives, as I,
 Death to such life as his, must needs be gain.
 So it is to me to undergo this doom
 No grief at all : but had I left my brother,
 My mother's child, unburied where he lay,
 Then I had grieved ; but now this grieves me not.
 Senseless I seem to thee, so doing, Belike
 A senseless judgment finds me void of sense.

From Antigone. Translated by Robert Whitelaw

THE HOLY BIBLE

The Love of God

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Romans 8:38-39

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

I have too much suffered in this life not to expect another one. All the subtleties of metaphysics will not make me doubt for a minute the immortality of the soul and a beneficent Providence. I know it, I believe it, I wish it, I hope it, and I will uphold it to my last breath.

From a Letter to Voltaire

WILLIAM L. SULLIVAN

Epigrams

Love hits many a shrewd and piercing blow, but his stroke is fatal to only one victim—Death.

Life and Death alike are shadows: Life the less noticed because closer to the Night, Death the definitely darker because nearer to the Light.

The pessimist argues that life is insignificant because death inevitably overhangs it. The seer declares that death is insignificant because life invincibly overtakes it.

The Christian religion has deposited upon the altar of wisdom the most profound and most beautiful set of paradoxes ever laid there: Defeat with lips to the bugle of Victory; Hopelessness burning with Expectation; Sadness radiant with Love; Darkness dazzled with Morning; Death shaken with the song of immortal Life!

NEGRO SPIRITUAL

I know moonrise, I know starrise,
I lay dis body down.
I walk in de moonlight, I walk in de starlight,
To lay dis body down.
I walk in de graveyard, I walk throo de graveyard,
To lay dis body down.
I lie in de grave an' stretch out my arms,
I lay dis body down.
I go to de jedment in de evenin' of de day
When I lay dis body down,
An' my soul an' your soul will meet in de day
When I lay dis body down.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I have seen
 A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
 Of inland ground, applying to his ear
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
 To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
 Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
 Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
 Murmuring, whereby the monitor expressed
 Mysterious union with its native sea.
 Even such a shell the universe itself
 Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
 I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
 Authentic tidings of invisible things;
 Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
 And central peace, subsisting at the heart
 Of endless agitation. Here you stand.
 Adore, and worship, when you know it not;
 Pious beyond the intention of your thought;
 Devout above the meaning of your will.

From The Excursion

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

Immortality

Certainly, many significant matters involved in the problem of immortality diverge from one question: What is to be the destiny of the spiritual values which man experiences and creates? When one stands back from the spectacle which the universe presents, imaginatively gets himself outside of it, and objectively looks at it, the most incredible fact in the entire affair is not its size or its law-abiding order, but the spiritual values which have appeared in man. On *a priori* grounds they are an event unpredictable from anything visible or to be conjectured before they actually arrived. The love of truth and the capacity to understand it, which create our science; the love of beauty and the power to produce it, which make our literature, painting, architecture, and music; the love of goodness, from which radiant characters and creators of social righteousness have come; the love of people, by which we are woven into a reticulated fabric of families, friendships, and societies—these spiritual values make

life worthwhile. Truth, beauty, goodness, and love transform existing into living. A man uninterested in them is in so far not a man, and a man undevoted to them is a betrayer of his race.

The pertinence of this to the discussion of immortality is clear. Death looked at with the conservation of spiritual values in mind is no longer merely a mysterious ending of individual existence. It does not simply stop Pasteur's work when he would willingly go on, or choke Keats when he has barely started singing, or lay Lincoln in the grave when he most is needed, or take from us one by one our friends. This individual significance of death is so obvious and its attendant sense of loss is so poignant that it naturally absorbs attention. The real problem, however, lies deeper. Upon a planet that once was uninhabited and that some day will be uninhabitable, the dominance of death means not simply the final end of individuals, but the final end of those spiritual values which we have known here, which inhere in individuals and their relationships, and which have seemed to us the supremely precious fruits of the creative process.

From Spiritual Values and Eternal Life

THE DHAMMAPADA

Buddha's Way of Virtue

No remorse is found in him whose journey is accomplished, whose sorrow ended, whose freedom complete, whose chains are all shaken off.

The mindful press on, casting no look behind to their home-life; as swans deserting a pool they leave their dear home.

Some there are who have no treasure here, temperate ones whose goal is the freedom which comes of realising that life is empty and impermanent: their steps are hard to track as the flight of birds in the sky.

Even the gods emulate him whose senses are quiet as horses well-tamed by the chariooteer, who has renounced self-will, and put away all taints.

No more will he be born whose patience is as the earth's, who is firm as a pillar and pious, pure as some unruffled lake.

Calm is the thought, calm the words and deeds of such a one, who has by wisdom attained true freedom and self-control.

Excellent is the man who is not credulous, who knows Nirvana, who has cut all bonds, destroyed the germs of rebirth, cast off lust.

In the village or the jungle, on sea or land, wherever lives the Arahat, there is the place of delight.

*From The Arahat. Translated by W. D. C.
Wagiswara and K. J. Saunders*

ROBERT BROWNING

Would it ever have entered my mind, the bare will,
 much less power,
 To bestow on this Saul what I sang of, the
 marvelous dower
 Of the life he was gifted and filled with? to make
 such a soul,
 Such a body, and then such an earth for insphering
 the whole?
 And doth it not enter my mind (as my warm
 tears attest)
 These good things being given, to go on, and give
 one more, the best?
 Ay, to save and redeem and restore him, maintain
 at the height
 This perfection,—succeed with life's day-spring,
 death's minute of night?
 Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch Saul the
 mistake,
 Saul the failure, the ruin he seems now,—and bid
 him awake
 From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to
 find himself set
 Clear and safe in new light and new life,—a new
 harmony yet
 To be run, and continued, and ended,—who
 knows?—or endure!
 The man taught enough by life's dream, of the
 rest to make sure;
 By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified
 bliss,
 And the next world's reward and repose, by the
 struggles in this.

From Saul

SAINT GREGORY

Sorrow is not immortal. Let us not aggravate the lightest woes with ungenerous and ignoble thoughts. If we have been bereaved of the choicest blessings, we have enjoyed them too. To be bereft is the lot of all : to enjoy is not the lot of many.

Epigram. Translated by W. R. Paton

SAMUEL JOHNSON

It is recorded of some eastern monarch, that he kept an officer in his house, whose employment it was to remind him of his mortality, by calling out every morning, at a stated hour, *Remember, prince, that thou shalt die!* And the contemplation of the frailness and uncertainty of our present state appeared of so much importance to Solon of Athens, that he left this precept to future ages; *Keep thine eye fixed upon the end of life.*

A frequent and attentive prospect of that moment, which must put a period to all our schemes, and deprive us of all our acquisitions, is indeed of the utmost efficacy to the just and rational regulation of our lives; nor would ever any thing wicked, or often any thing absurd, be undertaken or prosecuted by him who should begin every day with a serious reflection that he is born to die.

The disturbers of our happiness, in this world, are our desires, our griefs, and our fears; and to all these, the consideration of mortality is a certain and adequate remedy. Think, says Epictetus, frequently on poverty, banishment, and death, and thou wilt then never indulge violent desires, or give up thy heart to mean sentiments.

That the maxim of Epictetus is founded on just observation will easily be granted, when we reflect, how that vehemence of eagerness after the common objects of pursuit is kindled in our minds. We represent to ourselves the pleasures of some future possession, and suffer our thoughts to dwell attentively upon it, till it has wholly engrossed the imagination, and permits us not to conceive any happiness but its attainment, or any misery but its loss; every other satisfaction which the bounty of Providence has scattered over life is neglected as inconsiderable, in comparison of the great object which we have placed before us, and is thrown from us as encumbering our activity, or trampled under foot as standing in our way.

Every man has experienced how much of this ardour has been remitted, when a sharp or tedious sickness has set death before his eyes. The extensive influence of greatness, the glitter of wealth, the praises of admirers, and the attendance of suppliants, have appeared vain and empty things, when the last hour seemed to be approaching; and the same appearance they would always have, if the same thought was always predominant. We should then find the absurdity of stretching out our arms incessantly to grasp that which we cannot keep, and wearing out our lives in endeavors to add new turrets to the fabric of ambition, when the foundation itself is shaking, and the ground on which it stands is mouldering away.

He that considers how soon he must close his life, will find nothing of so much importance as to close it well; and will, therefore, look with indifference upon whatever is useless to that purpose . . .

Even grief, that passion to which the virtuous and tender mind is particularly subject, will be obviated or alleviated by the same thoughts. It will be obviated, if all the blessings of our condition are enjoyed with a constant sense of this uncertain tenure. If we remember, that whatever we possess is to be in our hands but a very little time, and that the little which our most lively hopes can promise us, may be made less by ten thousand accidents; we shall not much repine at a loss, of which we cannot estimate the value, but of which, though we are not able to tell the least amount, we know, with sufficient certainty, the greatest, and are convinced that the greatest is not much to be regretted . . .

With regard to the sharpest and most melting sorrow, that which arises from the loss of those whom we have loved with tenderness, it may be observed, that friendship between mortals can be contracted on no other terms, than that one must some time mourn for the other's death: And this grief will always yield to the survivor one consolation proportionate to his affliction; for the pain, whatever it be, that he himself feels, his friend has escaped.

Nor is fear, the most overbearing and resistless of all our passions, less to be tempered by this universal medicine of the mind. The frequent contemplation of death, as it shows the vanity of all human good, discovers likewise the lightness of all terrestrial evil, which certainly can last no longer than the subject upon which it acts; and according to the old observation, must be shorter, as it is more violent. The most cruel calamity which misfortune can produce, must, by the necessity of nature, be quickly at an end. The soul cannot long be held in prison, but will fly away, and leave a lifeless body to human malice.

The utmost that we can threaten to one another is that death,

which, indeed, we may precipitate, but cannot retard, and from which, therefore, it cannot become a wise man to buy a reprieve at the expense of virtue, since he knows not how small a portion of time he can purchase, but knows, that whether short or long, it will be made less valuable by the remembrance of the price at which it has been obtained.—He is sure that he destroys his happiness, but is not sure that he lengthens his life.

The known shortness of life, as it ought to moderate our passions, may likewise, with equal propriety, contract our designs. There is not time for the most forcible genius, and most active industry, to extend its effects beyond a certain sphere. To project the conquest of the world, is the madness of mighty princes; to hope for excellence in every science, has been the folly of literary heroes; and both have found at last, that they have panted for a height of eminence denied to humanity, and have lost many opportunities of making themselves useful and happy, by a vain ambition of obtaining a species of honour, which the eternal laws of Providence have placed beyond the reach of man . . .

It is always pleasing to observe, how much more our minds can conceive, than our bodies can perform! yet it is our duty, while we continue in this complicated state, to regulate one part of our composition by some regard to the other. We are not to indulge our corporeal appetites with pleasures that impair our intellectual vigour, nor gratify our minds with schemes which we know our lives must fail in attempting to execute. The uncertainty of our duration ought at once to set bounds to our designs, and add incitements to our industry; and when we find ourselves inclined either to immensity in our schemes, or sluggishness in our endeavors, we may either check, or animate ourselves, by recollecting with the father of physic, *that art is long, and life is short.*

From The Rambler

THE HOLY BIBLE

But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.

I Corinthians 2:9-10

C. DAY LEWIS

The Magnetic Mountain

Somewhere beyond the railheads
Of reason, south or north,
Lies a magnetic mountain
Riveting sky to earth.
No line is laid so far.
Ties rusting in a stack
And sleepers—dead men's bones—
Mark a defeated track.

Kestrel who yearly changes
His tenement of space
At the last hovering
May signify the place.

Iron in the soul,
Spirit steeled in fire,
Needle trembling on truth—
These shall draw me there.

The planets hold their course,
Blindly the bee comes home,
And I shall need no sextant
To prove I'm getting warm.

Near that miraculous mountain
Compass and clock must fail,
For space stands on its head there
And time chases its tail.

There's iron for the asking
Will keep all winds at bay,
Girders to take the leaden
Strain of a sagging sky.

O there's a mine of metal,
Enough to make me rich
And build right over chaos
A cantilever bridge.

DWIGHT BRADLEY

Death is a phenomenon associated with spatio-temporal experience. When one dies, he does so in some particular place and at some definite time. Experience which is nonspatial and non-temporal, such as the experience of a man within his soul, is not only free from the limitations of death but is oblivious to or unaware of death. Subjective man neither dies nor can be conscious of the fact of death. This obvious truth leads us to declare that the soul is intrinsically and of necessity immortal, since it is unlimited and undisturbed by duration of time or extent of space. If, then, man were exclusively subjective and if he could become entirely mystic, the problem of death would not trouble him. Swallowed up in the Absolute he would know nothing either of birth or death, nor would he be conscious of the passage of space-time events between birth and death. But he would not possess individuality.

If, on the other hand, man were exclusively objective and if he could become entirely a materialist, death would be the final term of his existence. The breakdown of his physical organism would conclude the fleeting episode which he calls "life." What he calls "individuality" would be similar to the "individuality" of a rock, a tree, or that of any spatio-temporal aggregation of cells.

Man, however, being both soul and body, is both immortal and mortal. He is superior to death and yet under its dominion. Living in two separate worlds, he must expect that at a certain time and in a certain place his body will return to the elements from which it came and his personal consciousness flicker out to share the soul-experience no more.

Only as man is able somehow to unite body and soul in one coherent experience that involves the subjective and the objective, and which reaches into a third world, can he hope for personal survival beyond the hour of his physical disintegration.

If he can accomplish such a feat he is saved from death.

We have declared that through worship man can accomplish this. Through worship man reaches into a third world wherein he discovers himself to be creatively immortal. He gains what has been called a "spiritual body." Not waiting for physical dissolution to end the spatio-temporal phase of existence, he takes measures (while still in the range of five-sensory experience) to graduate, as it were, from sensory to spiritual understanding of the objective world. He projects his inner life upon the stage of outer necessity and brings the Absolute to bear upon the relative. He himself becomes a "new creature."

ROBERT BROWNING

Fool! All that is, at all,
 Lasts ever, past recall;
 Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
 What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
 Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter
 and clay endure.

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
 Of plastic circumstance,
 This Present, thou, forsooth, would fain arrest:
 Machinery just meant
 To give thy soul its bent,
 Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

What though the earlier grooves,
 Which ran the laughing loves
 Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
 What though, about thy rim,
 Skull-things in order grim
 Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?
 Look not thou down but up!
 To uses of a cup,
 The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
 The new wine's foaming flow,
 The Master's lips aglow!
 Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst
 thou with earth's wheel?

But I need, now as then,
 Thee, God, who mouldest men;
 And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
 Did I—to the wheel of life
 With shapes and colors rife,
 Bound dizzily—mistake my end, to slake thy thirst:
 So, take and use thy work:
 Amend what flaws may lurk,
 What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past
 the aim!
 My times be in thy hand!
 Perfect the cup as planned!
 Let age approve of youth, and death
 complete the same!

From Rabbi Ben Ezra

EMIL BRUNNER

Eternal life is not an unending continuance of this life—that would perhaps be Hell—but Eternal life is a quite different life, divine, not mundane, perfect, not earthly, true life, not corrupt half-life.

We cannot form a conception of eternal life. What we imagine is ever simply of the earth, temporal, worldly. Nor could we know anything about our eternal life if it had not appeared in Jesus Christ. In him we realize that we were created for the eternal life. If we ask what is this eternal life? What sense is there in thinking about it if we can have no conception of it? the answer is, "It is life *with* God, *in* God, *from* God; life in perfect fellowship." Therefore it is a life in love, it is love itself. It is a life without the nature of death and of sin, hence without sorrow, pain, anxiety, care, misery. To know this suffices to make one rejoice in eternal life.

If there were no eternal life, this life of time would be without meaning, goal, or purpose, without significance, without seriousness and without joy. It would be nothing, for what ends in nothing, is itself nothing. That our life does not end in nothing, but that eternal life awaits us is the glad message of Jesus Christ. He came to give us this promise as a light in this dark world. A Christian is a man who has become certain of eternal life through Jesus Christ.

Death ends all life on this earth. We shall all die some day. Tomorrow? Next year? It makes no difference. Some day! Even the whole race will one day die. Without faith that means all is over. But faith says: the end is eternal life.

Is it certain that faith is right? Can one know that so certainly? In the last analysis is it not a supposition? When this question arises—and why should it not arise?—we find out whether we can really believe. Faith is the assurance that God has truly revealed His will to us in Jesus Christ, and this will is eternal life. *How* we will realize his will we do not know, the "how" is unimportant for us. Our business is to live in this faith, to be joyful, and to live even now in this love which is the inner meaning of eternal life. Eternal life begins by faith in Christ, and when it has begun death can have no more dominion over us.

*From Our Faith. Translated by John W.
Rilling*

NEGRO SPIRITUAL

I got a robe, you got a robe,
 All o' God's Chillun got a robe.
 When I get to heab'n I'm going to put on my robe,
 I'm goin' to shout all ovah God's Heab'n,
 Heab'n, Heab'n,
 Ev'rybody talkin' 'bout heab'n ain't goin' dere;
 Heab'n, Heab'n,
 I'm goin' to shout all ovah God's Heab'n.

I got-a wings, you got-a wings,
 All o' God's Chillun got-a wings,
 When I get to heab'n I'm goin' to put on my wings,
 I'm goin' to fly all ovah God's Heab'n,
 Heab'n, Heab'n,
 I'm goin' to fly all ovah God's Heab'n.

I got a harp, you got a harp,
 All o' God's Chillun got a harp,
 When I get to heab'n I'm going to take up my harp,
 I'm going to play all ovah God's Heab'n,
 Heab'n, Heab'n,
 Ev'rybody talkin' 'bout heab'n ain't goin' dere;
 Heab'n, Heab'n,
 I'm goin' to play all ovah God's Heab'n.

I got shoes, you got shoes,
 All o' God's Chillun got shoes,
 When I get to heab'n I'm goin' to put on my shoes,
 I'm goin' to walk all ovah God's Heab'n,
 Heab'n, Heab'n,
 Ev'rybody talkin' 'bout Heab'n ain't goin' dere;
 Heab'n, Heab'n,
 I'm goin' to walk all ovah God's Heab'n,
 I'm goin' to walk all ovah God's Heab'n,
 I'm goin' to walk all ovah, goin' to talk all ovah
 God's Heab'n.

EPICTETUS

This is the work, if any, that ought to employ your master and preceptor if you had one, that you should come to him and say:

"Epictetus, we can no longer bear being tied down to this poor body,—feeding and resting, and cleaning it, and vexed with so many low cares on its account. Are not these things indifferent, and nothing to us, and death no evil? Are we not of kindred to God; and did we not come from him? Suffer us to go back thither from whence we came. Suffer us at length to be delivered from these fetters that bind and weigh us down. Here thieves and robbers, courts and tyrants, claim power over us, through the body and its possessions. Suffer us to show them that they have no power."

And in this case it would be my part to answer: "My friends, wait for God, till he shall give the signal and dismiss you from this service; then return to him. For the present, be content to remain at this post where he has placed you. The time of your abode here is short and easy to such as are disposed like you; for what tyranny, what robber, what thief, or what court can be formidable to those who thus count for nothing the body and its possessions. Stay, nor foolishly depart."

It is not death or pain that is to be dreaded, but the fear of pain or death. Hence we commend him who says: "Death is no ill, but *shamefully to die.*"

Courage, then, ought to be opposed to death, and caution to the *fear of death*; whereas we, on the contrary, oppose to death, flight; and to these our false convictions concerning it, recklessness, and desperation, and assumed indifference.

Socrates used, very properly, to call these things masks; for as masks appear shocking and formidable to children from their inexperience, so we are thus affected with regard to things for no other reason . . . What is death? A mask. Turn it on the other side and be convinced. See, it doth not bite. This little body and spirit must be again, as once, separated, either now or hereafter; why, then, are you displeased if it be now? For if not now it will be hereafter. Why? To fulfill the course of the universe; for that hath need of some things present, others to come, and others already completed.

The soul is like a vase filled with water; while the semblances of things fall like rays upon its surface. If the water is moved, the ray will seem to be moved likewise, though it is in reality without motion.

In the same manner as we exercise ourselves against sophistical questions, we should exercise ourselves likewise in relation to such semblances as every day occur; for these, too, offer questions to us. Such a one's son is dead. What think you of it? Answer: It is a thing inevitable, and therefore not an evil . . . If we train ourselves in this

manner we shall make improvement; for we shall never assent to anything but what the semblance itself includes. A son is dead. What then? A son is dead. Nothing more? Nothing . . . "But Zeus does not order these things rightly." Why so? Because he has made you to be patient? Because he has made you to be brave? Because he has made them to be no evils? Because it is permitted you, while you suffer them, to be happy? Because he has opened you the door whenever they do not suit you? Go out man, and do not complain.

As it was fit, then, this most excellent and superior faculty alone (the Reasoning Faculty), a right use of the appearance of things, the gods have placed in our own power; but all other matters they have not placed in our power. What, was it because they would not? I rather think that, if they could, they had granted us these too; but they certainly could not. For, placed upon earth, and confined to such a body and to such companions, how was it possible that, in these respects, we should not be hindered by things outside of us?

But what says Zeus? "O Epictetus, if it had been possible, I had made this little body and property of thine free, and not liable to hindrance. But now do not mistake; it is not thy own, but only a finer mixture of clay. Since, then, I could not give thee this, I have given thee a certain portion of myself; this faculty of exerting the powers of pursuit and avoidance, of desire and aversion, and, in a word, the use of the appearance of things. Taking care of this point, and making what is thy own to consist in this, thou wilt never be restrained, never be hindered; thou wilt not groan, wilt not complain, wilt not flatter anyone. How, then? Do all these advantages seem small to thee? Heaven forbid! Let them suffice thee, then, and thank the gods."

But now, when it is in our power to take care of one thing, and to apply ourselves to one, we choose rather to take care of many, and to encumber ourselves with many,—body, property, brother, friend, child, and slave,—and, by this multiplicity of encumbrances, we are burdened and weighed down. Thus, when the weather does not happen to be fair for sailing, we sit in distress and gaze out perpetually. Which way is the wind? North. What good will that do us? When will the west wind blow? When it pleases, friend, or when Aeolus pleases; for Zeus has not made you dispenser of the winds, but Aeolus.

What, then, is to be done?

To make the best of what is in our power, and take the rest as it occurs.

And how does it occur?

As it pleases God.

Do you therefore likewise, being sensible of this, consider the faculties you have, and after taking a view of them say, "Bring on me now, O Zeus, what difficulty thou wilt, for I have faculties granted me by thee, and powers by which I may win honor from every event?" No; but you sit trembling, for fear this or that should happen; and then you accuse the gods! In what does such baseness end but in impiety? And yet God has not only granted these faculties by which we may bear every event without being depressed or broken by it, but, like a good prince and a true father, has placed their exercise above restraint, compulsion, or hindrance, and wholly within our own control; nor has he reserved a power, even to himself, of hindering or restraining them. Having these things free, and your own, will you not use them, nor consider what you have received, nor from whom? But you sit groaning and lamenting, some of you, blind to him who gave them, and not acknowledging your benefactor; while others basely turn themselves to complaints and accusations against God! I undertake to show you that you have means and faculties to exhibit greatness of soul, and a manly spirit; but what occasion you have to find fault and complain, do you show me if you can.

"But what if my friends there should be dead?"

What, indeed, but that those are dead who were born to die. Do you at once wish to grow old, and yet not see the death of any one you love? Do you not know that, in a long course of time, many and various events must necessarily happen; that a fever must get the better of one, a highwayman of another, a tyrant of a third? For such is the world we live in; such they who live in it with us. Heats and cold, improper diet, journeys, voyages, winds, and various accidents destroy some, banish others; destine one to an embassy, another to a camp. And now, pray, will you sit in consternation about all these things, lamenting, disappointed, wretched, dependent on another; and not on one or two only, but ten thousand times ten thousand?

Is this what you have heard from the philosophers; this what you have learned? Do you not know what sort of a thing warfare is? One must keep guard, another go out for a spy, another even to battle. It is neither possible, nor indeed desirable, that all should be in the same place; but you, neglecting to perform the orders of your General, complain whenever anything a little hard is commanded; and do not consider what influence you have on the army, so far as lies in your power. . . . You must observe the duty of a soldier, and perform everything at the nod of your General, and even, if possible, divine what he would have done.

"But it is now time to die." What is that you call dying? Do not talk of the thing in a tragic strain; but state the thing as it is, that it is time for your material part to revert whence it came. And where is the terror of this? What part of the world is going to be lost? What is going to happen that is new or prodigious? Is it for this that a tyrant is formidable? Is it on this account that the swords of his guards seem so large and sharp? Try these things upon others. For my part I have examined the whole. No one has authority over me. God has made me free; I know his commands; after this no one can enslave me.

*From The Discourses. Translated by
Thomas Wentworth Higginson*

WILLIAM BLAKE

The world of imagination is the world of eternity. It is the divine bosom into which we shall all go after the death of the vegetated body. This world of imagination is infinite and eternal, whereas the world of generation, of vegetation, is finite and temporal. There exist in that eternal world the permanent realities of everything which we see reflected in this vegetable glass of nature.

From Jerusalem

THE HOLY BIBLE

Psalm XXIII

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

. . . that blessed mood,
 In which the burthen of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world,
 Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
 In which the affections gently lead us on,—
 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul:
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.

. . . And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things.

*From Lines composed . . . above Tintern
Abbey*

WILLIAM ADAMS BROWN

It is the sense of boundless possibilities in man which justifies our faith in personal immortality. If here and now we see human nature in process of recreation, it is because man carries within him possibilities which this life alone cannot exhaust. Why then should it be unreasonable to expect that when this chapter of our history has been finished a new page will be turned on which God will write the history of new experiences and of new achievements?

*From The Life of Prayer in a World of
Science*

THE HOLY BIBLE

Mary Magdalene sees her Risen Lord

The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.

Then she runneth, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him.

Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulchre. So they ran both together; and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre.

And he stooping down, and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in.

Then cometh Simon Peter, following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie, and the napkin, that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself.

Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulchre, and he saw, and believed.

For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead.

Then the disciples went away again unto their own home.

But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master.

Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God.

SAINT BASIL

What retribution shall we give unto the Lord, for all the gifts which he hath bestowed upon us? For us the rains descend, for us the sun diffuseth his creative beams; the mountains rise, the valleys bloom; affording us a grateful habitation and a sheltering retreat. For us the rivers flow; for us the fountains murmur; the sea spreads wide its bosom to extend our commerce; the earth exhausts its precious stores; each new object presents a new enjoyment; all Nature pouring her treasures at our feet, through the boundless grace of Him who wills that all be ours!

But why do I descant on lesser subjects, when nobler themes should grace the preacher's tongue? For us, God dwelt with man! — For sinful perishable flesh, the Word was embodied in the flesh and abode with us. He, who was exempt from suffering, was stretched upon the cross: Immortality was wedded to Death; Light descended into darkness. — He rose again for them who had fallen; he sent forth the spirit of adoption; he diffused his celestial grace; he planted by the throne of God, that tree, whence saints and martyrs gather the fruit of immortality. — He accomplished all that angels can conceive, and more than man can utter! How just, how suitable are the prophet's words! "What remuneration shall we offer to the Lord, for all the blessings which he hath conferred upon us?"

*From the Funeral Oration for the Martyr
Julitta. Translated from the Greek by
Hugh S. Boyd*

HENRY GEORGE

What then is the meaning of life? To me it seems intelligible only as the avenue and vestibule to another life. Its facts seem explainable only upon a theory which cannot be expressed but in myth and symbol, and which, everywhere and at all times, the myths and symbols in which men have tried to portray their deepest perceptions, do in some form express. Shall we say that what passes from our sight passes into oblivion? No: not into oblivion. Far, far beyond our ken the eternal laws must hold their sway. The hope that rises is the heart of all religions! The poets have sung it, the seers have told it, and in its deepest pulses the heart of man throbs responsive to its truth.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

Father, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
 Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love ;
 For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
 Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth thro' doubt and sorrow,
 And thou hast made each step an onward one ;
 And we will ever trust each unknown morrow ;
 Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

Now, Father, now in thy dear presence kneeling,
 Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love ;
 Now make us strong ; we need thy deep revealing
 Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

SIR WILFRED GRENFELL

For my part I find the world is good. It is a most reliable paymaster, whichever way you make your investment, and I am glad to be in it. Everything seems to have a purpose, and from that fact I deduce a purposer. The world seems reasonable, and therefore likely to end reasonably. The evolution of love, the development of intellect, the unceasing metabolism of the body, considered with the principle of the conservation of energy, always seemed to me to argue against the annihilation of personality—Some men hate the whole universe because they realize how brief the tenure of the things they love in life is. But I am no pessimist. Knowing that I can only stay for a brief time alongside of what I call my property, I am still delighted with all I get, enjoying immensely the use of it while I have it, and believing, as Christ teaches, that so-called death cannot rob me of spiritual friendships and assets. If I count what I can contribute to life, and not what I can get out of it, that of itself makes it worth while. The gauge is not what we have, but what we do with what we have.

I am as sure that I am not my body as I am sure that I am not my house. But for all that, I know that I am I, and that I shall always continue to be so is sufficiently probable to satisfy me.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Consolation

All are not taken ; there are left behind
 Living Belovèds, tender looks to bring
 And make the daylight still a happy thing,
 And tender voices, to make soft the wind :
 But if it were not so — if I could find
 No love in all this world for comforting,
 Nor any path but hollowly did ring
 Where 'dust to dust' the love from life disjoin'd
 And if, before those sepulchres unmoving
 I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb
 Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth)
 Crying 'Where are ye, O my loved and loving ?' —
 I know a voice would sound, "Daughter, I AM.
 Can I suffice for Heaven and not for earth ?"

THOMAS PAINÉ

I trouble not myself about the manner of future existence. I content myself with believing even to positive conviction, that the power that gave me existence is able to continue in any form and manner he pleases, either with or without this body and it appears more probable to me that I shall continue to exist hereafter than that I should have had existence, as I now am, before that existence began.

From The Age of Reason

THE HOLY BIBLE

I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth : And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eye shall behold, and not another.

Job 19:25-27

ERNEST DIMNET

Most readers, attentive to the effects of thought on their life, will promptly discover that, no matter how nervously conscious of death they may be, this consciousness cannot co-exist with three states of mind which, with a little practice, we can enter at will :

- 1—keen interest in truth, even of a purely intellectual character;
- 2—working for any of the nobler objects possible to mankind, that is to say . . . collaborating with God;
- 3—forgetting our own interest and devoting ourselves to the welfare or happiness of others.

The worst that Death, seen apart from immortality, can do against us is to suggest that, with its arrival, our chances for improvement may finally stop. If we feel sure that at whatever time it may interrupt us we shall be in the act of improving such chances, the terror of its visit will only be a child's bugbear of so little consequence that it will be forgotten.

From What We Live By

JOACHIM DU BELLAY

The Ideal

If here our life be briefer than a day
 In time Eternal, if the circling year
 Drive on our days never to reappear,
 If birth be but the prelude to decay,
 What think you, soul, incarcerate in clay?
 Why are you glad, at our dark daylight here,
 If for the flight to an abode more clear
 Your strong wings are well feathered to upstay?
 There, is the good that every mind desires,
 There, rest whereunto all the world aspires,
 There love is, there of pleasure, too, full worth,
 There, O my soul, led on to Heaven's last height,
 The very self of Beauty in thy sight
 Shall seem the image worshiped upon earth.

Translated from the French by George Wyndham

JOHN KEATS

How far by the persevering endeavours of a seldom appearing Socrates Mankind may be made happy—I can imagine such happiness carried to an extreme, but what must it end in?—Death—and who could in such a case bear with death, . . . I do not at all believe in this sort of perfectibility—the nature of the world will not admit it—the inhabitants of the world will correspond to itself . . . The point at which man may arrive (at earthly happiness) is as far as the parallel state in inanimate nature and no further . . . The common cognomen of this world among the misguided and superstitious is “a vale of tears” from which we are to be redeemed by a certain arbitrary interposition of God and taken to Heaven—what a little circumscribed straightened notion! Call the world if you please “the vale of soul-making.” Then you will find out the use of the world. I say “soul-making”—soul as distinguished from an intelligence. There may be intelligences or sparks of the divinity in millions—but they are not souls till they acquire identities, till each one is personally itself. Intelligences are atoms of perception—they know and they see and they are pure, in short they are God—how then are souls to be made? How then are these sparks which are God to have identity given them—as ever to possess a bliss peculiar to each one’s individual existence? How, then, but by the medium of a world like this . . . it is a system of spirit-creation. This is effected by three grand materials acting the one upon the other for a series of years—These are the intelligence—the human heart (as distinguished from the intelligence of mind), and the world of elemental space suited for the proper action of mind and heart on each other for the purpose of forming the soul or intelligence destined to possess the sense of identity. I can scarcely express what I but dimly perceive—and yet I think I perceive it—that you may judge the more clearly I will put it in the most homely form possible. I will call the world a school instituted for the purpose of teaching little children to read—I will call the human heart the hornbook used in that school—and I will call the child able to read, the soul made from that school and its hornbook. Do you not see how necessary a world of pains and troubles is to school an intelligence and make a soul, a place where the heart must feel and suffer in a thousand diverse ways. Not merely is the heart a hornbook, it is the mind’s Bible, it is the mind’s experience, it is the text from which the mind or intelligence sucks its identity. As various as the lives of men are—so various become their souls, and thus does God make individual beings, souls, identical souls of the sparks of his own essence. If what I have said should not be plain

enough . . . I will put you in the place where I began in this series of thoughts—I mean I began by seeing how man was formed by circumstances—and what are circumstances but touchstones of his heart? and what are touchstones but provings of his heart, but fortifiers or alterers of his nature? and what is his altered nature but his soul?—and what was his soul before it came into the world and had these provings and alterations and perfections—and intelligence without identity—and how is this identity to be made, Through the medium of the heart? and how is the heart to become this medium but in a world of circumstances?

*From a letter to George and Georgiana
Keats*

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Tho' mixed with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

From In Memoriam

F. R. L. CANITZ

A Hymn

Come my soul, thou must be waking,
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day:
Come, to Him who made this splendour
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

Gladly hail the sun returning,
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers;
For the night is safely ended,
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
And that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldest pursue.

Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness
That far brighter Sun to greet.

Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shall dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

Translated by Henry J. Buckall

TOYOHIKO KAGAWA

Death the Pathway

Death to me is the pathway to God. I cannot believe otherwise. Even now it is God who gives me life. If life is God's gift, is not death, which is one of the variations of life, also the work of His hand?

If I praise God for life, can I refrain from praising Him for death? Let me in response to that solemn summoning voice quietly commit my soul to God. Death cannot be a victor over me. Through death I am a victor Godward. Nay, God is ever victorious over death. He tramples it under His feet.

Translated by William Axling

AUGUSTE COMTE

Perpetuation

The progress of society comes very soon to depend more on time than on space. It is not to-day only that each man, as he exerts himself to estimate aright his indebtedness to others, sees that his predecessors as a whole in comparison with his contemporaries as a whole have much the larger share in that indebtedness. The same superiority shows itself, in a less degree, in the most remote periods; as is indicated by the touching worship then always paid to the dead, as was beautifully remarked by Vico.

Thus the true social existence consists more in the continuity of succession than in the solidarity of the existing generation. The living are always by the necessity of the case, and that more and more, under the government of the dead: such is the fundamental law of the human order.

To grasp it the more fully, we must distinguish two successive lives in each true servant of Humanity: the one, temporary but conscious, constitutes life properly so called; the other, unconscious but permanent, does not begin till after death. The first, being always bodily, may be termed *objective*; especially in contrast with the second, which, leaving each one to exist only in the heart and mind of others, deserves the name of *subjective*. This is the noble immortality, necessarily disconnected with the body, which Positivism allows our *soul*, preserving this valuable term to designate the sum of our intellectual and moral functions, without any allusion to a corresponding entity.

According to this lofty conception, the true human race is composed of two masses, both of which are always essential, while the proportion between them is constantly varying, with a tendency to strengthen the power of the dead over the living in every actual operation. If the action and its result are most dependent on the objective element, the impulse and the rule are principally due to the subjective. Largely endowed by our predecessors, we hand on gratuitously to our successors the whole domain of man, with an addition which becomes smaller and smaller in proportion to the amount received. This necessary gratuitousness meets with a worthy reward in the subjective incorporation by which we shall be able to perpetuate our services under an altered form.

During the objective life, the dominion of the outer world over the world of man is as direct as it is unbroken. But in the subjective life, the outward order becomes simply passive, and no longer prevails, except indirectly, as the primary source of the images we wish to cherish. Our beloved dead are no longer governed by the rigorous laws of the inorganic order, nor even of the vital. On the contrary, the laws peculiar to the human order, especially the moral, though not excluding the social, govern, and that better than during life, the existence with each of them retains in our brain. This existence, thus purely intellectual and affective, is composed essentially of images, which revive at once the feelings with which the being snatched from us inspires us and the thoughts which he occasioned. Our subjective worship is reduced, then, to a species of internal evocation, the gradual result of an exertion of the brain performed in accordance with its own laws. The image always remains less clear and less vivid than the object, in obedience to the fundamental law of our intellect. But a judicious culture may bring the normal state nearer to this necessary limit, far beyond what could be believed possible hitherto, so long as this beautiful domain remained vague and dark.

To determine more exactly this general subordination, observe that the subjective evocation of the loved object is always connected with the last objective impressions he left us. This is most evident as to age, which death withdraws from all increase. Our premature losses are thus found to invest the object of our affections with eternal youth. This law, from the original adorer, extends of necessity to his most remote adherents. No one will ever be able to represent to himself, after Dante, his sweet Beatrice otherwise than as at the age of twenty-five. We may think of her as younger, we cannot imagine her older . . .

For if our Divinity only incorporates into herself the really worthy

dead, she also takes from each the imperfections which in all cases dimmed their objective life. Dante had, in his own way, a presentiment of this law, when he formed the beautiful fiction in which, to prepare for blessedness, the soul drinks—first of the river of oblivion, then of Eunoe, which restores only the memory of the good.

The noble existence which perpetuates us in others becomes the worthy continuation of that by which we deserved this immortality; the moral progress of the individual and of the race is ever the most important aim of both lives. The dead with us are freed from the laws of matter and of life, any memory of which they may leave us is only that we may recall them better as we knew them. But they do not cease to love, and even to think, in us and by us. The sweet exchange of feelings and ideas that passed between us and them, during their objective life, becomes at once closer and more continuous when they are detached from bodily existence. Although under these conditions the life of each of them is deeply mingled with our own, its originality, both morally and mentally, is in no way impaired thereby, when it had a really distinct character. We may even say that the chief differences become more marked in proportion as this close intercourse becomes more full.

*From The Catechism of Positive Religion.
Translated by Richard Congreve*

KARL BARTH

A new possibility and reality, as it were, open up to man. Once we are conscious of the life in life, we continue no longer in the land of the dead, in a life whose forms unhappily allow us to miss the very meaning of life—that is, its connection with its creative origin. We perceive the Wholly Other, the eternity of the divine life; and we cannot escape the thought that for us also eternal life can alone be called and really be “life”. The Wholly Other in God—itself resisting all secularization, all mere being put to use and hyphenated,—drives us with compelling power to look for a basic, ultimate, original correlation between our life and that wholly other life. We would not die but live. It is the living God who, when he meets us, makes it inevitable for us to believe in our own life.

Will the creation of this new life, in which God makes us believe, consist in the last end simply in the annulment of the creaturehood in which, in contrast to the life of God, we live our life on earth?

Fundamentally, this is exactly what we mean. "We wait for the redemption of our body." And however remote the annulment may be, it yet influences our life on earth in every part, and the light which rises in our soul with our growing perception of God will less and less allow us at any point to come to an agreement with the ultimately mortal character of our existence here.

But it is certain that the last word upon the subject has been spoken. The last word is the *kingdom of God*—creation, redemption, the perfection of the world through God and in God. The last word concerning God is not Draw not nigh hither! but, God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son! The last word concerning the world of men is not Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return! but, Because I live, ye shall live also. With this last word in our minds we feel our hope and our need stirring within us. The advancing glory of God is already vouchsafed us. The unholy equilibrium of a constant relation between God and man is overcome. Our life wins depth and perspective. We live in the midst of a tragically incomplete but purposeful series of divine deeds and evidences. We live amidst transition—a transition from death to life, from the unrighteousness of men to the righteousness of God, from the old to the new creation.

From The Word of God and the Word of Man. Translated from the German by Douglas Horton

CHUANG TSU

Eternal Bliss

Chuang Tsu one day saw an empty skull, bleached, but still preserving its shape. Striking it with his riding-whip, he said: "Wert thou once some ambitious citizen whose inordinate yearnings brought him to this pass?—some statesman who plunged his country into ruin and perished in the fray?—some wretch who left behind him a legacy of shame?—some beggar who died in the pangs of hunger and cold? Or didst thou reach this state by the natural course of old age?"

When he had finished speaking, he took the skull and, placing it under his head as a pillow, went to sleep. In the night he dreamt that the skull appeared to him and said: "You speak well, sir: but all you say has reference to the life of mortals, and to mortal troubles. In death there are none of these. Would you like to hear about death?"

Chuang Tsu having replied in the affirmative, the skull began: "In death there is no sovereign above, and no subject below. The

workings of the four seasons are unknown. Our existences are bounded only by eternity. The happiness of a king among men cannot exceed that which we enjoy."

Chuang Tsu, however, was not convinced, and said: "Were I to prevail upon God to allow your body to be born again, and your bones and flesh to be renewed, so that you could return to your parents, to your wife, and to the friends of your youth,—would you be willing?"

At this the skull opened its eyes wide and knitted its brows and said: "How should I cast aside happiness greater than that of a king, and mingle once again in the toils and troubles of mortality?"

Translated from the Chinese by H. A. Giles

ALBERT EINSTEIN

I assert that the cosmic religious experience is the strongest and the noblest driving force behind scientific research. No one who does not appreciate the terrific exertions, and, above all, the devotion without which pioneer creations in scientific thought cannot come into being, can judge the strength of the feeling out of which alone such work, turned away as it is from immediate practical life, can grow. What a deep faith in the rationality of the structure of the world and what a longing to understand even a small glimpse of the reason revealed in the world there must have been in Kepler and Newton to enable them to unravel the mechanism of the heavens, in long years of lonely work!

Anyone who only knows scientific research in its practical applications may easily come to a wrong interpretation of the state of mind of the men who, surrounded by skeptical contemporaries, have shown the way to kindred spirits scattered over all countries in all centuries. Only those who have dedicated their lives to similar ends can have a living conception of the inspiration which gave these men the power to remain loyal to their purpose in spite of countless failures. It is the cosmic religious sense which grants this power.

A contemporary has rightly said that the only deeply religious people of our largely materialistic age are the earnest men of research.

The basis of all scientific work is the conviction that the world is an ordered and comprehensive entity, which is a religious sentiment. My religious feeling is a humble amazement at the order revealed in the small patch of reality to which our feeble intelligence is equal.

By furthering logical thought and a logical attitude, science can diminish the amount of superstition in the world. There is no doubt that all but the crudest scientific work is based on a firm belief—akin to religious feeling—in the rationality and comprehensibility of the world.

From Cosmic Religion

ROBERT BROWNING

Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the
ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, thou, of houses not
made with hands!
What, have fear of change from thee who art
ever the same?
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that
thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was,
shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying
sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil,
so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven
a perfect round.
All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of
good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor
good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives
for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The High that proved too high, the heroic
for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself
in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and
the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it
by and by.

From Abt Vogler

PART V

THE LAST ENEMY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge :
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me ?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure ! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island-valley of Avilion ;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow.
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

But when that moan had past for evermore,
The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn
Amazed him, and he groan'd, 'The King is gone.'
And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,
'From the great deep to the great deep he goes.'

From The Passing of Arthur

WILLIAM JAMES

Is Life Worth Living

I confess that I do not see why the very existence of an invisible world may not in part depend on the personal response which any one of us may make to the religious appeal. God, himself, in short, may draw vital strength and increase of very being from our fidelity. For my part, I do not know what the sweat and blood and tragedy of this life mean, if they mean anything short of this. If this life be not a real fight, in which something is eternally gained for the universe by success, it is no better than a game of private theatricals from which one may withdraw at will. But it feels like a real fight—as if there were something really wild in the universe which we, with all our idealities and faithfulnesses, were needed to redeem; and first of all to redeem our own hearts from atheisms and fears. For such a half-wild, half-saved universe our nature is adapted. The deepest thing in our nature is this dumb region of the heart in which we dwell alone with our willingnesses and unwillingnesses, our faiths and fears. As through the cracks and crannies of caverns those waters exude from the earth's bosom which then form the fountain-heads of springs, so in these crepuscular depths of personality the sources of all our outer deeds and decisions take their rise. Here is our deepest organ of communication with the nature of things; and compared with these concrete movements of our soul all abstract statements and scientific arguments—the veto, for example, which the positivist pronounces upon our faith—sound to us like mere chatterings of the teeth. For here possibilities, not finished facts, are the realities with which we have actively to deal; and to quote William Salter, “as the essence of courage is to stake one's life on a possibility, so the essence of faith is to believe that the possibility exists.”

These, then, are my last words to you: Be not afraid of life. Believe that life is worth living, and your belief will help create the fact. The “scientific proof” that you are right may not be clear before the day of judgment (or some state of being which that expression may serve to symbolize) is reached. But the faithful fighters of this hour, or the beings that then and there will represent them, may then turn to the faint-hearted, who here decline to go on, with words like those with which Henry IV greeted the tardy Crillon after a great victory had been gained: “Hang yourself, brave Crillon! we fought at Arques, and you were not there.”

From The Will to Believe

THE HOLY BIBLE

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

But some man will say, how are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?

Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die:

And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain:

But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed its own body.

All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds.

There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.

There is one glory of the sun, and another of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another in glory.

So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption:

It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power:

It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.

And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit.

Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual.

The first man is of the earth, earthly: the second man is the Lord from heaven.

As is the earthly, such are they also that are earthly: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly.

And as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

Behold, I shew you a mystery, We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for

the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

I Corinthians 15 : 20-22, 26, 35-53

AUBREY DE VERE

Sorrow

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
 God's messenger sent down to thee ; do thou
 With courtesy receive him ; rise and bow ;
 And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
 Permission first his heavenly feet to lave ;
 Then lay before him all thou hast ; allow
 No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
 Or mar thy hospitality ; no wave
 Of mortal tumult to obliterate
 The soul's marmoreal calmness : Grief should be,
 Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate ;
 Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;
 Strong to consume small troubles ; to command
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting
 to the end.

HERBERT SPENCER

Those who think about death, carrying with them their existing ideas and emotions, usually assume that they will have, during their last hours, ideas and emotions of like vividness. It is true that remembered cases in which there occurred incoherence and wandering and inability to recognize persons, show them that when near death the thinking faculty is almost gone ; but they do not fully recognize the implication that the feeling faculty, too, is almost gone. They imagine the state to be one in which they can have emotions such as they now have on contemplating the cessation of life. But at the last all the mental powers simultaneously ebb, as do the bodily powers, and with them goes the capacity for emotion in general.

It is, indeed, possible that in its last stages consciousness is occupied by a not displeasurable sense of rest. The feelings accompanying life and all the concomitant desires are no longer conceivable, for to recall them into consciousness implies some mental energy. There remains only such kind of feeling as accompanies entire acquiescence—one which, if not absolutely neutral, verges more towards the pleasurable side of consciousness than towards the painful. But however this may be, it is clear that in normal death, or the death of decay, or the death of debility, the sentient state is the farthest possible from that which accompanies vigorous life, or artificially exalted life, and that sensations and emotions all gradually decrease in intensity before they finally cease. Thus the dread of dying which most people feel is unwarranted.

From Facts and Comments

DOM JOHN CHAPMAN

Dear Dame :

Before I received your letter, I had naturally heard the sad news. You ask why you are afraid of death. It is only human. St. Theresa describes her mental and even bodily sufferings, caused by her violent desire to die and to 'be with Christ.' And yet, she says, she still had the human fear of death. And our Lord chose to suffer this fear of death for our sakes. The separation of body and soul is a wrench. On the other hand. I know quite well what you mean about the feeling,—when you try to realize death—that there is nothing beyond.

The reason is plainly because *one cannot imagine it*. One tries to *imagine* a pure spiritual imagination of the soul without the body. And then one feels:—'There is no life after death'; and then one says to oneself:—'I am doubting the faith, I am sinning against faith.'

All the time, one is only unreasonable,—trying to imagine what can be intellectually conceived, but not pictured.

It is different, I think, if you think of death naturally; not unnaturally.

(1) To die is a violence (as I said) from one point of view; but from another it is *natural*. And to most people it seems natural to die, when they are dying. Consequently it is easy to imagine yourself on your sick bed, very weak, and faintly hearing prayers around you, and receiving the Sacraments, and gently losing consciousness, and sleeping in God's arms. (This is actually the way death comes to most people,—quite easily and pleasantly.) And looked at in this way, it

does not *feel* like an extinction, the going out of a candle; it seems, on the contrary, impossible to feel that this is the end of one's personality. But what comes next? We leave that to God,—and we do not try to *imagine* it.

(2) Only in prayer can you get near it—if the world ever falls away, and leaves you in infinity—which you can only describe as nothingness, though it is everything.

The moral of all this is,—do not try to *imagine* ‘after death’, for imagination is only of material and sensible things. Only try to realize what it is to be with God.

One's *terror* of death, after seeing a dead person, is merely because it is unaccustomed. If you were an Undertaker, you wouldn't feel it! Nor even if you were a Nurse in a hospital. It is a thing to laugh yourself out of. But it does not matter much. Some people are afraid of mice or frogs. Some people are afraid of corpses. Some people are afraid of ghosts. Others can't stand the sight of blood. But you can get accustomed to seeing pools of it, and people blown to bits, and be cheerful and joking, and pass by taking no notice. It is all a matter of habit. The Chinese don't mind dying, provided they are sure of having a really nice coffin. I can't say the prospect would appeal to me.

These are gruesome subjects! I think it is much better to be accustomed to them, and to take them as a matter of course. The worst of death is really the blank it leaves in this world. But it often fills up blanks in the next world; and we must rejoice when some one, dear to us, takes the place prepared ‘from the foundation of the world’, as our Lord tells us, for that soul;—(at least He says ‘kingdom’, not ‘place’; I am misquoting).

I am sorry to have been so long in answering. But it is an effort to write letters when one is hard at work on other things.

A Letter to a Benedictine Nun

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

In eternity there is indeed something true and sublime. But all these times and places and occasions are now and here. God Himself culminates in the present moment, and will never be more divine in the lapse of all the ages. And we are enabled to apprehend at all what is sublime and noble only by the perpetual instilling and drenching of the reality that surrounds us.

From Walden

MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI

On the Brink of Death

Now hath my life across a stormy sea
 Like a frail bark reached that wide port where all
 Are bidden, ere the final reckoning fall
 Of good and evil for eternity.
 Now know I well how that fond phantasy
 Which made my soul the worshipper and thrall
 Of earthly art, is vain; how criminal
 Is that which all men seek unwillingly.
 Those amorous thoughts which were so lightly dressed,
 What are they when the double death is nigh?
 The one I know for sure, the other dread.
 Painting nor sculpture now can lull to rest
 My soul that turns to His great love on high,
 Whose arms to clasp us on the cross were spread.

Translated by John Addington Symonds

THE HOLY BIBLE

Blessed Are The Dead

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.

Revelation 14:13

PLATO

Well but there is another thing, Simmias: Is there or is there not an absolute justice?
 Assuredly there is.
 And an absolute beauty and absolute good?
 Of course.
 But did you ever behold any of them with your eyes?
 Certainly not.

Or did you ever reach them with any other bodily sense? . . . Has the reality of them ever been perceived by you through bodily organs? or rather, is not the nearest approach to the knowledge of their several natures made by him who so orders his intellectual vision as to have the most exact conception of the essence of what he considers?

Certainly.

And he attains to the knowledge of them in their highest purity who goes to each of them with the mind alone, not allowing when in the act of thought the intrusion or introduction of sight or any other sense in the company of reason, but with the very light of the mind in her clearness penetrates into the very light of truth in each; he has got rid, as far as he can, of eyes and ears and of the whole body, which he conceives as only a disturbing element, hindering the soul from the acquisition of knowledge when in company with her—is not this the sort of man who, if ever man did, is likely to attain the knowledge of existence?

There is admirable truth in that, Socrates, replied Simmias.

And when they consider all this, must not true philosophers make a reflection, of which they will speak to one another in such words as these: We have found, they will say, a path of speculation which seems to bring us and the argument to the conclusion, that while we are in the body, and while the soul is mingled with this mass of evil, our desire will not be satisfied, and our desire is of the truth. For the body is a source of endless trouble to us, and all experience shows that if we would have pure knowledge of anything we must be quit of the body, and the soul in herself must behold all things in themselves: then I suppose that we shall attain that which we desire, and of which we say we are lovers, and that is wisdom; not while we live, but after death, as the argument shows; for if while in the company of the body, the soul cannot have pure knowledge, one of two things seems to follow—either knowledge is not to be attained at all, or, if at all, after death. For then, and not till then, the soul will be in herself alone and without the body. In this present life, I reckon that we make the nearest approach to knowledge when we have the least possible concern or interest in the body, and are not saturated with the bodily nature, but remain pure until the hour when God himself is pleased to release us. And then the foolishness of the body will be cleared away and we shall be pure and hold converse with other pure souls, and know of ourselves the clear light everywhere; and this is surely the light of truth. For no impure thing is allowed to approach the pure . . . And what is purification but the separation of the soul from the body, as I was saying before; the habit of the soul gathering and collecting herself into herself, out of all the courses of the body; the dwelling in her own place alone, as in an-

other life, so also in this, as far as she can ; the release of the soul from the chains of the body?

Very true, he said.

And what is that which is termed death, but this very separation and release of the soul from the body?

To be sure, he said.

And the true philosophers, and they only, study and are eager to release the soul. Is not the separation and release of the soul from the body their especial study?

That is true.

And as I was saying at first, there would be a ridiculous contradiction in men studying to live as nearly as they can in a state of death, and yet repining when death comes.

Certainly.

Then Simmias, as the true philosophers are ever studying death, to them, of all men, death is the least terrible. Look at the matter in this way : how inconsistent of them to have been always enemies of the body, and wanting to have the soul alone, and when this is granted to them, to be trembling and repining ; instead of rejoicing at their departing to that place where, when they arrive, they hope to gain that which in life they loved . . . and at the same time to be rid of the company of their enemy . . . Will he who is a true lover of wisdom, and is persuaded that only in the world below he can worthily enjoy her, still repine at death? Will he not depart with joy? Surely, he will, my friend, if he be a true philosopher. For he will have a firm conviction that there only, and nowhere else, he can find wisdom in her purity. And if this be true, he would be very absurd, as I was saying, if he were to fear death.

From the Phædo. Translated by Benjamin Jowett

WILLIAM HAZLITT

Perhaps the best cure for the fear of death is to reflect that life has a beginning as well as an end. There was a time when we were not : this gives us no concern — why should it trouble us that a time will come when we shall cease to be? I have no wish to have been alive a hundred years ago, or in the reign of Queen Anne ; why should I regret and lay it so much to heart that I shall not be alive a hundred years hence, in the reign of I cannot tell whom ?

When Bickerstaff wrote his essays, I knew nothing of the subjects

of them ; nay, much later, and but the other day, as it were, in the beginning of the reign of George III, when Goldsmith, Johnson, Burke, used to meet at the Globe, when Garrick was in his glory, and Reynolds was over head and ears with his portraits, and Sterne brought out the volumes of Tristram Shandy year by year, it was without consulting me : I had not the slightest intimation of what was going on : the debates in the House of Commons on the American war, or the firing at Bunker's Hill, disturbed not me ; yet I thought this no evil — neither ate, drank, nor was merry, yet I did not complain : I had not then looked out into this breathing world, yet I was well ; and the world did quite as well without me as I did without it ! Why then should I make all this outcry about parting with it, and being no worse off than I was before ? There is nothing in the recollection that at a certain time we were not come into the world, that “the gorge rises at” — why should we revolt at the idea that we must one day go out of it ? To die is only to be as we were before we were born ; yet no one feels any remorse, or regret, or repugnance, in contemplating this last idea. It is rather a relief and disburthening of the mind : it seems to have been holiday-time with us then : we were not called to appear upon the stage of life, to wear robes or tatters, to laugh or cry, be hooted or applauded ; we had lain *perdus* all this while snug, out of harm’s way ; and had slept out our thousands of centuries without wanting to be waked up ; at peace and free from care, in a long nonage, in a sleep deeper and calmer than that of infancy, wrapped in the softest and finest dust. And the worst that we dread is, after a short, fretful, feverish being, after vain hopes, and idle fears, to sink to final repose again, and forget the troubled dream of life !

The love of life is an habitual attachment, not an abstract principle. Simply *to be* does not “content man’s natural desire” : we long to be in a certain time, place, and circumstance. We would much rather be now, “on this bank and shoal of time,” than have our choice of any future period, than take a slice of fifty or sixty years out of the Millenium, for instance. This shows that our attachment is not confined either to *being* or to *well-being* ; but that we have an inveterate prejudice in favour of our immediate existence, such as it is. The mountaineer will not leave his rock, nor the savage his hut ; neither are we willing to give up our present mode of life, with all its advantages and disadvantages, for any other that could be substituted for it. No man would, I think, exchange his existence with any other man, however fortunate. We had as lief *not be*, as *not be ourselves*. There are some persons of that reach of soul that they would like to live two hundred and fifty years hence, to see to what height of empire America will have grown up in that period, or whether the

English constitution will last so long. These are points beyond me. But I confess I should like to live to see the downfall of the Bourbons. That is a vital question with me; and I shall like it the better, the sooner it happens!

It has been thought by some that life is like the exploring of a passage that grows narrower and darker the farther we advance, without a possibility of ever turning back, and where we are stifled for want of breath at last. For myself, I do not complain of the greater thickness of the atmosphere as I approach the narrow house. I felt it more, formerly, when the idea alone seemed to suppress a thousand rising hopes, and weighed upon the pulses of the blood. At present I rather feel a thinness and want of support, I stretch out my hand to some object and find none, I am too much in a world of abstraction; the naked map of life is spread out before me, and in the emptiness and desolation I see Death coming to meet me. In my youth I could not behold him for the crowd of objects and feelings, and Hope stood always between us, saying—“Never mind that old fellow.” But I do not like a contract of pleasure broken off unfulfilled, a marriage with joy unconsummated, a promise of happiness rescinded. My public and private hopes have been left a ruin, or remain only to mock me. I would wish them to be re-edified. I should like to see some prospect of good to mankind, such as my life began with. I should like to leave some sterling work behind me. I should like to have some friendly hand consign me to the grave. On these conditions I am ready, if not willing, to depart. I shall then write on my tomb—**GRATEFUL AND CONTENTED!** But I have thought and suffered too much to be willing to have thought and suffered in vain.

A life of action and danger moderates the fear of death. It not only gives us fortitude to bear pain, but teaches us at every step the precarious tenure on which we hold our present being. Sedentary and studious men are the most apprehensive on this score. Doctor Johnson was an instance in point. A few years seemed to him soon over, compared with those sweeping contemplations on time and infinity with which he had been used to pose himself. In the *still-life* of a man of letters, there was no obvious reason for a change. He might sit in an arm-chair and pour out cups of tea to all eternity. Would it had been possible for him to do so! The most rational cure after all for the inordinate fear of death is to set a just value on life. If we merely wish to continue on the scene to indulge our head-strong humours and tormenting passions, we had better be gone at once; and if we only cherish a fondness for existence according to the good we derive from it, the pang we feel at parting with it will not be very severe!

THE HOLY BIBLE

The Raising of Lazarus

Now a certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha . . . When Jesus heard that, he said, This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby. Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus . . . Then, when Jesus came, he found that he had lain in the grave four days already . . . Then Martha, as soon as she heard that Jesus was coming, went and met him: but Mary sat still in the house. Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it unto thee.

Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again.

Martha said unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection on the last day.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?

She saith unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world.

And when she had so said, she went her way, and called Mary her sister secretly, saying, The Master is come, and calleth for thee.

As soon as she heard that, she arose quickly, and came unto him . . . Then when Mary was come where Jesus was, and saw him, she fell down at his feet, saying unto him, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.

When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he groaned in the spirit, and was troubled, and said, Where have ye laid him?

They said unto him, Lord, come and see.

Jesus wept.

Then said the Jews, Behold, how he loved him!

And some of them said, Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?

Jesus therefore again groaning in himself cometh to the grave. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it.

Jesus said, Take ye away the stone. Martha, the sister of him that was dead, saith unto him, Lord, by this time he stinketh: for he hath been dead four days.

Jesus saith unto her, Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?

Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was

laid. And Jesus lifted up his eyes, and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And I knew that thou hearest me always: but because of the people that stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me.

And when he had thus spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth.

And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with graveclothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him and let him go.

John 11:1-44

J. B. S. HALDANE

The Belief in Immortality

We live in the presence of death all around us. Those nearest and dearest to us may be stricken by it at any time. Both young and old have often to pass through the valley of its shadow. We can face and deal with the ordinary ills of life as they come, and gain strength in overcoming them; but in presence of the death of one near to us our efforts seem to have been vain, and we may have had to watch helplessly while the end approached. Without a belief in personal immortality religion may easily appear to us as little better than a mockery.

In actual fact religion must sooner or later appear to us as nothing but an illusion and mockery if once we take the initial step, which is part of the animistic conception, that the visible world around us is in reality a physical world. It makes, moreover, no actual difference if we assume in addition that this physical world was originally created by God, and at the same time given its mechanical constitution. The scientific evidence has become overwhelming that our life, conscious behaviour, and religious or philosophical beliefs depend upon our environment. We are entangled in the meshes of what is known as materialism; and not only belief in immortality, but belief in the objective reality of all that we regard as of value, disappears.

The physical world is not the real world, but only an ideal and quite insufficient representation of it. The real world is the spiritual world of values, and these values are in ultimate analysis nothing but the manifestation of the Supreme Spiritual Reality, called, in the language of religion, God. What we interpret as physically determined is only what is imperfectly seen. Our faith that this is so is firmly grounded, so that we can walk through the valley of the

shadow of death without fear. Death of the individual is no extinction of values, and no injustice. If he had a real and practical faith in God he needs no compensation in a future life; and if he had not faith in God, but had been snatching at the illusion of his own individual interests, he has already during his life paid the penalty. We are accustomed to lament over the grave of a good man, but we might with better reason rejoice over the manifestation of God in his life: for our lamentations are a bowing down before materialism. In showing, however, our practical sympathy with those who have been left alone, we can best help them to realize God's continued presence to them, so that they can face their loss bravely.

From The Sciences and Philosophy

OSWALD SPENGLER

For this is the decisive fact, of which the observer is unconscious—his whole effort of seeking is aimed not at life, but at the seeing of life, and not at death, but the seeing of death. We try to grasp the cosmic as it appears in the macrocosm to the microcosm, *as the life of a body in the light-world between birth and death*, generation and dissolution, and with that differentiation of body and soul that follows of deepest necessity from our ability to experience the inward-proper as a sensuous alien.

That we do not merely live but *know* about living is a consequence of our bodily existence in the light. But the beast knows only life, not death. Were we pure plantlike beings, we should die unconscious of dying, for to feel death and to die would be identical. But animals . . . behold death without comprehending it. Only when understanding has become detached from visual awareness and pure, does death appear to man as the great enigma of the light-world about him.

Then, and only then, life becomes the short span of time between birth and death . . . Only then does the diffuse animal fear of everything become the definite human fear of death. It is *this* that makes the love of man and woman, the love of mother and child, the tree of the generations, the family, the people, and so at last world-history itself the infinitely deep facts and problems of destiny that they are. . . In the knowledge of death is originated the world-outlook which we possess as being men and not beasts.

From The Decline of the West. Translated by Charles Francis Atkinson

WALT WHITMAN

A noiseless patient spider,
I mark'd where on a little promontory it stood isolated,
Mark'd how to explore the vacant vast surrounding,
It launched forth filament, filament, filament, out of
itself,
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you O my soul where you stand,
Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the
spheres to connect them,
Till the bridge you will need be form'd, till the ductile
anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere,
O my soul.

From Whispers of Heavenly Death

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

"Eat, friend Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "repair the decays of nature, and sustain life, which thou hast more reason to cherish than I; and leave me to die abandoned to my sorrows and the violence of my misfortunes. I was born, Sancho, to live dying, and thou to die eating. And, that thou mayest be convinced I tell thee truth, do but reflect upon me, famous in history, dignified with the honour of the press, renowned for feats of arms, courteous in behaviour, respected by princes, beloved and importuned by damsels; yet after all this, when I at last flattered myself with hopes of laurels, triumphs and crowns, the reward merited by valorous achievements, behold me trod under foot, trampled like the highway dirt, kicked and bruised by the hoofs of vile and filthy beasts. The thought dulls the edge of my teeth, stupefies my senses; and fearing more to live than to die, I am resolved to starve myself; though to die with hunger be the most cruel of all deaths." "So that belike," quoth Sancho, without losing any time in chewing, "you will not make good the saying, 'It is good to die with a full belly.' For my part, I am not so simple yet as to kill myself. No, I am like the cobbler that stretches his leather with his teeth: I am for lengthening my life by eating; and I will stretch it with my grinders as far as Heaven will let it run. Faith and troth, master, there is no greater folly in the world than

for a man to despair, and throw the helve after the hatchet. Therefore, take my advice, fall to, and eat as I do, and when you have done, lie down and take a nap; the fresh grass here will do you well as a feather-bed. I dare say by the time you awake, you will find yourself better in body and mind."

Don Quixote followed Sancho's counsel; for he was convinced the squire spoke good natural philosophy at that time.

From Don Quixote. Translated by Peter Anthony Motteux

JOHN DONNE

A Hymne to God the Father

i

Wilt thou forgive that sinne where I begunne,
 Which is my sin, though it were done before,
 Wilt thou forgive those sinnes, through which I runne,
 And do still: though still I do deplore?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 For, I have more.

ii

Wilt thou forgive that sinne by which I have wonne
 Others to sinne? and, made my sinne their doore?
 Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I did shunne
 A yeare, or two: but wallowed in, a score?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 For, I have more.

iii

I have a sinne of feare, that when I have spunne
 My last thred, I shall perish on the shore;
 Sweare by thy selfe, that at my death thy sonne
 Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
 And, having done that, Thou hast done,
 I feare no more.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Terminus

It is time to be old,
To take in sail :—
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said: “No more !
No farther shoot
Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy root.
Fancy departs: no more invent ;
Contract thy firmament
To compass of a tent.
There’s not enough for this and that,
Make thy option which of two ;
Economize the failing river,
Not the less revere the Giver,
Leave the many and hold the few.
Timely wise accept the terms,
Softten the fall with wary foot ;
A little while
Still plan and smile,
And,—fault of novel germs,—
Mature the unfallen fruit,
Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
Bad husbands of their fires,
Who, when they gave thee breath,
Failed to bequeath
The needful sinew stark as once,
The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins,—
Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
Amid the gladiators, halt and numb.”
As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime :
“Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed ;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.”

VICTOR HUGO

The Future Life

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but the eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilies, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the world which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

ALEXANDER POPE

The Dying Christian To His Soul

Vital spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

BROTHER LAWRENCE

The sorest afflictions never appear intolerable, except when we see them in the wrong light. When we see them as dispensed by the hand of God, when we know that it is our loving Father who abases and distresses us, our sufferings will lose their bitterness and become even matter of consolation.

Let all our employment be to *know* God; the more one *knows* Him, the more one *desires* to know Him. And as *knowledge* is commonly the measure of *love*, the deeper and more extensive our *knowledge* shall be, the greater will be our *love*; and if our love of God were great, we should love Him equally in pains and pleasures.

Let us not content ourselves with loving God for the mere sensible favors, how elevated soever, which He has done or may do us. Such favors, though never so great, cannot bring us so near to Him as faith does in one simple act. Let us seek Him often by faith. He is within us; seek Him not elsewhere. If we do love Him alone, are we not rude, and do we not deserve blame, if we busy ourselves about trifles which do not please and perhaps offend Him? It is to be feared these *trifles* will one day cost us dear.

Let us begin to be devoted to Him in good earnest. Let us cast everything besides out of our hearts. He would possess them alone. Beg this favor of Him. If we do what we can on our parts, we shall soon see that change wrought in us which we aspire after. I cannot thank Him sufficiently for the relaxation He has vouchsafed you. I hope from his mercy the favor to see Him within a few days. Let us pray for one another.

From a Letter written a week before his death

VINCENT SHEEAN

In referring to them as discussions I do not mean to suggest that Rayna Prohme actually appeared to me, like a mediaeval saint to a flagellant, and held forth. They were discussions, at first, with myself: with a part of myself that had been atrophied for months, buried away under ice, the part to which Rayna Prohme had addressed herself in the successive stages of our conversation. A conversation of this particular kind could not be ended by the death of one of its participants. It was interrupted for a long time, and was resumed at first in Athens in a form difficult to explain: as between myself (1929)

and myself (1927); the second step, immediately following, is the one I had recorded here, between myself (1927-1929) and Rayna Prohme. In other words, there still existed a force, a state of mind, an impulse of reason, somewhere in the world about me or in the consciousness with which I faced it, to which I could give the name of Rayna Prohme. That this force or state of mind no longer possessed physical form did not impede its communication. It spoke as clearly as ever, although no longer with a physical voice. There was nothing pseudo-supernatural or spiritualistic about this phenomenon: it was a simple consultation of ideas in the world mind. Nobody could deny that there was an idea in the world mind corresponding to what, in books, is called the collectivist philosophy and view of history: this idea spoke to me in the idiom, and with the character of Rayna Prohme. And in resuming, after the shock and disorder of Palestine, the conversation that had been interrupted by death in Moscow two years before, I discovered that the personal had, indeed, vanished: to talk to Rayna Prohme (to the state of mind I called by this name) was to abandon such terms altogether and to enter upon a transaction in which, whatever the idiom used or the reference made to past personal events, ideas alone confronted each other with the coldness and the purity of the stars.

From Personal History

NEGRO SPIRITUAL

I wrastled wid Satan, I wrastled wid sin
Stepped over Hell, an' come back ag'in.

Isaiah mounted on de wheel of time
Spoke to God A'mighty 'way down de line.

O hear dat lumberin' thinder
A-roll f'om door to door,
A-callin' de people home to God.
Dey'll git home bime-by.

O see dat forked lightenin'
A-jump f'om cloud to cloud,
A-pickin' up God's chillun.
Dey'll git home bime-by.

C. G. JUNG

As a physician I am convinced that it is hygienic—if I may use the word—to discover in death a goal towards which one can strive; and that shrinking away from it is something unhealthy and abnormal which robs the second half of life of its purpose. I therefore consider the religious teaching of a life hereafter consonant with the standpoint of psychic hygiene. When I live in a house which I know will fall about my head within the next two weeks, all my vital functions will be impaired by this thought; but if on the contrary I feel myself to be safe, I can dwell there in a normal and comfortable way. From the standpoint of psychotherapy it would therefore be desirable to think of death as only a transition—one part of a life-process whose extent and duration escape our knowledge.

In spite of the fact that by far the larger part of mankind does not know why the body needs salt, everyone demands it none the less because of an instinctive need. It is the same in the things of the psyche. A large majority of people have from time immemorial felt the need of believing in a continuance of life. The demands of therapy, therefore, do not lead us into any bypaths, but down the middle of the roadway trodden by humankind. And therefore we are thinking correctly with respect to the meaning of life, even though we do not understand what we think.

*From Modern Man In Search of a Soul.
Translated by Richard Wilhelm*

THE HOLY BIBLE

The Resurrection of Jesus

Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them.

And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre.

And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus.

And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold two men stood by them in shining garments:

And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead?

He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee,

Saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again.

And they remembered his words,

And returned from the sepulchre, and told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest.

It was Mary Magdalene, and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, and other women that were with them, which told these things unto the apostles.

And their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not.

Then arose Peter, and ran unto the sepulchre ; and stooping down, he beheld the linen clothes laid by themselves, and departed, wondering in himself at that which was come to pass.

Luke 24 : 1-12

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

It is not, I confess, an unlawful Prayer to desire to surpass the days of our Saviour, or wish to outlive that age wherein He thought fittest to dye ; yet if (as Divinity affirms) there shall be no gray heairs in Heaven, but all shall rise in the perfect state of men, we do but outlive those perfections in this World, to be recalled unto them by a greater Miracle in the next, and run on here but to be retrograde hereafter. Were there any hopes to outlive vice, or a point to be superannuated from sin, it were worthy our knees to implore the days of Methuselah. But age doth not rectify, but incurvate our natures, turning bad dispositions into worser habits, and (like diseases), brings on incurable vices ; for every day we grow weaker in age, we grow stronger in sin, and the number of our days doth but make our sins innumerable. The same vice committed at sixteen, is not the same, though it agree in all other circumstances, at forty, but swells and doubles from the circumstance of our ages ; wherein, besides the constant and inexcusable habit of transgressing, the maturity of our judgment cuts off pretence unto excuse or pardon. Every sin, the oftener it is committed, the more it acquireth in the quality of evil ; as it succeeds in time, so it proceeds in degrees of badness ; for as they proceed they ever multiply, and, like figures in Arithmetick, the last stands for more than all that went before it. And though I think no man can live well once, but he that could live twice, yet for my own part I would not live over my hours past, or begin again the thread of my days ; not upon Cicero's ground, because I have lived them

well, but for fear I should live them worse. I find my growing Judgment daily instruct me how to be better, but my untamed affections and confirmed vitiosity make me daily do worse. I find in my confirmed age the same sins I discovered in my youth; I committed many then, because I was a Child; and because I commit them still, I am yet an infant. Therefore I perceive a man may be twice a Child, before the days of dotage; and I stand in need of Aeson's Bath before threescore.

And truly there goes a great deal of providence to produce a man's life unto threescore: there is more required than an able temper for those years; though the radical humor contain in it sufficient oyl for seventy, yet I perceive in some it gives no light past thirty: men assign not all the causes of long life, that write whole Books thereof. They that found themselves on the radical balsome, or vital sulphur of the parts, determine not why Abel lived not so long as Adam. There is therefore a secret glome or bottome of our days: 'twas His wisdom to determine them, but His perpetual and waking providence that fulfils and accomplisheth them; wherein the spirits, ourselves, and all the creatures of GOD in a secret and disputed way do execute His will. Let *them* not therefore complain of immaturity that die about thirty; they fall but like the whole World, whose solid and well-composed substance must not expect the duration and period of its constitution: when all things are completed in it, its age is accomplished; and the last and general fever may as naturally destroy it before six thousand, as me before forty. There is therefore some other hand that twines the thread of life than that of Nature: we are not only ignorant in Antipathies and occult qualities; our ends are as obscure as our beginnings; the line of our days is drawn by night, and the various effects therein by a pensil that is invisible; wherein though we confess our ignorance, I am sure we do not err if we say it is the hand of GOD.

From The Shame of Death

ARISTOTLE

But the mind seems to have an independent existence and not to suffer decay. If it could be destroyed the most probable cause would be the feebleness of old age, but, as it cannot, probably the same thing occurs as in the sense organs; for if an old man could acquire the eye of a young man, he would see as a young man sees. So that old age is not due to any affection of the soul, but only of that in which the

soul resides, as is the case in drunkenness and disease. Thus the power of thought and speculation decays because something else within decays, but the power of thought is not itself affected. Thinking, loving and hating are not then qualities of the mind, but rather of the individual man who possesses the mind, in so far as he does so. Memory and love then fail because he fails; for they were never part of the mind, but of the whole entity which has perished. Possibly the mind is too divine, and is therefore unaffected.

Since this—having life—is predicated of a body, the body cannot be the soul, for the body is not predicated of anything else, but rather has things predicated of it, and is therefore matter. So the soul must be substance in the sense of being the form of a natural body, which potentially has life. And substance in the sense of form is actuality. The soul, then, is the actuality of the kind of body we have described. From all this it is clear that the soul is actuality and form of that which has the capacity of having a soul.

From On the Soul. Translated by W. S. Hett

HENRI BERGSON

Immortality

If we can prove that the rôle of the brain is to fix the attention of the mind on matter and that by far the greater part of mental life is independent of the brain, then we have proved the likelihood of survival: and it is for those who do not believe it to prove that they are right, not for us to prove that they are wrong.

In The Literary Digest, March 1, 1913

When we see that consciousness, whilst being at once creation and choice, is also memory, that one of its essential functions is to accumulate and preserve the past, that very probably (I lack time to attempt to demonstrate this point) the brain is an instrument of forgetfulness as much as one of remembrance, and that in pure consciousness nothing of the past is lost, the whole life of a conscious personality being an indivisible continuity, are we not led to suppose that the effort continues *beyond*, and that in this passage of consciousness through matter (the passage which at the tunnel's exit gives distinct personalities) consciousness is tempered like steel, and tests

itself by clearly constituting personalities and preparing them, by the very effort which each of them is called upon to make, for a higher form of existence?

If we admit that with man consciousness has finally left the tunnel, that everywhere else consciousness has remained imprisoned, that every other species corresponds to the arrest of something which in man succeeded in overcoming resistance and in expanding almost freely thus displaying itself in true personalities capable of remembering all and willing all and controlling their past and their future, we shall have no repugnance in admitting that in man, though perhaps in man alone, consciousness pursues its path beyond this earthly life.

From Life and Consciousness, Hibbert Journal, October, 1911

The more we become accustomed to this idea of a consciousness which overflows the organism, the more natural and probable we find the hypothesis that the soul survives the body.

Were, indeed, the mental molded exactly on to the cerebral, were there nothing more in a human consciousness than what could be read in a human brain, we might have to admit that consciousness must share the fate of the body and die with it.

But if the facts, studied without any prepossessions, lead us on the contrary to regard the mental life as much more vast than the cerebral life, survival becomes so probable that the burden of proof comes to lie on him who denies it rather than on him who affirms it.

For, as I have said elsewhere, 'The one and only reason we can have for believing in an extinction of consciousness after death is that we see the body has become disorganized.' And this reason no longer has any value, if the independence, however partial, of consciousness in regard to the body is also a fact of experience.

*From a report in N. Y. Times,
September 27, 1914*

THE HOLY BIBLE

The Death of Moses

And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. And the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan,

And all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Mannasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea,

And the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar.

And the Lord said unto him, This is the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither.

So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord.

And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.

And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.

Deuteronomy 34: 1-7

SAINT JOHN CHRYSOSTOM

There is nothing of human ills to be dreaded, save sin only; neither poverty, nor disease, nor insult, nor ignominy, nor death, which is accounted the worst of all evils. Such things are only the names of calamities; names which have no substantial reality. But the true calamity consists in offending God, and in doing aught which is displeasing to Him. For tell me, what is there in death which is terrible? Is it because it transports thee more quickly to the peaceful haven, and to that life which is free from tumult? Although man should not put thee to death, will not the very law of nature, at length stealing upon thee, separate the body from the soul; and if this event which we fear does not happen now, it will happen shortly.

What excuse has thou, if whilst assured of a resurrection, thou art yet at the same time as fearful of death, as those who believe not the resurrection. This is a childish terror of ours, if we fear death, but are not fearful of sin. Little children too have a fear of masks, but fear not the fire. On the contrary, if they are carried by accident near a lighted candle, they stretch out the hand without any concern towards the candle and the flame; yet a mask which is so utterly contemptible terrifies them; whereas they have no dread of fire, which is really a thing to be afraid of. Just so we too have a fear of death, which is a mask that might well be despised; but have no fear of sin, which is truly dreadful; and, even as fire, devours the conscience! So that if we were once to consider what death is, we should at no

time be afraid of it. What then, I pray you, is death? Just what it is to put off a garment. For the body is about the soul as a garment; and after laying this aside for a short time by means of death, we shall resume it again with the more splendour. What is death at most? It is a journey for a season; a sleep longer than usual! So that if thou fearest death, thou shouldest also fear sleep! If for those who are dying thou art pained, grieve for those too who are eating and drinking, for as this is natural, so is that! Let not natural things sadden thee; rather let things which arise from an evil choice make thee sorrowful. Sorrow not for the dying man; but sorrow for him who is living in sin!

*From The Homilies of Saint John Chrysostom, Archbishop of Constantinople.
Translated by E. Budge*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in. We are idolators of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or re-create that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, 'Up and onward forevermore!' We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the New; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

The compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding after long intervals of time. . . . The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden-flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head,

by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

When the act of reflection takes place in the mind, when we look at ourselves in the light of thought, we discover that our life is embosomed in beauty. Behind us, as we go, all things assume pleasing forms, as clouds do far off. Not only things familiar and stale, but even the tragic and terrible are comely as they take their place in the pictures of memory. The river-bank, the weed at the water-side, the old house, the foolish person,—however neglected in the passing,—have a grace in the past. Even the corpse that has lain in the chambers has added a solemn ornament to the house. The soul will not know either deformity or pain. If in the hours of clear reason we should speak the severest truth, we should say that we had never made a sacrifice. In these hours the mind seems so great that nothing can be taken from us that seems much. All loss, all pain, is particular; the universe remains to the heart unhurt. Distress never, trifles never abate our trust. No man ever stated his griefs as lightly as he might. Allow for exaggeration in the most patient and sorely ridden huck that was ever driven. For it is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose.

From the Over-Soul

GUSTAV THEODOR FECHNER

Now, just as man in death first receives the full consciousness of what he has produced spiritually in others, so also in death will he acquire for the first time complete knowledge and use of what he has cultivated in himself. Whatever he has gathered during life of spiritual treasure, what fills his memory or penetrates his feeling, what his intelligence and imagination have created, remain forever his! Yet its whole connection remains dark in this life; thought merely passes through with a light-giving ray and illuminates what lies on the narrow line of his life, the rest remaining in obscurity. The soul here below never realizes all at once the entire depth of its fulness; only when one of its impulses draws another into union with itself does it emerge for an instant from the darkness, only to sink back again in the next. So man is a stranger to his own soul and wanders

about within it as he may, or wearily seeking the way to his life's end, and often forgets his best treasures, which aside from the glowing path of thought, lie sunken in the darkness which covers the wide region of his soul. But in the moment of death, in which an eternal night darkens the eye of his body, light will begin to dawn in his soul. Then will the centre of the inner man kindle into a sun which illuminates his whole spiritual nature, and at the same time penetrates it as with an inner eye, with divine clearness. All which was here forgotten will he recover there, indeed he only forgot it here because it went before him into the other world; now he finds it again collected. In that new universal luminousness he will no longer be obliged to seek out wearily what he would fain appropriate, separating his own from what he must reject, but at a glance he is able to understand himself wholly, and at the same time to perceive the true relations between unity and diversity, connection and separation, harmony and discord, not only according to one line of thought but equally according to all.

And so in death, with the body of man will also pass away his mind, his understanding, indeed the whole finite dwelling-place of his soul, as forms become too narrow for its existence, as parts which are of no further use in an order of things in which all knowledge which they had to seek and discover gradually, laboriously, and imperfectly, he now has openly revealed, possessed, and enjoyed. The self of man, however, will subsist unimpaired in its full extent and development through the destruction of its transitory forms, and, in the place of the extinct lower sphere of activity, will enter into a higher life. Stilled is all restlessness of thought, which no longer needs to seek in order to find itself, or to approach another to come into conscious mutual relations. Rather begins now a higher interchange of spiritual life; as in our own minds, thoughts interchange together, so between advanced souls there is a fellowship, the all-embracing centre of which we call God, and the play of our thoughts is but tributary to this high communion. Speech will no longer be needed there for mutual understanding, and no eye for recognition of others, but as thought in us comprehends and relates itself to thought, without the medium of ear, mouth, or hand, unites or separates without exterior restraint or prohibition, so comforting, intimate, and untrammelled will mutual spiritual communication be, and nothing will remain hidden in one from the other.

From The Little Book of Life After Death. Translated by Mary C. Wadsworth

H. G. WELLS

Love and Death

For him who has faith, death, so far as it is his own death, ceases to possess any quality of terror. The experiment will be over, the rinsed breaker returned to its shelf, the crystals gone dissolving down the wastepipe and the duster sweeps the bench. But the deaths of those we love are harder to understand, or bear.

It happens that of those very intimate with me I have lost only one, and that came slowly and elaborately, a long gradual separation wrought by the accumulation of years and mental decay, but many close friends and many whom I have counted upon for sympathy and fellowship have passed out of my world. I miss such a one as Bob Stevenson, that luminous, extravagant talker, that eager fantastic mind. And I miss York Powell's friendly laughter and Henley's exuberant welcome. They made a warmth that has gone, those men . . .

Faith which feeds on personal love must at last prevail over it. If Faith has any virtue it must have it here when we find ourselves bereft and isolated, facing a world from which the light has fled, leaving it bleak and strange. We live for experience and the race; these individual interludes are just helps to that; the warm inn in which we lovers met and refreshed was but a halt on a journey. When we have loved to the intensest point we have done our best with each other. To keep to that image of the inn, we must not sit overlong at our wine beside the fire. We must go on to new experiences and new adventures. Death comes to part us and turns us out and set us on the road again.

But the dead stay where we leave them.

I suppose that is the real good in death that they do stay; that it makes them immortal for us. Living they were mortal. But now they can never spoil themselves or be spoilt by change again . . . There they sit for ever, rounded off and bright and done. Beside these clear and certain memories I have of my dead, my impressions of the living are vague provisional things.

And since they are gone out of the world and become immortal memories to me, I feel no need to think of them as in some disembodied and incomprehensible elsewhere, changed and yet not done. I want actual immortality for those I love as little as I desire it for myself.

Indeed I dislike the idea that those I have loved are immortal in any real sense; it conjures up dim uncomfortable drifting phantoms that have no kindred with the flesh and blood I knew. I would as soon think of them as trailing after the tides up and down the Channel

outside my window. Bob Stevenson for me is a presence utterly concrete, slouching, eager, quick-eyed, intimate and profound, carelessly dressed (at Sandgate he commonly wore a little felt hat that belonged to his son) and himself, himself, indissoluble matter and spirit, down to the heels of his boots. I cannot conceive of his as any but a concrete immortality. If he lives, he lives as I knew him and clothed as I knew him and with his unalterable voice, in a heaven of daedal flowers or a hell of ineffectual flame, he lives, dreaming and talking and explaining, explaining it all very earnestly and preposterously, so I picture him, into the ear of the amused, incredulous principal person in the place.

I have a real hatred for those dreary fools and knaves who would have me suppose that Henley, that crippled Titan, may conceivably be tapping at the underside of a mahogany table or scratching stifled incoherence into a locked slate! Henley tapping!—for the professional purposes of Sludge! If he found himself among the circumstances of a spiritual seance, he would, I know, instantly smash the table with that big fist of his. And as the splinters flew surely York Powell out of the dead past from which he shines on me, would laugh that hearty laugh of his back into the world again.

Henley is nowhere now except that, red-faced and jolly like an October sunset, "October mild and boon" he leans over a gate at Worthington after a long day of picknicking at Clanktonbury Ring, or sits at his Working table praising and quoting *The Admirable Bashville*, or blue-shirted and wearing the hat that Nicholson has painted, is thrust and lugged laughing and talking aside in his bath-chair along the Worthing esplanade . . .

And Bob Stevenson walks for ever about a garden in Chiswick, talking in the dusk . . .

From First and Last Things

GUSTAF STROMBERG

The Dual Aspect

The physical universe has a dual aspect, the material and the immaterial.

It is very significant that we cannot observe radio waves as such. It is their effect on electric particles which changes them from an unobservable potentiality into an observable actuality. The radio

waves are the links which connect the moving electrons in the transmitter with those in the receiving sets.

The motions of bodies in general are governed by pilot-waves. It is their subtle hands which govern the motions of stars and planets, and of objects on the earth.

Since our sense organs can only be activated when certain forms of energy are imparted to them, it is natural that we have given special emphasis and reality to those elements in the universe which carry energy in observable form. We are inclined to regard the earth as more 'real' than its gravitational field.

We are built of matter, but there is also something which gives us not only the structure of living organisms, but also consciousness and memory. The latter belongs to the immaterial, rather than the material universe.

There are several reasons for believing that certain fundamental immaterial elements in plants and animals can exist without being associated with matter. Some of these elements are extremely stable and appear to retain their properties after the death of the individual.

On such a basis we can obtain a physical picture of the entities which in plants and animals carry inherited characters. Some of these entities are so stable that the corresponding characters appear to have remained practically unchanged during millions of years of organic development.

It may also be possible to assign a space-time aspect to mental phenomena in general. In that case we should be able to picture a physical structure of memory and assign reasons for its permanence, in spite of the continuous renewal of the atoms in the living brain structure.

We may also obtain a reasonable scientific basis for the immortality of the soul and the indestructibility of the individual memory.

*From the March, 1937 pamphlet of the
Astronomical Society of the Pacific*

THE HOLY BIBLE

On the Road to Emmaus

And, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs.

And they talked together of all these things which had happened.

And it came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them.

But their eyes were holden that they should not know him.

And he said unto them, What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad?

And the one of them, whose name was Cleopas, answering said unto him, Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass in these days?

And he said unto them, What things? And they said unto him, Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people:

And how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and have crucified him.

But we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel: and beside all this, today is the third day since these things were done.

Yea, and certain women also of our company made us astonished, which were early at the sepulchre;

And when they found not his body, they came, saying, that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that he was alive.

And certain of them which were with us went to the sepulchre, and found it even so as the women had said: but him they saw not.

Then he said unto them, O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken:

Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?

And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself.

And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went: and he made as though he would have gone further.

But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them. And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them.

And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight.

Luke 24: 13-31

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

John 3: 16

THE APOCRYPHA

Let us now praise famous men,
 And our fathers that begat us.
 The Lord manifested in them great glory,
 Even his mighty power from the beginning.
 Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms,
 And were men renowned for their power,
 Giving counsel by their understanding,
 Such as have brought tidings in prophecies :
 Leaders of the people by their counsels,
 And by their understanding men of learning for the
 people ;
 Wise were their words in their instruction :
 Such as sought out musical tunes,
 And set forth verses in writing :
 Rich men furnished with ability,
 Living peaceably in their habitations :
 All these were honoured in their generations,
 And were a glory in their days.
 There be of them, that have left a name behind them,
 To declare their praises.
 And some there be, which have no memorial ;
 Which are perished as though they had not been,
 And are become as though they had not been born ;
 And their children after them.
 But these were men of mercy,
 Whose righteous deeds have not been forgotten.
 With their seed shall remain continually a good
 inheritance ;
 Their children are within the covenants.
 Their seed standeth fast,
 And their children for their sakes.
 Their seed shall remain for ever,
 And their glory shall not be blotted out.
 Their bodies were buried in peace,
 And their name liveth to all generations.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

"Far to the south, beyond the blue, there spreads
Another heaven, the boundless. No one yet
Hath reached it. There hereafter shall arise
The second Asgard, with another name.
Thither, when o'er this present earth and heavens
The tempest of the latter days hath swept,
And they from sight have disappeared and sunk,
Shall a small remnant of the gods repair;
Hoder and I shall join them from the grave.
There re-assembling we shall see emerge
From the bright ocean at our feet an earth
More fresh, more verdant than the last, with fruits
Self-springing, and a seed of man preserved,
Who then shall live in peace, as now in war.
But we in heaven shall find again with joy
The ruined palaces of Odin, seats
Familiar halls where we have supped of old;
Re-enter them with wonder, never fill
Our eyes with gazing, and rebuild with tears.
And we shall tread once more the well-known plain
Of Ida, and among the grass shall find
The golden dice wherewith we played of yore;
And that will bring to mind the former life
And pastime of the gods, the wise discourse
Of Odin, the delights of other days.
O Hermod, pray that thou may'st join us then!
Such for the future is my hope; meanwhile,
I rest the thrall of Hela, and endure
Death, and the gloom which round me even now
Thickens, and to its inner gulf recalls.

From Balder Dead

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

June, 1819.—I have had occasion to remark, at various periods of my life, that the deaths of those whom we love, and, indeed, the contemplation of death generally, is more affecting in summer than in any other season of the year. And the reasons are three, I think: first, that the visible heavens in summer appear far higher, more

distant, and (if such a solecism may be excused) more infinite; the clouds by which chiefly the eye expounds the distance of the blue pavilion stretched over our heads are in summer more voluminous, massed, and accumulated in far grander and more towering piles: secondly, the light and the appearances of the declining and the setting sun are much more fitted to be types and characters of the infinite: and, thirdly (which is the main reason), the exuberant and riotous prodigality of life naturally forces the mind more powerfully upon the antagonist thought of death, and the wintry sterility of the grave. On these accounts it is that I find it impossible to banish the thought of death when I am walking alone in the endless days of summer; and any particular death, if not more affecting, at least haunts my mind more obstinately and besiegingly, in that season. Perhaps this cause, and a slight incident which I omit, might have been the occasion of the following dream, to which, however, a pre-disposition must always have existed in my mind.

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May; that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cottage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnized by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet; but the mountains were raised to more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of meadows and forest lawns; the hedges were rich with white roses and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green church-yard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly around the grave of a child when I had tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sunrise, in the same summer, when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said aloud (as I thought) to myself, "It yet wants much of sunrise: and it is Easter Sunday; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first fruits of resurrection. I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to heaven; and the forest glades are as quiet as the church-yard; and with the dew I can wash the fever from my forehead, and then I shall be unhappy no longer." And I turned, as if to open my garden gate; and immediately I saw upon the left a scene far different; but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony with the other. The scene was an oriental one; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city—an image or faint abstraction, caught, perhaps, in child-

hood, from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bow-shot from me, upon a stone, and shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman; and I looked, and it was—Ann! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly; and I said to her, at length, “So, then, I have found you, at last.” I waited; but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last, and yet, again, how different! Seventeen years ago, when the lamp-light fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted!), her eyes were streaming with tears;—her tears were now wiped away; she seemed more beautiful than she was at that time, but in all other points the same, and not older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression, and I now gazed upon her with some awe; but suddenly her countenance grew dim, and, turning to the mountains, I perceived vapors rolling between us; in a moment, all had vanished; thick darkness came on; and in the twinkling of an eye I was far away from mountains; and by the lamp-light in Oxford-street, walking again with Ann—just as we walked seventeen years before, when we were both children.

But what was it that drew my heart, by gravitation so strong, to my sister? . . . That capacious heart overflowing, even as mine overflowed, with tenderness, and stung, even as mine was stung, by the necessity of being loved . . . That lamp lighted in Paradise was kindled for me which shone so steadily in thee; and never but to thee only, never again since thy departure, *durst* I utter the feelings which possessed me . . .

It was upon a Sunday evening, or so people fancied, that the spark of fatal fire fell upon that train of predispositions to a brain complaint which had hitherto slumbered within her. She had been permitted to drink tea at the house of a laboring man, the father of an old female servant. The sun had set when she returned in the company of this servant through meadows reeking with exhalations after a fervent day. From that time she sickened. Happily, a child in such circumstances feels no anxiety. I grieved, indeed, that my sister should lie in bed; I grieved still more sometimes to hear her moan. But all this appeared to me no more than a night of trouble, on which the dawn would soon arise. O! moment of darkness and delirium, when a nurse awakened me from that delusion, and launched God’s thunderbolt at my heart . . . Rightly it is said of utter, utter misery, that it “cannot be *remembered*.” Itself, as a remarkable thing, is swallowed up in its own chaos. Mere anarchy and confusion of mind fell upon me. Deaf and blind I was, as I reeled

under the revelation. Enough to say, that all was soon over; and the morning of that day had at last arrived which looked down upon her innocent face, sleeping the sleep from which there is no awakening. There lay the sweet childish figure; there the angel face; and, as people usually fancy, it was said in the house that no features had suffered any change. Had they not? The forehead, indeed,—the serene and noble forehead,—*that* might be the same; but the frozen eyelids, the darkness that seemed to steal from beneath them, the marble lips, the stiffening hands, laid palm to palm, as if repeating the supplications of closing anguish,—could these be mistaken for life? . . . I stood checked for a moment; awe, not fear, fell upon me; and, whilst I stood, a solemn wind began to blow,—the most mournful that ear ever heard. Mournful! that is saying nothing. It was a wind that had swept the fields of mortality for a hundred centuries. Many times since, upon a summer day, when the sun is about the hottest, I have remarked the same wind arising and uttering the same hollow, solemn, Memnonian, but saintly swell: it is in this world the one sole *audible* symbol of eternity.

Instantly, when my ear caught this vast Aeolian intonation, when my eye filled with the golden fulness of life, the pomps and glory of the heavens outside, and turning when it settled upon the frost which overspread my sister's face, instantly a trance fell upon me. A vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky, a shaft which ran up forever. I, in spirit, rose as if on billows that also ran up the shaft forever; and the billows seemed to pursue the throne of God; but *that* also ran before us and fled away continually. The flight and the pursuit seemed to go on for ever and ever. Frost, gathering frost, some Sarsar wind of death, seemed to repel me; I slept—for how long I cannot say: slowly I recovered my self-possession, and found myself standing, as before, close to my sister's bed.

O flight of the solitary child to the solitary God—flight from the ruined corpse to the throne that could not be ruined!—how rich wert thou in truth for after years! Rapture of grief that, being too mighty for a child to sustain, foundest a happy oblivion in a heaven-born dream, and within that sleep didst conceal a dream, whose meaning, in after years, when slowly I deciphered, suddenly there flashed upon me new light; and even by the grief of a child, were confounded the falsehoods of philosophers.

O grief! thou art classed amongst the depressing passions. And true it is, that thou humblest to the dust, but also thou exaltest to the clouds. Thou shakest us with ague, but also thou steadiest like frost. Thou sickenest the heart, but also thou healest its infirmities.

FROM THE APOCRYPHA

The Wisdom of Solomon

But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God,
And no torment shall touch them.
In the eyes of the foolish they seemed to have died ;
And their departure was accounted to be their hurt,
And their journeying away from us to be their ruin :
But they are in peace.
For even if in the sight of men they be punished,
Their hope is full of immortality ;
And having borne a little chastening, they shall receive
great good ;
Because God made trial of them, and found them worthy
of himself.
As gold in the furnace he proved them,
And as a whole burnt offering he accepted them.

In the memory of virtue is immortality ;
Because it is recognized both before God and before men.
Throughout all time it marcheth crowned in triumph,
Victorious in the strife for the prizes that are undefiled.

CHARLES LAMB

To The Shade of Elliston

Joyouest of once embodied spirits, whither at length has thou flown? to what genial region are we permitted to conjecture that thou hast flitted? Art thou sowing thy *wild oats* yet (the harvest time was still to come with thee) upon casual sands of Avernus? or art thou enacting *Rover* (as we would gladlier think) by wandering Elysian streams?

This mortal frame, while thou didst play thy brief antics amongst us, was in truth anything but a prison to thee, as the vain Platonist dreams of this *body* to be no better than a county gaol, forsooth, or some house of durance vile, whereof the five senses are the fettters. Thou knewest better than to be in a hurry to cast off those gyves; and had notice to quit, I fear, before thou wert quite ready to abandon this fleshy tenement. It was thy Pleasure-House, thy Palace of Dainty Devices: thy Louvre, or thy White-Hall.

What new mysterious lodgings dost thou tenant now? or when may we expect thy aerial house-warming?

Tartarus we know, and we have read of the Blessed Shades; now cannot I intelligibly fancy thee in either.

Magnificent were thy capriccios on this globe of earth, *Robert William Elliston!* for as yet we know not thy new name in heaven.

It irks me to think, that, stript of thy regalities, thou shouldst ferry over, a poor forked shade, in crazy Stygian wherry. Methinks I hear the old boatman, paddling by the weedy wharf, with raucid voice, bawling "*Sculls, Sculls:*" to which, with waving hand, and majestic action, thou deignest no reply, other than in two curt monosyllables, "No: Oars."

But the laws of Pluto's kingdom know small difference between king, and cobbler; manager, and call-boy; and, if haply your dates of life were conterminant, you are quietly taking your passage, cheek by cheek (O ignoble levelling of Death) with the shade of some recently departed candle-snuffer . . .

Crowns, sceptres; shield, sword, and truncheon; thy own coronation robes (for thou hast brought the whole property-man's wardrobe with thee, enough to sink a navy); the judge's ermine; the coxcomb's wig; the snuff-box *à la Foppington*—all must be overboard, he positively swears—and that Ancient Mariner brooks no denial; for, since the tiresome monodrame of the old Thracian Harper, Charon, it is to be believed, hath shown small taste for theatricals.

Ay, now 'tis done. You are just boat-weight; *pura et puta anima.*

But, bless me, how *little* you look!

So shall we all look—kings and keysars—stripped for the last voyage.

But the murky rogue pushes off. Adieu, pleasant, and thrice pleasant shade! with my parting thanks for many a heavy hour of life lightened by thy harmless extravaganzas, public or domestic.

Rhadamanthus, who tries the lighter causes below, leaving to his two brethren the heavy calendars—honest Rhadamanth, always partial to players, weighing their parti-coloured existence here upon earth,—making account of the few foibles, that may have shaded thy *real life*, we call it, (though, substantially scarcely less a vapour than thy idlest vagaries upon the boards of Drury,) as but of so many echoes, natural re-percussions, and results to be expected from the assumed extravagancies of thy *secondary or mock life*, nightly upon a stage—after a lenient castigation, with rods lighter than of those Medusean ringlets, but just enough to “whip the offending Adam out of thee” shall courteously dismiss thee at the right hand gate—

the O.P. side of Hades—that conducts to masques and merry-makings in the Theatre Royal of Proserpine.

Plaudito, et Valeto.

ETIENNE GILSON

The Intellect and Rational Knowledge

If we adopt the Platonic view, we are led to consider the body as a sort of veil or screen placed between our intellect and the objects of our knowledge; we should have to say that the soul does not acquire its knowledge with the help of the body, but in spite of it. Now, we have noted that it is natural for the soul to be united with the body. If, therefore, we accept the Platonic position, we should have to assume that the natural operation of the soul, namely, intellectual knowledge, finds no greater obstacle than the bond with its body, which is yet conformable to its nature. But this is a view repugnant to reason. Nature, producing the soul for the sake of knowing, cannot have united with it a body which prevents it from knowing; rather, she must have given a body to the soul only to facilitate intellectual knowledge. This assertion loses all its paradoxical appearance, if we remember the low dignity and extreme imperfection of the human soul. There is a faculty of knowing in all intellectual substances, which draws its strength from the influence of the Divine light. In its first principle, this light is one and single; but the further intelligent creatures are removed from the first principle, the more this light is divided and scattered, like the rays diverging from a central point. Hence God knows all things by his simple and unique essence. The higher intellectual substances know, indeed, by means of many forms, but make use of only a limited number of them; moreover, they apprehend highly universal forms and, being endowed with an extremely effective faculty of knowing, discover the multiplicity of particular objects within these universal forms. In the inferior intellectual substances, on the contrary, we find a greater number of less universal forms, and being further removed from the first source of all knowledge, these forms no longer permit an equally distinct apprehension of the particular objects. If therefore the lower intellectual substances possessed only the universal intelligible forms, as they occur in the angels, they—being illuminated only by a very feeble and darkened ray of light—would never succeed in discovering the multiplicity of particular objects in such forms. The knowledge

would therefore be only of a vague and confused generality; they would be like those ignorant people who fail to perceive in principles the innumerable implicated consequences seen by the learned. Now, we know that in the order of nature the human souls are the last of all the intellectual substances. Consequently, they had either to be given a merely confused and general knowledge, or to be united with the bodies to enable them to receive from sense-objects the proper and particular knowledge of what these objects are. God has treated the human soul as we treat those crude minds which can learn only with the help of sensible illustrations. It is therefore for its own advantage that the soul has been united with a body to make use of it for the acquisition of knowledge.

In order to determine the mode by which the human soul knows what it discovers beyond itself, all that is needed is to apply the results of the preceding analysis. Whether concerned with wholly immaterial substances, as the angels, or with the infinite and uncreated essence which we call God, the direct apprehension of the intelligible as such remains entirely beyond our reach. We can claim therefore no more than the power to form a certain very imperfect representation of the intelligible by taking as our starting point nature or sensible quiddity. Therefore the first object apprehended by the soul is not God, any more than the human soul itself. It must begin, on the contrary, with the consideration of material bodies and it will never advance in the knowledge of the intelligible beyond the point up to which the sensible, as its point of departure, allows it to go. Here we find, therefore, the final justification of the method adopted to prove the existence of God and to analyse His essence. This is a truth which cannot be sufficiently emphasised, since it governs the whole of philosophy. Failing to grasp it, we assign objects to the human intellect which it is naturally incapable of apprehending, and we misjudge the proper value and limits of our understanding. The most dangerous form of this illusion is the belief that reality is the better known to us, in proportion as it is in itself more intelligible and knowable. We know now, on the contrary, that our intellect is constructed for extracting the intelligible from the sensible; and we cannot without a sophism infer from the fact that it is capable of disentangling from individuating matter the universal form contained in it, that it is *a fortiori* capable of apprehending the pure intelligible. The intellect may be compared to an eye that would be both capable of receiving colours and also sufficiently luminous itself to render these same colours visible. Such an eye, able by hypothesis to perceive a light of average strength, would be quite unable to perceive one of greater intensity. There are, in fact, animals which are

said to possess eyes that give out a light sufficient for illuminating the objects they see. Now, these animals see better at night than in day-time; their eyes are weak, a little light illuminates them, but much light blinds them. The same applies to our intellect. Faced by the supreme intelligibles, it remains blinded and bewildered like the owl which does not see the sun before its eyes. We must therefore be content with the little intellectual light which is natural to us and sufficient for the needs of our knowledge, but we must beware of asking of it more than it can give. The incorporeal is known to us only by comparison with the corporeal, and whenever we lay claim to some knowledge of intelligibles, we must needs turn to the phantasms impressed on us by bodies, though there are no phantasms of intelligible realities. By so doing, we shall act as it behoves the lowly intellects that we are, and we shall accept the limits set to our faculty of knowing by the place we occupy in the hierarchy of created beings.

From the Philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas. Translated by Edward Bul-lough

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

October 29.—A misty, misty evening. I want to write down the fact that not only am I not afraid of death—I welcome the idea of death. I believe in immortality because he is not here, and I long to join him. First, my darling, I've got things to do for both of us, and then I will come as quickly as I can. Dearest heart, I know you are there, and I live with you, and I will write for you. Other people are near, but they are not close to me. To you only I belong, just as you belong to me. Nobody knows how often I am with you. Indeed, I am always with you, and I begin to feel that you know—that when I leave this house and this place it will be with you, and I will never even for the shortest space of time be away from you.

From The Journal of Katherine Mansfield

MICHAEL FARADAY

Out of death comes the view of the life beyond the grave. Though death be repugnant to the flesh, yet where the Spirit is given, to die is gain. What a wonderful transition it is!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Salute the sacred dead,
 Who went and who return not.—Say not so!
 We rather seem the dead, that stayed behind.
 Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
 For never shall their aureoled presence lack
 They come transfigured back,
 Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
 Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
 Of morn on their white shields of Expectation.

From Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration, 1865

THE HOLY BIBLE

The Witch of Endor

Now Samuel was dead, and all Israel had lamented him and buried him in Ramah, even in his own city. And Saul had put away those that had familiar spirits, and the wizards, out of the land.

And the Philistines gathered themselves together, and came and pitched in Shunem: and Saul gathered all Israel together, and they pitched in Gilboa.

And when Saul saw the host of the Philistines, he was afraid, and his heart trembled.

And when Saul enquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets.

Then said Saul unto his servants, Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go to her, and enquire of her. And his servants said to him, Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at Endor.

And Saul disguised himself, and put on other raiment, and he went, and two men with him, and they came to the woman by night: and he said, I pray thee, divine unto me by the familiar spirit, and bring me him up, whom I shall name unto thee.

Then said the woman, Whom shall I bring up unto thee? And he said, Bring me up Samuel. . . .

And when the woman saw Samuel, she cried with a loud voice: . . .

And the king said unto her, . . . what sawest thou? And the woman said unto Saul, I saw gods ascending out of the earth.

And he said unto her, What form is he of? And she said, an old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle. And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself.

And Samuel said to Saul, Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up? And Saul answered, I am sore distressed; for the Philistines war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams: therefore I have called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do.

Then said Samuel, Wherefore then dost thou ask of me, seeing the Lord is departed from thee, and is become thine enemy?

And the Lord hath done to him, as he spake by me: for the Lord hath rent the kingdom out of thine hand, and given it to thy neighbor, even to David:

Because thou obeyedst not the voice of the Lord, nor executedst his fierce wrath upon Amalek, therefore hath the Lord done this thing unto thee this day.

Moreover the Lord will also deliver Israel with thee into the hand of the Philistines: and to morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me: the Lord also shall deliver the host of Israel into the hand of the Philistines.

Then Saul fell straightway all along the earth, and was sore afraid, because of the words of Samuel.

I Samuel 28: 3-20

HUGH WALPOLE

Here, in nine out of every ten deaths that I have seen there has been peace or even happiness. This is the merest truth and will be confirmed by any one who has worked here. Again and again I have seen that strange flash of surprised, almost startled interest; again and again I have been conscious—*behind not in* the eyes—of the expression of one who is startled by fresh conditions, a fine view, a sudden piece of news. This is no argument for religion, for any creed or dogma, I only say that here it is so, that Death seems to be happiness and the beginning of something new and unexpected . . .

These are all commonplaces, I suppose, that I am discovering. The only importance is that some ten million human beings are, in this war, making these discoveries for themselves, just as I am. Who can tell what that may mean? I have seen here no visions, nor have I met any one who has seen them, but there are undoubtedly facts—not easy things to discount.

From The Dark Forest

JOHN KEATS

And now I am never alone without rejoicing that there is such a thing as death—without placing my ultimate in the glory of dying for a great human purpose . . . Life must be undergone, and I certainly derive some consolation from the thought of writing one or two poems before it closes.

From a Letter to Benjamin Bailey

CHARLES REYNOLDS BROWN

"Why should we fear death?" a man once said, "It is life's finest form of adventure." These words were not uttered by some minister of religion standing securely in his pulpit on Easter Day, surrounded by flowers and with joyous anthems sounding in his ears. They were not spoken before an open fire at the close of a delightful evening by some man sitting in the easy comfort of his armchair. They were spoken by Charles Frohman on the deck of the Lusitania (*sic*) just as the great ship settled to her doom. He felt that all earthly hope was gone, and this was his last word to a group of friends who expected to share his fate.

From Living Again

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

It were a salutary thing for each of us to work out his idea of death in the light of his days and the strength of his intelligence and stand by it. He would say to death :

'I know not who you are, or I would be your Master; but, in the days when my eyes saw clearer than today, I learnt what you were not. That is enough to prevent you from becoming mine.'

He would thus bear, graven on his memory, a tried image against which the last agony would not prevail and from which the phantom-stricken eyes would draw fresh comfort. Instead of the terrible prayer of the dying, which is the prayer of the depths, he would say his own prayer, that of the peaks of his existence, where would be gathered, like angels of peace, the most lucid, the most rarefied thoughts of his life. Is not that the prayer of prayers? After all, what is a true and worthy prayer, if not the most ardent and disinterested effort to reach and grasp the unknown?

From The Light Beyond

CHARLES DARWIN

With respect to immortality, nothing shows me so clearly how strong and almost instinctive a belief it is, as the consideration of the view now held by most physicists, namely that the sun with all the planets will in time grow too cold for life. Believing as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought that he and other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such long-continued slow process.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up,
Whose golden rounds are our calamities,
Whereon our feet planting, nearer God
The spirit climbs and hath its eyes unsealed.

True it is that Death's face seems stern and cold,
When he is sent to summon those we love,
But all God's angels come to us disguised.
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after other lift their frowning masks
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the front of God.
With every anguish of our earthly part
The spirit's path grows clearer; this was meant
When Jesus touched the blind man's lids with clay.
Life is the jailer; Death the angel sent
To draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.

THE TALMUD

"Repent *one* day before thy death." In relation to which Rabbi Eliezer was asked by his disciples, "How is a man to repent *one* day before his death, since he does not know on what day he shall die?" "So much the more reason is there," he replied, "that he should repent to-day, lest he die to-morrow; and repent to-morrow, lest he die the day after: and thus will all his days be penitential ones."

*From Avoth D'Rab, Nathan. Translated
by Paul Isaac Hershon*

AESCHYLUS

O Zeus—whate'er He be
 If that Name please Him well,
 By that on Him I call ;
 Weighing all other names I fail to guess
 Aught else but Zeus, if I would cast aside,
 Clearly, in very deed,
 From off my soul this idle weight of care

Nor He who erst was great,
 Full of the might to war,
 Avails now ; He is gone ;
 And He who next came hath departed too,
 His victor meeting ; but if one to Zeus,
 High triumph-praise should sing,
 His shall be all the wisdom of the wise.

Yea, Zeus, who leadeth men in wisdom's way
 And fixeth fast the law,
 That pain is gain ;
 And slowly dropping on the heart in sleep
 Comes woe-recording care
 And make the unwilling yield to wiser thoughts
 And doubtless this too comes from grace of Gods
 Seated in might upon their awful thrones.

Justice turns the scale

For those to whom through pain
 At last comes wisdom's gain.
 But for our future fate,
 Since help for it is none,
 Good-bye to it before it comes, and this
 Has the same end as wailing pre-mature
 For with to-morrow's dawn
 It will come clear—

*From Agamemnon. Translated by E. H.
Plumptre*

PART VI

SING AND MARCH ON

SAINT AUGUSTINE

O the happy Alleluias there! There praise to God and here praise to God, but here by those full of anxious care, there by those free from care; here by those whose lot is to die, there by those who are to live for ever; here in hope, there in hope realized; here in the way, there in our fatherland. Now therefore, my brethren, let us sing, not for our delight as we rest, but to cheer us in our labour. As wayfarers we are wont to sing, but keep on marching. If thou art progressing, thou art marching; but progress in good, progress in the true faith, progress in right living; sing, and march on.

From a Sermon. Translated by Erich Przywara, S. J.

WALT WHITMAN

All, all for immortality,
Love like the light silently wrapping all,
Nature's amelioration blessing all,
The blossoms, fruits of ages, orchards divine and certain,
Forms, objects, growths, humanities, to spiritual images
ripening.

Give me O God to sing that thought,
Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith
In Thy ensemble, whatever else withheld withhold not
from us,
Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,
Health, peace, salvation universal.

Is it a dream?
Nay but the lack of it the dream,
And failing it life's lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream.

From Song of the Universal

PLATO

The Death of Socrates

. And now, O men who have condemned me, I would fain prophesy to you : for I am about to die, and that is the hour in which men are gifted with prophetic power. And I prophesy to you who are my murderers, that immediately after my death punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me will surely await you. Me you have killed because you wanted to escape the accuser, and not to give an account of your lives. But that will not be as you suppose : far otherwise. For I say that there will be more accusers of you than there are now. If you think that by killing men you can avoid the accuser censoring your lives, you are mistaken ; that is not a way of escape which is either possible or honorable ; the easiest and noblest way is not to be crushing others, but to be improving yourselves . . .

Friends, who would have acquitted me, I would like also to talk with you. I should like to show you the meaning of this event which has happened to me . . .

Let us reflect, and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is a good, for one of two things : either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or, as men say, there is a change or migration of the soul from this world to another. Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain. For if a person were to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed by dreams, and were to compare with this the other days and nights of his life, and then were to tell us how many days and nights he has passed in the course of his life better and more pleasantly than this one, I think that any man, even the great king will not find many such days or nights, when compared with the others. Now if death is like this, I say that to die is gain ; for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead are, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this ? If indeed when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there . . . that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musaeus and Hesiod and Homer ? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I, too, shall have a wonderful interest in a place where I can converse with Palamedes, and Ajax, son of Telamon, and other heroes of old, who have suffered death through an unjust judg-

ment; and there will be no small pleasure, as I think, in comparing my own sufferings with theirs. Above all, I shall be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge; as in this world, so also in that; I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise, and is not . . .

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth—that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that to die and be released was better for me . . . For which reason, also, I am not angry with my accusers or my condemners; they have done me no harm, although neither of them meant to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them.

The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better God only knows.

(Phaedo describes Socrates' death)

I remember the strange feeling which came over me at being with him. For I could hardly believe that I was present at the death of a friend, and therefore I did not pity him: his mien and his language were so noble and fearless in the hour of death that to me he appeared blessed. I thought that in going to the other world he could not be without a divine call, and that he would be happy, if any man ever was, when he arrived there; and therefore I did not pity him as might seem natural at such a time. But neither could I feel the pleasure which I usually felt in philosophical discourse (for philosophy was the theme of which we spoke). I was pleased and I was also pained, because I knew that he was soon to die, and this strange mixture of feeling was shared by us all; we were laughing and weeping by turns.

Socrates said: . . . Will you not allow that I have as much of the spirit of prophecy in me as the swans? For they, when they perceive that they must die, having sung all their life long, do then sing more than ever, rejoicing in the thought that they are about to go away to the god whose ministers they are. But men, because they are themselves afraid of death, slanderously affirm of the swans that they sing a lament at the last, not considering that no bird sings when cold, or hungry, or in pain, not even the nightingale, nor the swallow, nor yet the hoopoe; which are said indeed to tune a lay of sorrow, although I do not believe this to be true of them any more than of the swans. But because they are sacred to Apollo and have the gift of prophecy and anticipate the good things of another world, therefore they sing and rejoice in that day more than they ever did before. And I too,

believing myself to be the consecrated servant of the same God, and the fellow-servant of the swans, and thinking that I have received from my master gifts of prophecy which are not inferior to theirs, would not go out of life less merrily than the swans . . .

Wherefore, I say, let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who has cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as alien to him, and rather hurtful in their effects; and has followed after the pleasures of knowledge in this life; who has adorned the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth—in these arrayed she is ready to go on her journey to the world below, when her time comes . . .

When he had spoken these words, he arose and went into the bath-chamber with Crito, who bid us wait; and we waited, talking and thinking of the subject of discourse, and also of the greatness of our sorrow; he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans . . .

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer entered saying: To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison—indeed I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be; you know my errand. Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said: I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid. Then turning to us, he said, How charming the man is: since I have been in prison he has been always coming to see me . . . and now see how generously he sorrows for me. But we must do as he says, Crito; let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared . . .

Crito, when he heard this, made a sign to the servant; and the servant went in . . . and then returned with the cup of poison. Socrates said: You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed. The man answered: You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act. At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, took the cup and said: What do you say about making a libation of this cup to any god? May I, or not? The man answered: We only prepare, Socrates, just as much as we deem enough. I understand, he said: yet I may and must pray to the gods

to prosper my journey from this to that other world — may this then, which is my prayer, be granted to me. Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could not longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself; for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away . . . and at that moment, Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out into a loud cry which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness: What is this strange outcry? he said. I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience. When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard and asked him if he could feel; and he said, No and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said: When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end. He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said (they were his last words) — he said: Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt? The debt shall be paid, said Crito, is there anything else? There was no answer to this question; but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, and justest, and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

From the Apology. Translated by Benjamin Jowett

EPICTETUS

Men are disturbed not by things, but by the views which they take of things. Thus death is nothing terrible, else it would have appeared so to Socrates. But the terror consists in our notion of death, that it

is terrible. When, therefore, we are hindered, or disturbed, or grieved, let us never impute it to others, but to ourselves; that is, to our own views. It is the action of an uninstructed person to reproach others for his own misfortunes; of one entering upon instruction, to reproach himself; and of one perfectly instructed, to reproach neither others nor himself.

Let death and exile, and all other things which appear terrible, be daily before your eyes, but death chiefly; and you will never entertain any abject thought, nor too eagerly covet anything.

*From the Enchiridion. Translated by
Thomas Wentworth Higginson*

EURIPIDES

Hecuba: (with the dead child in her arms)

O ye Greeks, who have greater renown for war than wisdom, why did ye, fearing this boy, work a fresh slaughter? Was it lest he should restore fallen Troy? When the city has been taken and the Phrygians are undone, ye fear an infant like this? I praise not the fear of him who fears without reason. O dearest one, how ill-fortuned has death come to thee! For if thou hadst died on behalf of the city, having attained to youth, and met with nuptials, thou hadst been blest, if aught of these things is blest. Now, on the contrary, having seen and known this is thy soul, O child, thou didst not know it, and having possessions at home, thou hast used nothing.

Oh hands, how do ye bear the pleasant likeness of thy father; but for me ye lie relaxed in your joints. O beloved mouth, that used to utter many a boast, thou hast perished; thou has deceived me, since, clinging fast to my garments, thou wouldest say; "O mother, truly will I cut off many locks of my hair for thee, and to thy tomb will lead bands of my compeers." But thou dost not bury me; but I, an aged woman, without a city, without children, bury thee the younger, a wretched *corse*. Alas! those many embracings and my cares in nursing, and those sleeps have vanished. And what inscription would a poet write for thee on thy tomb? "This boy, who lies here, the Greeks once on a time slew through fear?"

Come, bring adornments for the wretched *corse*, according to our present means; for the deity gives no fortune for splendor; but from such as I have, shalt thou receive these. But foolish is the mortal, who, seeming to fare well, secretly rejoices; for in their changes misfortunes, like an insane man, leap here and there, and the same man is never fortunate.

Chorus:

Alas! Alas! thou hast touched, thou hast touched my very soul, O thou who wast once a mighty ruler of a city.

Alas! Alas! the earth will receive thee, a sad object of wailing, O child.

Hecuba:

O dearest woman . . .

Chorus:

Hecuba, . . . say! . . . what cry thou utterest?

Hecuba:

There was naught determined by the Gods, save toils for me; and Troy is hated far above all cities, and vainly did we sacrifice steers. But unless a God had overturned us, casting us beneath the earth, being in obscurity, we should not be hymned in song, furnishing a subject of poems for mortals afterwards. Go, bury the dead in his sad tomb, for he has such adornments of the deed as are suitable. But I think it makes little difference to the dead, if any obtains sumptuous funeral attire. For this is a vain boast even among the living.

From The Trojan Women. Translated from the Greek of Frederick Paley by T. A. Buckley

GEORGE ELIOT

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
 Of those immortal dead who live again
 In minds made better by their presence; live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
 Of miserable aims that end with self,
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
 And with their mild persistence urge men's search
 To vaster issues.

— So to live is heaven :
 To make undying music in the world,
 Breathing a beauteous order, that controls
 With growing sway the growing life of man.
 So we inherit that sweet purity
 For which we struggled, failed and agonized
 With widening retrospect that bred despair.
 Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
 A vicious parent shaming still its child,
 Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved ;
 Its discords quenched by meeting harmonies,
 Die in the large and charitable air.
 And all our rarer, better, truer self,
 That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
 That watched to ease the burden of the world,
 Laboriously tracing what must be,
 And what may yet be better, — saw within
 A worthier image for the sanctuary,
 And shaped it forth before the multitude,
 Divinely human, raising worship so
 To higher reverence more mixed with love, —
 That better self shall live till human Time
 Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
 Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
 Unread forever.

This is life to come,
 Which martyred men have made more glorious
 For us, who strive to follow.

May I reach
 That purest heaven, — be to other souls
 The cup of strength in some great agony,
 Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
 Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
 Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
 And in diffusion ever more intense !
 So shall I join the choir invisible,
 Whose music is the gladness of the world.

HENRIK IBSEN

Brand. With hope in the dawn of the morning, with the heart's rich treasure untouched, with the will steadfast before the last long night, with thankfulness for all that life gave and took away—thus she went to her grave.

Brand. How long will the struggle last? It will last until the end of life, till you have sacrificed your *All*, and freed yourselves from the bond of Compromise;—till you have the Will completely in hand;—till all your timorous questioning has given way before the commandment; “All or nothing.” And your loss in the struggle? All your idols, all the spirits of incompleteness that are your heirlooms, every glittering golden chain of thralldom, every pillow to your apathy! And the reward of victory? The cleansing of the Will, soaring faith, unity in the soul,—that readiness for sacrifice which gave with joy, even unto death and the grave,—for each man's brow a crown of thorns,—these shall be your spoils.

From Brand. Translated by William Wilson

ROMAIN ROLLAND

It was one of those beautiful sunless days, which, as old Balzac said, are like a beautiful blind woman.—Christophe was passionately absorbed in gazing at a branch of the tree that grew in front of the window. The branch was swelling, the moist buds were bursting, the little white flowers were expanding; and in the flowers, in the leaves, in the whole tree coming to new life, there was such an ecstasy of surrender to the new-born force of spring, that Christophe was no longer conscious of his weariness, his depression, his wretched, dying body, and lived again in the branch of the tree. He was steeped in the gentle radiance of its life . . . He thought that at that moment there were creatures loving each other, that to others this hour, that was so full of agony for him, was an hour of ecstasy, that it is ever thus, and that the puissant joy of living never runs dry. And in a choking voice that would not obey his thoughts—(possibly no sound at all came from his lips, but he knew it not)—he chanted a hymn to life.

An invisible orchestra answered him. Christophe said within himself:

"How can they know? We did not rehearse it. If only they can go on to the end without a mistake!"

He tried to sit up so as to see the whole orchestra, and beat time with his arms outstretched. But the orchestra made no mistake; they were sure of themselves. What marvelous music! How wonderfully they improvised the responses!

"How lovely it is! How lovely! Encore! Bravely, my boys!—But who wrote it, who wrote it?—What do you say? You tell me that Jean Christophe Kraft wrote it? Oh! Come! Nonsense! I knew him. He couldn't write ten bars of such music as that!—Who is that coughing? Don't make such a noise!—What chord is that?—And that? Not so fast! Wait!—"

Christophe uttered inarticulate cries; his hand, clutching the quilt, moved as if it were writing: and his exhausted brain went on mechanically trying to discover the elements of the chords and their consequents. He could not succeed: his emotions made him drop his prize. He began all over again—. Ah! This time it was too difficult—.

"Stop, stop—I can no more—."

His will relaxed utterly. Softly Christophe closed his eyes. Tears of happiness trickled down his closed lids. The little girl who was looking after him, unknown to him, piously wiped them away. He lost all consciousness of what was happening. The orchestra had ceased playing, leaving him on a dizzy harmony, the riddle of which could not be solved. His brain went on saying:

"But what chord is that? How am I to get out of it? I should like to find the way out, before the end—."

Voices were raised now . . .

Then bells rang tranquilly . . . Now it is dawn! The lovely waves of sound fill the light air. They come from far away, from the villages down yonder—. The murmuring of the river rises from behind the house—. Once more Christophe stood gazing down from the staircase window. All his life flowed before his eyes, like the Rhine . . .

"Mother, lovers, friends—. What are these names?—Love—. Where are you? Where are you, my souls? I know that you are there, and I cannot take you."

"We are with thee. Peace, O beloved!"

"I will not lose you ever more. I have sought you so long!"

"Be not anxious. We shall never leave thee more."

"Alas! The stream is bearing me on."

"The river that bears thee on, bears us with thee."

"Whither are we going?"

"To the place where we shall be united once more."

"Will it be soon?"

"Look."

And Christophe, making a supreme effort to raise his head—(God! How heavy it was!)—saw the river overflowing its banks, covering the fields, moving on, august, slow, almost still. And, like a flash of steel, on the edge of the horizon there seemed to be speeding towards him a line of silver streams, quivering in the sunlight. The roar of the ocean—. And his heart sank, and he asked :

“Is it He?”

And the voices of his loved ones replied :

“It is He!”

And his brain dying, said to itself :

“The gates are opened—. That is the chord I was seeking!—But it is not the end! There are new spaces!—We will go on, to-morrow.”

O joy, the joy of seeing self vanish into the sovereign peace of God, whom all his life he had so striven to serve!—

“Lord, art Thou not displeased with Thy servant? I have done so little. I could do no more.—I have struggled, I have suffered, I have erred, I have created. Let me draw breath in Thy Father’s arms. Some day I shall be born again for a new fight.”

And the murmuring of the river and the roaring of the sea sang with him :

“Thou shalt be born again. Rest. Now all is one heart. The smile of the night and the day entwined. Harmony, the august marriage of love and hate. I will sing of the God of the two mighty wings. Hosanna to life! Hosanna to death!

*“Christofori faciem die quacunque tueris,
Illa nempe die non morte mala morieris.”*

Saint Christophe has crossed the river. All night long he has marched against the stream. Like a rock his huge-limbed body stands above the water. On his shoulders is the Child, frail and heavy. Saint Christophe leans on a pine-tree that he has plucked up, and it bends. His back also bends. Those who saw him set out vowed that he would never win through, and for a long time their mockery and their laughter followed him. Then the night fell and they grew weary. Now Christophe is too far away for the cries of those standing on the water’s brink to reach him. Through the roar of the torrent he hears only the tranquil voice of the Child, clasping a lock of hair on the giant’s forehead in his little hand, and crying: “March on.”—And with bowed back, and eyes fixed straight in front of him on the dark bank whose towering slopes are beginning to gleam white, he marches on.

Suddenly the Angelus sounds, and the flock of bells suddenly springs into wakefulness. It is the new dawn! Behind the sheer black

cliff rises the golden glory of the invisible sun. Almost falling Christophe at last reaches the bank, and he says to the Child:

"Here we are! How heavy thou wert! Child, who art thou?"

And the Child answers:

"I am the day soon to be born."

*From Jean Christophe. Translated by
Gilbert Cannan*

ZOROASTER

The Soul's Destination

Zarathustra asked Altura-Mazda: "When a pure man dies, where does his soul dwell during this night?"

Then answered Ahura-Mazda: "Near his head it sits itself down, reciting the Gâthâ Ustavaiti, praying happiness for itself: 'Happiness be to the man who conduces to the happiness of each. May Ahura-Mazda create, ruling after his wish.' On this night the soul sees as much joyfulness as the whole living world possesses."

"When the lapse of the third night turns itself to light, then the soul of the pure man goes forward, recollecting itself at the perfume of plants. A wind blows to meet it from the mid-day region, a sweet-scented one, more sweet-scented than the other winds.

"In that wind there comes to meet him his own law in the figure of a maiden, one beautiful, shining, with shining arms; one powerful, well-grown, slender, with large breasts, praiseworthy body; one noble, with brilliant face, one of fifteen years, as fair in her growth as the fairest creatures.

"Then to her (the maiden) speaks the soul of the pure man, asking: 'What maiden art thou whom I have seen here as the fairest of maidens in body?'

"Then replies to him his own law: 'I am, O youth, thy good thoughts, words, and works, thy good law, thine own law of thine own body—which would be in reference to thee like in greatness, goodness, and beauty, sweet-smelling, victorious, harmless, as thou appearest to me.'

"Thou art like me, O well-speaking, well-acting youth, devoted to the good law, so in greatness, goodness, and beauty, as I appear to thee.

"Thou has made the pleasant yet more pleasant to me, the fair yet fairer, the desirable yet more desirable, that sitting in a high place, sitting in a yet higher place, in these Paradises Humata, Hûkhta, Hvarsta (Paradises).

"The soul of the pure man goes the first step and arrives in (the Paradise) Humata; the soul of the pure man takes the second step and arrives at (the Paradise) Hûkhta; it goes the third step and arrives at (the Paradise) Hvarsta; the soul of the pure man takes the fourth step and arrives at the Eternal Lights!"

Therefore, O Arda-Viraf! walk yourself in the ways of righteousness, and teach others also to do so. Recollect that your body will return to dust, but your soul, if rich in good works, will mount to immortality, and partake of the happiness you have already witnessed. Take less care of your body and more of your soul; the pains and aches of the body are easily cured, but who can minister to the diseases of the soul? When you set out on a journey in the lower world, you provide yourselves, and take with you money, clothes, provisions, and are prepared against all the exigencies of the road, but what do you provide yourselves with for your last journey of the soul from the lower to the upper world, and whose friendship have you to assist you on the way? Hear, O Arda-Viraf! and I will describe to you the provisions requisite for the voyage to eternal life.

"In the first place the friend who will assist you is God; but to attain His friendship you must walk in His ways and place in Him the firmest reliance. The provisions must be faith and hope and the remembrance of your good works. The body, O Arda-Viraf! may be likened unto a horse, and the soul to its rider, and the provisions requisite for the support of both are good actions; but as with a feeble rider the horse is ill-managed, so with a feeble horse the rider is but ill accommodated. Care ought to be taken that both are kept in order; so, in a spiritual sense, the soul and body must be kept in order by a succession of good actions. Even in the world the multitude would sneer at a man who took more care of his horse than of himself; for this reason a man ought to take more care of his soul than of his body. God, O Arda-Viraf! requires only two things of the sons of men: the first, that they should not sin; the next, that they should be grateful of the many blessings He is continually bestowing upon them."

JOHN BUNYAN

Mr. Valiant-for-Truth Passes Over

After this it was noised about that Mr. Valiant-for-Truth was taken with a summons, and had this for a token that the summons was true, that "his pitcher was broken at the fountain." When he understood it he called for his friends and told them of it. Then said he, "I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get them. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who will now be my rewarder."

When the day that he must go hence was come many accompanied him to the river-side, into which as he went he said, "Death, where is thy sting?" and as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

From Pilgrim's Progress

FYODOR DOSTOIEVSKI

Exhortations of Father Zossima

Of the pride of Satan what I think is this: it is hard for us on earth to comprehend it, and therefore it is easy to fall into error and share it, even imagining that we are doing something grand and fine. Indeed many of the strongest feelings and movements of our nature we cannot comprehend on earth. Let not that be a stumbling-block, and think not that it may serve as a justification to you for anything. For the Eternal Judge asks of you what you can comprehend and not what you cannot. You will know that yourself hereafter, for you will behold all things truly then and will not dispute them. On earth, indeed, we are as it were astray, and if it were not for the precious image of Christ before us, we should be undone and altogether lost, as was the human race before the flood. Much on earth is hidden from us, but to make up for that we have been given a precious mystic sense of our living bond with the other world, with the higher heavenly world, and the roots of our thoughts and feelings are not here but in other worlds. That is why the philosophers say that we cannot apprehend the reality of things on earth.

God took seeds from different worlds and sowed them on this earth, and His garden grew up and everything came up that could come up, but what grows lives and is alive only through the feeling of its contact with other mysterious worlds. If that feeling grows weak or is destroyed in you, the heavenly growth will die away in you. Then you will be indifferent to life and even grow to hate it. That's what I think.

From The Brothers Karamazov. Translated by Constance Garnett

ROBERT BROWNING

Prospice

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go;
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forebore,
 And bade me creep past.
 No! Let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold.
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

JOSIAH ROYCE

Individuality

The case, however, for the present application of my argument to the problem of Human Immortality lies simply in these plain considerations: (1) The world is a rational whole, a life, wherein the divine Will is uniquely expressed. (2) Every aspect of the Absolute Life must therefore be unique with the uniqueness of the whole, and must mean something that can only get an individual expression. (3) But in this present life, while we constantly intend and mean to be and to love and know individuals, there are, for our present form of consciousness, no true individuals to be found or expressed with the conscious materials now at our disposal. (4) Yet our life, by virtue of its unity with the Divine Life, must receive in the end a genuinely individual and significant expression. (5) We men, therefore, to ourselves, as we feel our own strivings within us, and to one another as we strive to find one another, are hints of a real and various individuality that is not now revealed to us, and that cannot be revealed in any life which merely assumes our present form of consciousness, or which is limited by what we observe between our birth and death. (6) And so, finally, the various and genuine individuality which we are now loyally meaning to express gets, from the Absolute point of view, its final and conscious expression in a life that, like all life such as Idealism recognizes, is conscious, and that in its meaning, although not at all necessarily in time or in space, is continuous with the fragmentary and flickering existence wherein we now see through a glass darkly our relations to God and to the final truth.

I know not in the least, I pretend not to guess, by what process this individuality of our human life is further expressed, whether through many tribulations as here, or whether by a more direct road to individual fulfillment and peace. I know only that our various meanings, through whatever vicissitudes of fortune, consciously come to what we individually, and God in whom we alone are individuals, shall together regard as the attainment of our unique place, and of our true relationships both to other individuals and to the all inclusive Individual, God himself. Further into the occult it is not the business of philosophy to go. My nearest friends are already, as we have seen, occult enough for me. I wait until this mortal shall have put on—Individuality.

From The Conception of Immortality

AMOS WILDER

"Dall' Orribil Procella in Dolce Calma"—Michael Angelo

I would know mercy from the supernal calms;
 I would know benediction and the balms
 Of the ultimate persuasions;
 The unguents of the marble tomb, the night
 Of death—its suavity and blest evasions,
 The sudden space! the fragrance, and the starry flight.

There like some mariner from raging seas
 And wastes chaotic past God's boundaries
 Who issues on some halcyon reach, some floor
 Of crystal, round a headland, while the roar
 And carnival of storm behind him dies;

There in the elements' benign suspension,
 There would I oar the breathless firmament
 In calm ascension,
 Released, unspent,
 Trampling the aether with the eternal plumes
 Of exultation,
 Fanning those chambered glooms,
 Lavender twilights, velvet far oblivious,
 With noiseless pinions
 To some divined, remote angelic station.

THE HOLY BIBLE

The Death of Stephen

And all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel . . . But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God . . . And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep.

Acts 6: 15, 7: 55-60

EMILY BRONTE

Last Lines

No coward soul is mine,
 No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere :
 I see Heaven's glories shine,
 And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

A God within my breast,
 Almighty, ever-present Deity !
 Life—that in me has rest,
 As I undying Life—have power in Thee !

Vain are the thousand creeds
 That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;
 Worthless as withered weeds,
 Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
 Holding so fast by thine infinity ;
 So surely anchor'd on
 The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
 Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
 Pervades and broods above,
 Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
 And suns and universes ceased to be,
 And thou were left alone,
 Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
 Nor atom that his might could render void :
 Thou—THOU art Being and Breath,
 And what THOU art may never be destroy'd.

MARTIN LUTHER

Praise be to God the Creator, who out of a dead world makes all live again. See those shoots, how they bourgeon and swell on this April day! Image of the resurrection of the dead! Winter is death;

summer is the resurrection. Between them the spring and autumn, as the period of uncertainty and change. The proverb says—

“Trust not a day
Ere birth of May.”

We are in the dawn of a new era; we are beginning to think something of the natural world which was ruined in Adam's fall. We are learning to see all around us the greatness and glory of the Creator. We can see the Almighty hand—the infinite goodness—in the humblest flower. We praise him, we thank him, we glorify him; we recognize in creation the power of his word. He spoke, and it was there. The stone of the peach is hard, but the soft kernel swells and bursts when the time comes. An egg—what a thing is that! If an egg had never been seen in Europe, and a traveller had brought one from Calcutta, how would all the world have wondered!

From a Sermon

SAMUEL BUTLER

The life of the embryo was unconscious before birth, and so is the life—I am speaking only of the life revealed to us by natural religion—after death. But as the embryonic and infant life of which we were unconscious was the most potent factor in our after life of consciousness, so the effect which we may unconsciously produce in others after death, and it may be even before it on those who have never seen us, is in all sober seriousness our truer and more abiding life, and the one which those who would make the best of their sojourn here will take most into their consideration—The unconscious life of those that have gone before us has in great part moulded us into such men and women as we are, and our own unconscious lives will in like manner have a vicarious consciousness in others, though we be dead enough to it in ourselves.

Who can speak of life without his thoughts turning instantly to that which is beyond it? He or she who has made the best of the life after death has made the best of the life before it; who cares one straw for any such chances and changes as will commonly befall him here if he is upheld by the full and certain hope of everlasting life in the affections of those that shall come after? If the life after death is happy in the hearts of others, it matters little how unhappy was the life before it.

From How to Make the Best of Life

THE MIRROR OF PERFECTION

The Death of Saint Francis

That straightway, when he heard that he should die so soon,
he caused the Praises which he had made to be sung to him.

After those things a certain friar said to him : "Father, thy life and conversation was and is a light and a mirror, not only to thy brethren, but also to the whole Church, and thy death shall be the same. And though thy death will be a matter of sadness and grief to thy brethren, and to many others, yet it will be to thee consolation and infinite joy. For thou shalt pass from great labour to the greatest rest, from many pains and temptations to eternal peace, from the earthly poverty which thou hast ever loved and perfectly observed to endless true riches, and so from temporal death to perpetual life, where thou shalt see thy Lord God face to face, Whom thou hast loved in this life with so much fervor and desire." And having said these things, he said openly to him : "Father, thou knowest in truth except the Lord should send thee His medicine from heaven thine infirmity is incurable, and thou hast little longer to live, as the physicians but now foretold thee. Now I have said this to thee, that thy spirit may be made strong, and that thou mayst rejoice in the Lord within and without, so that thy brethren and the others who visit thee, may find thee always rejoicing in the Lord, and that to those who see, and to others who hear it after thy death, thy death may be a perpetual memorial as thy life and conversation was and ever shall be." Then blessed Francis even though his infirmities were more than usually heavy upon him, was seen from these words to derive a new joy to his mind, hearing that Sister Death threatened him so nearly, and with great fervour of spirit he praised the Lord saying to him : "Therefore if it pleases my Lord that I must quickly die, call to me Brother Angelo and Brother Lee, that they may sing to me of Sister Death. And when those two brethren had come to him, they sang with many tears, the Song of Brother Sun and of the other created things of the Lord, which the saint himself had made. And then before the last verse of the Canticle he added some verses of Sister Death saying :

Be Thou praised, my Lord, of our Sister Bodily Death
from whom no man living can escape.
woe to those who die in mortal sin :

Blessed are they who are found in Thy most holy will,
for the second death shall not work them ill.

Praise ye, and bless my Lord, and give Him thanks,
and serve Him with great humility.

*Translated from the Cottonian Manu-
script by Robert Steele*

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

This is the praise of Created Things, which he made when
the Lord certified him of His kingdom.

Most High, Omnipotent, Good Lord.

Thine be the praise, the glory, the honour, and all benediction.
To Thee alone, Most High, they are due, and no man is worthy to
mention Thee.

Be Thou praised, my Lord, with all Thy creatures,
above all Brother Sun,
who gives the day and lightens us therewith.

And he is beautiful and radiant with great splendour,
of Thee, Most High, he bears similitude.

Be Thou praised, my Lord, of Sister Moon and the stars,
in the heaven hast Thou formed them, clear and precious and
comely.

Be Thou praised, my Lord, of Brother Wind,
and of the air, and the cloud, and of fair and all weather,
by which Thou givest to Thy creatures sustenance.

Be Thou praised, my Lord, of Brother Fire,
by which Thou hast lightened the night,
and he is beautiful and joyful and robust and strong.

Be Thou praised, my Lord, of our Sister Mother Earth,
which sustains and hath us in rule,
and produces divers fruits with coloured flowers and herbs.

Be Thou praised, my Lord, of those who pardon for Thy love
and endure sickness and tribulations.

Blessed are they who will endure it in peace,
for by Thee, Most High, they shall be crowned.

Be Thou praised, my Lord, of our Sister Bodily Death,
from whom no man living may escape
woe to those who die in mortal sin :

Blessed are they who are found in Thy most holy will,
for the second death shall not work them ill.

Praise ye and bless my Lord, and give Him thanks,
and serve Him with great humility.

*From the Conticle of the Sun. Translated
by Robert Steele*

BENEDETTO CROCE

The true solution, the noble and the human solution of the problem arising from the inseparableness of love and pain, of life and death, must be an unqualified acceptance of love and of pain—of love as an instrument and inspiration for our work of life, of pain as a necessary travail that marks our passage from the old to the new. The “sages” and the “philosophers” tried to soften the shock of loss by weakening the intensity of our affection for perishable things—a sentimental caution all the more futile since in practise it proves to be unavailing. The goal they were aiming at we can obtain by loving with such a high and noble purpose that we find in that very nobility the strength to resist loss when it comes to us and the will to rise above it to new enthusiasm. The great things in this world have not been done by “sages” or “philosophers,” by those cautious souls who never put to sea lest they find it rough and stormy, but by people, as we say, with a “sporting instinct,” by souls of energy and enthusiasm who leave the sheltered haven in the very teeth of the gale. The question, therefore, is not one of measuring the quantity of our love for worldly things, but of transferring the quality of such affections.

It is true that before we can arrive at this view of reality we must have abandoned every view of the individual as an entity by himself—the so called monadistic concept of personality which is a selfish one at bottom and which shows its ultimate consequences in the “immortality” it promises us, so cheap and so vulgar as compared with a true and truly glorious immortality which transcends the individual. Over against the monadistic immortality, which I prefer to call Pagan, stands the other, which is more characteristically Christian, if we understand Christianity at all deeply: immortality in God, that is. Once we have overcome the thought of individuality as something existing by itself, we are freed from all philosophical concern about life and death. We have to meet only the anguish of going beyond our anguish, which later we accept if not with hearts, at least with minds, serene. We have left, in a word, only the practical problem of controlling, mastering, vanquishing, as needs arise from time to time, the practical form of monadism: our rebellious and our selfish individuality.

*From The Conduct of Life. Translated
by Arthur Livingston*

SPINOZA

Of Human Bondage

Proposition LXVII. A free man thinks of nothing less than of death ; and his wisdom is a meditation not of death but of life.

Proof.—A free man is one who lives under the guidance of reason, who is not led by fear, but who directly desires that which is good, in other words, who strives to act, to live, and to preserve his being on the basis of seeking his own true advantage ; wherefore such an one thinks of nothing less than of death, but his wisdom is a meditation of life. Q.E.D.

Of Human Freedom

Proposition XXI. The mind can only imagine anything, or remember what is past, while the body endures.

Proof.—The mind does not express the actual existence of its body, nor does it imagine the modifications of the body as actual, except while the body endures ; and, consequently, it does not imagine any body as actually existing, except while its own body endures. Thus it cannot imagine, or remember things past, except while the body endures. Q.E.D.

Proposition XXII. Nevertheless in God there is necessarily an idea, which expresses the essence of this or that human body under the form of eternity.

Proof.—God is the cause, not only of the existence of this or that human body, but also of its essence. This essence, therefore, must necessarily be conceived through the very essence of God, and be thus conceived by a certain eternal necessity ; and this conception must necessarily exist in God. Q.E.D.

Proposition XXIII. The human mind cannot be absolutely destroyed with the body, but there remains of it something which is eternal.

Proof.—There is necessarily in God a concept or idea, which expresses the essence of the human body, which, therefore, is necessarily something appertaining to the essence of the human mind. But we have not assigned to the human mind any duration, definable by time, except in so far as it expresses the actual existence of the body, which is explained through duration—and may be defined by time—that is, we do not assign to it duration, except while the body endures. Yet, as there is something, notwithstanding, which is conceived by a certain eternal necessity through the very essence of God ;

this something, which appertains to the essence of the mind, will necessarily be eternal. Q.E.D.

Note.—This idea, which expresses the essence of the body under the form of eternity, is, as we have said, a certain mode of thinking, which belongs to the essence of the mind; and is necessarily eternal. Yet it is not possible that we should remember that we existed before our body, for our body can bear no trace of such existence, neither can eternity be defined in terms of time, or have any relation to time. But, notwithstanding, we feel and know that we are eternal. For the mind feels those things that it conceives by understanding, no less than those things that it remembers. For the eyes of the mind, whereby it sees and observes things, are none other than proofs. Thus, although we do not remember that we existed before the body, yet we feel that our mind, in so far as it involves the essence of the body, under the form of eternity, is eternal, and that thus its existence cannot be defined in terms of time, or explained through duration. Thus our mind can only be said to endure, and its existence can only be defined by a fixed time, in so far as it involves the actual existence of the body. Thus far only has it the power of determining the existence of things by time, and conceiving them under the category of duration.

Proposition XXXIV. *The mind is, only while the body endures, subject to those emotions which are attributable to passions.*

Proof.—Imagination is the idea wherewith the mind contemplates a thing as present; yet this idea indicates rather the present disposition of the human body than the nature of the external thing. Therefore emotion is imagination, in so far as it indicates the present disposition of the body; therefore the mind is, only while the body endures, subject to the emotions which are attributable to passions. Q.E.D.

Corollary.—Hence it follows that no love save intellectual love is eternal.

Note.—If we look to men's general opinion, we shall see that they are indeed conscious of the eternity of their mind, but that they confuse eternity with duration, and ascribe it to the imagination or the memory which they believe to remain after death.

Proposition XXXIX. *He, who possesses a body capable of the greatest number of activities, possesses a mind whereof the greatest part is eternal.*

Proof.—He, who possesses a body capable of the greatest number of activities, is least agitated by those emotions which are evil—that is, by those emotions which are contrary to our nature; therefore, he

possesses the power of arranging and associating the modifications of the body according to the intellectual order, and, consequently, of bringing it about, that all the modifications of the body should be referred to the idea of God; whence it will come to pass that he will be affected with love towards God, who must occupy or constitute the chief part of the mind; therefore, such a man will possess a mind whereof the chief part is eternal. Q.E.D.

Note.—Since human bodies are capable of the greatest number of activities, there is no doubt but that they may be of such a nature, that they may be referred to minds possessing a great knowledge of themselves and of God, and whereof the greatest or chief part is eternal, and, therefore, that they should scarcely fear death. But, in order that this may be understood more clearly, we must here call to mind, that we live in a state of perpetual variation, and, according as we are changed for the better or the worse, we are called happy or unhappy.

For he, who, from being an infant or a child, becomes a corpse, is called unhappy; whereas it is set down to happiness, if we have been able to live through the whole period of life with a sound mind in a sound body. And, in reality, he, who, as in the case of an infant or a child, has a body capable of very few activities, and depending, for the most part, on external causes, has a mind which, considered by itself alone, is scarcely conscious of itself, or of God, or of things; whereas, he, who has a body capable of very many activities, has a mind which, considered in itself alone, is highly conscious of itself, of God, and of things. In this life, therefore, we primarily endeavor to bring it about, that the body of a child, in so far as its nature allows and conduces thereto, may be changed into something else capable of very many activities, and referable to a mind which is highly conscious of itself, of God, and of things; and we desire so to change it, that what is referred to its imagination and memory may become insignificant, in comparison with its intellect.

Translated by R. H. M. Elwes

THE HOLY BIBLE

The Passing of Elijah

And it came to pass, when the Lord would take up Elijah into heaven by a whirlwind, that Elijah went with Elisha from Gilgal.

And Elijah said unto Elisha, Tarry here, I pray thee; for the Lord hath sent me to Bethel. And Elisha said unto him, As the Lord liveth,

and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. So they went down to Bethel.

And the sons of the prophets that were at Bethel came forth to Elisha, and said unto him, Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head today? And he said, Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace.

And Elijah said unto him, Elisha, tarry here, I pray thee; for the Lord hath sent me to Jericho. And he said, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. So they came to Jericho.

And the sons of the prophets that were at Jericho came to Elisha, and said unto him, Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head today? And he answered, Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace.

And Elijah said unto him, Tarry, I pray thee, here; for the Lord hath sent me to Jordan. And he said, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. And they two went on.

And fifty men of the sons of the prophets went, and stood to view afar off: and they two stood by Jordan.

And Elijah took his mantle, and wrapped it together, and smote the waters, and they were divided hither and thither, so that they two went over on dry ground.

And it came to pass, when they were gone over, that Elijah said unto Elisha, Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee. And Elisha said, I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me.

And he said, Thou hast asked a hard thing: nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but if not, it shall not be so.

And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.

And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof. And he saw him no more: and he took hold of his own clothes, and rent them in two pieces.

And he took up the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and went back and stood by the bank of the Jordan.

And he took the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and smote the waters, and said, where is the Lord God of Elijah? and when he also had smitten the waters, they parted hither and thither; and Elisha went over.

And when the sons of the prophets which were to view at Jericho saw him, they said, the spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha. And they came to meet him, and bowed themselves to the ground before him.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The Chambered Nautilus

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main,—
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl !
 And every chambered cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed,—
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil ;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the
 old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn !
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn !
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
 that sings,—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll !
 Leave thy low-vaulted past !
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

THOMAS A. KEMPIS

My son, neither let the labors which thou hast voluntarily undertaken for my sake, break thy spirit, nor the afflictions that come upon thee in the course of my providence, utterly cast thee down. I am an abundant recompense, above all comprehension and all hope. Thou shalt not long labor here, nor groan under the pressure of continual trouble. Wait patiently the accomplishment of my will, and thou shalt see a speedy end of all evil: the hour will quickly come, when labor and sorrow shall cease; for everything is inconsiderable and short that passeth away in the current of time.

What thou hast to do, therefore, do with thy might. Labor faithfully in my vineyard; I myself will be thy reward. Write, read, sing my praises, bewail thy own sins, pray in the spirit, and with patient resolution bear all afflictions: eternal life is worthy not only of such watchful diligence, but of the severest conflicts.

The day is coming, fixed by my unalterable decree, when, instead of the vicissitudes of day and night, and joy and sorrow, there shall be uninterrupted light, infinite splendor, unchangeable peace, and everlasting rest. Then thou wilt no longer say, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" nor exclaim, "Woe is me, that my pilgrimage is prolonged!" for "death shall be swallowed up in victory," and "the corruptible will have put on incorruption." Then "all tears shall be wiped away from thy eyes," and all sorrow taken from thy heart; and thou shalt enjoy perpetual delight in the lovely society of angels, and "the spirits of the just made perfect."

O, was it possible for thee to behold the unfading brightness of those crowns which the blessed wear in heaven; and with what triumphant glory, they, whom the world once despised, and thought unworthy even of life itself, are now invested; verily, thou wouldest humble thyself to the dust, and be resigned to thy inferiority. Instead of sighing for the perpetual enjoyment of the pleasures of this life, thou wouldest rejoice in suffering all its afflictions for the sake of God; and wouldest count it great gain, to be despised and rejected as nothing among men.

If a true sense of these astonishing glories, which are offered thee as the object of thy faith and hope, had entered into the depths of thy heart, couldst thou utter one complaint of the evil of thy state? Is any labor too painful to be undertaken, any affliction too severe to be sustained, for eternal life? Is the gain or loss of the kingdom of God an alternative of no importance? Lift up thy thoughts and thy desires, therefore, continually to heaven. Behold, all who have taken up the cross, and followed me, the Captain of their salvation, in re-

sisting and conquering the evil of this fallen state, now rejoice securely, and shall abide with me for ever in the kingdom of my Father!

From The Imitation of Christ. Translated by John Payne

JEREMY TAYLOR

Fear of Death

It is a thing that everyone suffers. Take away but the pomps of death, the disguises and solemn bugbears, the tinsel,—and ceremonies,—the women and the weepers, the swoonings and the shriekings, the nurses and the physicians; the dark room and the ministers, the kindred and the watchers; and then to die is easy, ready and quitted from its troublesome circumstances. It is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday, or a maid-servant to-day; and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men, and many fools; the wisdom of the first will not quit him, and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die.

Of all the evils of the world which are reproached with an evil character, Death is the most innocent of its accusation. For when it is present, it hurts nobody; and when it is absent, it is indeed troublesome, but the trouble is owing to our fears, not to the affrighting and mistaken object; and besides this, if it were an evil, it is so transient, that it passes like the instant or undiscerned fraction of the present time; and *either it is past, or it is not yet*; for just when it is, no man hath reason to complain of so insensible, so sudden, so undiscerned a change.

It is so harmless a thing, that no good man was ever thought the more miserable for dying, but much the happier.

From Holy Dying

THE HOLY BIBLE

Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.

Hebrews 12:1

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

JOHN OF RUYSBROECK

A brief parable I will give to those who dwell in the tumult of love, that they may endure this state nobly and becomingly, and may attain to higher virtues. There is a small insect called the ant. It is strong and sagacious, and very loth to die. It lives by choice amongst the congregation of its fellows, in hot and dry soil. The ant works during summer, and gathers grain for food for the winter. And it splits the grain in two lest it should sprout and be spoiled, and be of no use when nothing can be gathered anymore. And it seeks no strange ways, but always goes forth by the same way. And if it abides its time, it shall be able to fly.

Thus should these men do. They should be strong in abiding the coming of Christ, sagacious against the communications and inspirations of the devil. They should not desire death; but God's glory alone, and for themselves new virtues. They should dwell in the congregation of their heart and of their powers, and should follow the drawing and the inviting of the Divine Unity. They should dwell in warm and dry soil, that is, in the fierce tumult of love and in a great restlessness. And they should labour during the summer of this life, and gather the fruits of virtue for eternity; and they should split these fruits in two. The one part is, that they should ever desire the most high fruition of Eternity; and the other part is that, by means of the reason, they should always restrain themselves as much as they can, and abide the time which God has ordained to them, and thus the fruit of virtue is preserved unto eternity. And they should not follow strange paths or singular ways; but they should follow the track of love through all storms to that place whither love shall lead them. And if they abide the time, and persevere in all virtues, they shall behold the Mystery of God and take flight towards It.

From The Adornment of Spiritual Marriage. Translated from the Flemish by C. A. Wyneken

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

Thick is the darkness—
 Sunward, O, Sunward!
Rough is the highway—
 Onward, still onward!

Dawn harbors surely
 East of the shadows.
Facing us somewhere
 Spread the sweet meadows.

Upward and forward!
 Time will restore us:
Light is above us,
 Rest is before us.

HENRI-FREDERIC AMIEL

I return to the brink of the great abyss, strengthened in myself, humble and quiescent with the clear perception that there is one great problem of science and that to solve it is science's duty: God is found only in His own light and His own love. He calls upon us to possess ourselves and to possess Him in the measure of our strength. It is our incredulity, our spiritual cowardice which is our infirmity and weakness.

There is but one great necessity—to possess God. All our senses, all the powers of our mind and soul are but so many means of adoring God. We must learn to detach ourselves from all that is transitory, from all that we possess in this life only to lose, and to give ourselves completely only to that which is eternal and absolute. We must enjoy the transitory things with which our life is bound only as a loan. To adore, to understand, to receive, to feel, to give, to act—this shall be my law, my duty, my happiness, my heaven. Let come what may—even death. May I be at peace with myself, with nothing to reproach myself, may I live in the presence of God and constant communion with Him, may my life be guided by those universal powers whom we are powerless against! If death gives me time to accomplish this completely, so much the better. If death carries me away, still it will be all to the good. My life has been a pleasant one and I shall have left it without having known its bitterness. If I am doomed to live

in a half-death, still it will be all to the good. The path to success will have been closed to me that I might enter the way of heroism, resignation and moral grandeur. Every life has its potentiality of greatness and since it is impossible to exist apart from God, the best is to dwell consciously in Him.

What dupes we are of our own desires. Destiny has two ways of crushing us—by refusing our wishes and by fulfilling them. But he who only wills what God wills escapes both catastrophes. All things work together for his good.

We cannot find peace but in life and in eternal life. And the eternal life is the divine life, it is God. To be one with the divine is the purpose of life; at those moments only can truth be actually grasped and held by us, since truth no longer exists outside of us. At these moments it is in us and we are truth and truth is ourselves. We then become one truth, one desire, one work of God. Liberty is then nature and the creature is one with his creator, one through love. Our education is then accomplished and our divine felicity begun. The sun of time sets and the light of eternal beatitude rises.

In these moments of communion with the infinite, how different does our life here seem. How all that occupies us, engrosses us, impasses us becomes suddenly before our eyes pueril, frivolous and vain. We seem mere marionettes who play at being serious in a fantastic parade and who mistake baubles for treasures. How different everything seems to us then. Reality appears to us less real than the fable. The purpose of all this is the development of the soul. The soul is the only reality, the rest is the sublime fantasmagoria created to brighten it and to give it shape.

Fairy stories and legends seems more directly true than natural history and even more so—for at least they are more transparent emblems. Immortal, lasting, alone completely real, is the soul. The world is only a majestic fireworks. The soul is an entire universe and her sun is love.

Strange remembrance! At the end of the promenade at La Treille, as I looked down the slope to the east, there reappeared in my imagination a little path which in my childhood ran through the thickets, then more dense than they are now. The image of that little path

had not come to me for some forty years. The sudden recreation of that impression, so long forgotten, set me to musing. Is our consciousness then like a book whose leaves, turned by life, successively cover and hide each other in spite of their semi-transparency? Though the book may be open at the page of the present, the wind may blow back for several seconds, even the first pages before us. Allowing a page for a day, my life would be now at page 19,000 of its book. And I had just caught a glimpse of my eighteen hundredth page, an image of my ninth year.

At death will the pages cease to hide each other and will we see our entire past at one time? Will death mark the passage from the successive to the simultaneous, from time as we know it, to eternity? Will we then understand in its unity the poem and the mysterious episode of our existence which until the moment of death we had spelled out phrase by phrase? Can this be the cause of that glory which so often stains the face of those who have just died? Then death would be like the traveller's arrival at the summit of a great mountain when the entire configuration of a country, formerly perceived only by segments and small sections, appears to him unified and complete. To be able to look down upon one's own life, to divine its meaning in the universal symphony and in the sacred plan, that is the beginning of felicity. Until that moment we are sacrificed to that plan, from that moment on we understand and partake of its beauty. We have labored under the commands of the master of that symphony—at that moment we become the surprised and rapturous listener. Formerly, we could only see our own small path in the mist—suddenly a glorious panorama of immense perspectives unrolls before our dazzled eyes.—Why not?

Death itself may be a matter of consent and therefore a moral act. The animal expires; man surrenders his soul to the creator of his soul.

From His Intimate Journal

SAINT CUTHBERT

The Death of Bede

So until Ascension-tide he worked with his pupils to conclude his translation of St. John's Gospel into the English tongue: but the

Tuesday before Ascension-tide his sickness increased upon him. Nevertheless he taught and bade his scholars work, saying cheerfully, 'Write with speed now, for I cannot tell how long I may last.' The day broke (that is, Wednesday), and about the third hour the scribe said, 'There is yet a chapter wanting: it is hard for thee to continue vexing thyself.' 'That is easily done,' said he; 'take thy pen again and write quickly'—and joyfully he dictated until the evening at the ninth hour. 'Dear Master,' said the boy, 'there is yet one sentence to be written.' He answered, 'Write it quickly.' Soon after the boy said, 'It is finished now.' 'Thou hast well said, it is finished. Raise my head in thy arms, and turn my face toward the holy spot where I was wont to pray, for I desire to sit facing it and call upon my Father.'

So they held him up on the pavement, and he chanted, 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.' Then, as he named the Holy Ghost, his spirit took leave, and departed to the Heavenly Kingdom.

ROBERT BROWNING

This man decided not to Live but Know—
 Bury this man there?
 Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot,
 clouds form,
 Lightnings are loosened,
 Stars come and go ! Let joy break with the storm,
 Peace let the dew send !
 Loft designs must close in like effects :
 Loftily lying,
 Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
 Living and dying.

From A Grammarian's Funeral

FRIEDERICH VON HÜGEL

The simple fact, assuredly, is that the soul, *qua* religious, has no interest in just simple unending existence, of no matter what kind or of a merely natural kind—an existence with God at most as a dim background to a vivid experience of its own unending natural exist-

ence. The specifically religious desire of Immortality begins, not with Immortality, but with God; it rests upon God; and it ends in God. The religious soul does not seek, find or assume its own Immortality; and thereupon seek, find, or assume God. But it seeks, finds, experiences, and loves God; and because of God, and of this, its very real though still very imperfect, intercourse with God—because of these experiences which lie right within the noblest joys, fears, hopes, necessities, certainties which emerge within any and every field of its life here below—it finds, rather than seeks, Immortality of a certain kind.

From Essays and Addresses

Religion, in its fullest development, essentially requires, not only this our little span of earthly years, but a life beyond. Neither an Eternal Life that is already fully achieved below, nor an Eternal Life to be begun and known solely in the beyond, satisfies these requirements. But only an Eternal Life already begun and truly known in part here, though fully to be achieved and completely to be understood hereafter, corresponds to the deepest longings of man's spirit as touched by the preventer Spirit, God. And hence, again, a peace and simplification. For that doubly Social life I try to lead here (though most real, and though itself already its own exceeding great reward) constitutes, after all, but the preliminary practice, the getting ready, for ampler, more expansive, more utterly blissful energizings in and for man, the essentially durational, quasi-eternal, and God, the utterly Abiding, the pure Eternal Life.

From Eternal Life

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Although few things are spoken of with more fearful whispers than this prospect of death, few have less influence on conduct under healthy circumstances.

Do the old men mind it. Why no. They were never merrier; they have their grog at night, and tell the raciest stories; they hear of the death of people about their own age, or even younger, not as if it was a grisly warning, but with a simple childlike pleasure at having

outlived someone else; and when a draught might puff them out like a guttering candle, or a bit of a stumble shatter them like so much glass, their old hearts keep sound and unaffrighted, and they go on, bubbling with laughter, through years of man's age compared to which the valley at Balaclava was as safe and peaceful as a cricket-green on Sunday. It may fairly be questioned (if we look to the peril only) whether it was a much more daring feat for Curtius to plunge into the gulf, than for any old gentleman of ninety to doff his clothes and clamber into bed.

Indeed, it is a memorable subject for consideration, with what unconcern and gaiety mankind pricks on along the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The whole way is one wilderness of snares, and the end of it, for those who fear the last pinch, is irrevocable ruin. And yet we go spinning through it all, like a party for the Derby . . .

We confound ourselves with metaphysical phrases which we import into daily talk with noble inappropriateness. We have no idea of what death is, apart from its circumstances and some of its consequences to others; and although we have some experience of living, there is not a man on earth who has flown so high into abstraction as to have any practical guess at the meaning of the word *life* . . .

And, after all, what sorry and pitiful quibbling all this is! To forego all the issues of living in a parlour with a regulated temperature—as if that were not to die a hundred times over, and for ten years at a stretch! As if it were not to die in one's own lifetime, and without even the sad immunities of death! As if it were not to die, and yet be the patient spectators of our own pitiable change! The Permanent Possibility is preserved, but the sensations carefully held at arm's length, as if one kept a photographic plate in a dark chamber. It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it, than to die daily in the sick-room. By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honour useful labour. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career, laying out vast projects, and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope, and their mouths full of boastful language, they should be at once tripped up and silenced:

is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young. I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eyes. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

From Aës Triplex

JOSEPH JOUBERT

Happiness

Happiness is to feel that one's soul is good; there is no other, in truth, and this kind of happiness may exist even in sorrow, so that there are griefs preferable to every joy, and such as would be preferred by all those who have felt them.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

In the spectacle of Death, . . . there is a sacredness, an overpowering awe, a feeling of the vastness, the depth, the inexhaustible mystery of existence, in which, as by some strange marriage of pain, the sufferer is bound to the world by bonds of sorrow. In these moments of insight, we lose all eagerness of temporary desire, all struggling and striving for petty ends, all care for the little trivial things that, to a superficial view, make up the common life of day by day; we see, surrounding the narrow raft illumined by the flickering light of human comradeship, the dark ocean on whose rolling waves we toss for a brief hour; from the great night without, a chill blast breaks in upon our refuge; all the loneliness of humanity amid hostile forces is concentrated upon the individual soul, which must struggle alone, with what of courage it can command, against the

whole weight of a universe that cares nothing for its hopes and fears. Victory, in this struggle with the powers of darkness, is the true baptism into the glorious company of heroes, the true initiation into the overmastering beauty of human existence. From that awful encounter of the soul with the outer world, renunciation, wisdom, and charity are born; and with their birth a new life begins. To take into the inmost shrine of the soul the irresistible forces whose puppets we seem to be—Death and change, the irrevocableness of the past, and the powerlessness of man before the blind hurry of the universe from vanity to vanity—to feel these things and know them is to conquer them . . .

The life of man, viewed outwardly, is but a small thing in comparison with the forces of Nature. The slave is doomed to worship Time and Fate and Death, because they are greater than anything he finds in himself, and because all his thoughts are of things which they devour. But, great as they are, to think of them greatly, to feel their passionless splendor, is greater still. And such thought makes us free men; we no longer bow before the inevitable in Oriental subjection, but we absorb it, and make it a part of ourselves. To abandon the struggle for private happiness, to expel all eagerness of temporary desire, to burn with passion for eternal things—this is emancipation, and this is the free man's worship. And this liberation is effected by a contemplation of Fate; for Fate itself is subdued by the mind which leaves nothing to be purged by the purifying fire of Time.

United with his fellow-men by the strongest ties of all ties, the tie of a common doom, the free man finds that a new vision is with him always, shedding over every daily task the light of love. The life of Man is a long march through the night, surrounded by invisible foes, tortured by weariness and pain, towards a goal that few can hope to reach, and where none may tarry long. One by one, as they march, our comrades vanish from our sight, seized by the silent orders of omnipotent Death. Very brief is the time in which we can help them, in which their happiness or misery is decided. Be it ours to shed sunshine on their path, to lighten their sorrows by the balm of sympathy, to give them the pure joy of a never-tiring affection, to strengthen failing courage, to instill faith in hours of despair. Let us not weigh in grudging scales their merits and demerits, but let us think only of their need—of the sorrows, the difficulties, perhaps the blindnesses, that make the misery of their lives; let us remember that they are fellow-sufferers in the same darkness, actors in the same tragedy with ourselves. And so, when their day is over, when their good and their evil have become eternal by the immortality of the past, be it ours to feel that, where they suffered, where they

failed, no deed of ours was the cause; but wherever a spark of the divine fire kindled in their hearts, we were ready with encouragement, with sympathy, with brave words in which high courage glowed.

Brief and powerless is Man's life; on him and all his race the slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way; for Man, condemned to-day to lose his dearest, tomorrow himself to pass through the gate of darkness, it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow falls, the lofty thoughts that ennable his little day; disdaining the coward terrors of the slave of Fate, to worship at the shrine that his own hands have built; undismayed by the empire of chance, to preserve a mind free from the wanton tyranny that rules his outward life; proudly defiant of the irresistible forces that tolerate, for a moment, his knowledge and his condemnation, to sustain alone, a weary but unyielding Atlas, the world that his own ideals have fashioned despite the trampling march of unconscious power.

From A Free Man's Worship

P A R T V I I

MADE ONE WITH NATURE

ROBERT BROWNING

May and Death

I wish that when you died last May,
Charles, there had died along with you
Three parts of spring's delightful things;
Ay, and, for me, the fourth part too.

A foolish thought, and worse, perhaps!
There must be many a pair of friends
Who, arm in arm, deserve the warm
Moon-births and the long evening-ends.

So, for their sake, be May still May!
Let their new time, as mine of old,
Do all it did for me: I bid
Sweet sights and sounds throng manifold.

Only, one little sight, one plant,
Woods have in May, that starts up green
Save a sole streak which, so to speak,
Is spring's blood, spilt its leaves between,—

That they might spare; a certain wood
Might miss the plant; their loss were small;
But I,—whene'er the leaf grows there,
Its drop comes from my heart, that's all.

FROM THE RIGVEDA

Funeral Verses

Approach gently mother Earth there, the wide-extending, the very kindly ground. Soft as wool, like a young woman to the bestower of gifts, may she preserve thee from the lap of destruction.

Open thyself out, O Earth, press not down heavily, be easy of access to him, easy of approach. As a mother wraps her son with the hem of her robe, cover him, O Earth.

Let the Earth open herself and stand firm. Let a thousand posts lean above. May the abode drop with ghee. May it ever be to him a refuge there.

For thee I prop up the earth placing this clod about thee. May thou

not be hurt. This pillar may the Fathers bear up for thee. May Yama set up here thy dwelling.

Translated from the Sanscrit by Edward J. Thomas

JOHN KEATS

A Thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
 Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees old, and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
 With the green world they live in; and clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season; the mid forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty dead;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
 For one short hour; no, even as the trees
 That whisper round a temple become soon
 Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
 The passion poesy, glories infinite,
 Haunt us till they become a cheering light
 Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
 That whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
 They always must be with us, or we die.

From Endymion

A. S. EDDINGTON

If I were to try to put into words the essential truth revealed in the mystic experience, it would be that our minds are not apart from the world; and the feelings that we have of gladness and melancholy and our yet deeper feelings are not of ourselves alone, but are glimpses of a reality transcending the narrow limits of our particular consciousness—that the harmony and beauty of the face of Nature is at root one with the gladness that transfigures the face of man . . .

It is the aim of physical science, so far as its scope extends, to lay bare the fundamental structure underlying the world; but science has also to explain if it can, or else humbly to accept, the fact that from this world have arisen minds capable of transmuting the bare structure into the richness of our experience. It is not misrepresentation but rather achievement—the result perhaps of long ages of biological evolution—that we should have fashioned a familiar world out of the crude basis. It is a fulfilment of the purpose of man's nature. If likewise the spiritual world has been transmuted by a religious colour beyond anything implied in its bare external qualities, it may be allowable to assert with equal conviction that this is not misrepresentation but the achievement of a divine element in man's nature.

From The Nature of the Physical World

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Thanatopsis

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;—

Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice :—

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;

And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
 So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
 In silence from the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase
 His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glides away, the sons of men —
 The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
 The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man —
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
 By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So love, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, which moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

GEORGE SANTAYANA

Ideal Immortality

Nothing is eternal in its duration. The tide of evolution carries everything before it, thoughts no less than bodies, and persons no less than nations. Yet all things are eternal in their status, as truth is. The place which an event fills in history, is its inalienable place; the character that an act or feeling possesses in passing is its inalienable character. Now, the human mind is not merely animal, not merely absorbed in the felt transition from one state of life to another. It is partly synthetic, intellectual, contemplative, able to look before and after and to see fleeting things at once in their mutual relations, or,

as Spinoza expressed it, under the form of eternity. To see things under the form of eternity is to see them in their historic and moral truth, not as they seemed when they passed, but as they remain when they are over. When a man's life is over, it remains true that he has lived; it remains true that he has been one sort of man, and not another . . . A man who understands himself under the form of eternity knows the quality that belongs to him, and knows that he cannot wholly die, even if he would; for when the movement of his life is over, the truth of his life remains. The fact of him is a part forever of the infinite context of facts. This sort of immortality belongs passively to everything; but to the intellectual part of man it belongs actively also, because, in so far as it knows the eternity of truth, and is absorbed in it, the mind *lives* in *that* eternity. In caring only for the eternal, it has ceased to care for that part of itself which can die . . . Man alone knows that he must die; but that very knowledge raises him, in a sense, above immortality, by making him a sharer in the vision of eternal truth. He becomes the spectator of his own tragedy; he sympathizes so much with the fury of the storm that he has not ears left for the shipwrecked sailor, though that sailor were his own soul. The truth is cruel, but it can be loved, and it makes free those who have loved it.

From Little Essays

GEORGE MEREDITH

Dirge in Woods

A wind sways the pines,
And below
Not a breath of wild air;
Still as the mosses that glow
On the flooring and over the lines
Of the roots here and there
The pine tree drops its dead;
They are quiet, as under the sea.
Overhead, overhead
Rushes life in a race,
As the clouds the clouds chase;
And we go,
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
Even we,
Even so.

THOMAS FLATMAN

O the sad day!
 When friends shall shake their heads, and say
 Of miserable me—
 'Hark how he groans!
 Look, how he pants for breath!
 See how he struggles with the pangs of death!
 When they shall say of these dear eyes—
 'How hollow, O how dim they be!
 Mark how his breast doth rise and swell
 Against his potent enemy!
 When some old friend shall step to my bedside,
 Touch my chill face, and thence shall gently slide.
 But—when his next companions say
 'How does he do? What hopes?'—shall turn away,
 Answering only, with a lift-up hand—
 'Who can his fate withstand?
 Then shall a gasp or two do more
 Then e'er my rhetoric could before:
 Persuade the world to trouble me no more!

SIR JAMES GEORGE FRAZER

The Corn Myth

The thought of the seed buried in the earth in order to spring up to new and higher life readily suggested a comparison with human destiny, and strengthened the hope that for man too the grave may be but the beginning of a better and happier existence in some brighter world unknown. This simple and natural reflection seems perfectly sufficient to explain the association of the Corn Goddess at Eleusis with the mystery of death and the hope of a blissful immortality. For that the ancients regarded initiation in the Eleusinian mysteries as a key to unlock the gates of Paradise appears to be proved by the allusions which well-informed writers among them drop to the happiness in store for the initiated hereafter. No doubt it is easy for us to discern the flimsiness of the logical foundation on which such high hopes were built. But drowning men clutch at straws, and we need not wonder that the Greeks, like ourselves, with death be-

fore them and a great love of life in their hearts, should not have stopped to weigh with too nice a hand the arguments that told for and against the prospect of human immortality. The reasoning that satisfied Saint Paul and has brought comfort to untold thousands of sorrowing Christians, standing by the deathbed or the open grave of their loved ones, was good enough to pass muster with ancient pagans, when they too bowed their heads under the burden of grief, and, with the taper of life burning low in the socket, looked forward into the darkness of the unknown. Therefore we do no indignity to the myth of Demeter and Persephone—one of the few myths in which the sunshine and clarity of the Greek genius are crossed by the shadow and mystery of death—when we trace its origin to some of the most familiar, yet eternally affecting aspects of nature, to the melancholy gloom and decay of autumn and to the freshness, the brightness, and the verdure of spring.

From The Golden Bough

MARK VAN DOREN

Immortal

The last thin acre of stalks that stood
Was never the end of the wheat,
Always something fled to the wood,
As if the field had feet.

In front of the sickle something rose—
Mouse, or weasel, or hare;
We struck and struck, but our worst blows
Dangled in the air.

Nothing could touch the little soul
Of the grain. It ran to cover,
And nobody knew in what warm hole
It slept till the winter was over.

And early seeds lay cold in the ground.
Then—but nobody saw—
It burrowed back with never a sound,
And awoke the thaw.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Autumn

If ever my readers should decide to give up civilized life, cities, houses, and whatever moral or material enormities, in addition to these, the perverted ingenuity of our race has contrived, let it be in the early autumn. Then Nature will love him better than at any other season, and will take him to her bosom with a more motherly tenderness. I could scarcely endure the roof of the old house above me in those first autumnal days. How early in the summer, too, the prophecy of autumn comes!—earlier in some years than in others, sometimes even in the first weeks of July. There is no other feeling like what is caused by this faint, doubtful yet real perception—if it be not, rather, a foreboding—of the year's decay, so blessedly sweet and sad in the same breath. Did I say that there was no feeling like it? Ah! but there is!—a half-acknowledged melancholy like to this—when we stand in the perfected vigor of our life and feel that Time has now given us all his flowers, and that the next work of his neveridle fingers must be to steal them one by one away!

I have forgotten whether the song of the cricket be not as early a token of autumn's approach as any other—that song which may be called an audible stillness; for, though very loud and heard afar, yet the mind does not take note of it as a sound, so completely is its individual existence merged among the accompanying characteristics of the season. Alas for the pleasant summer-time! In August the grass is still verdant on the hills and in the valleys the foliage of the trees is as dense as ever and as green; the flowers gleam forth in richer abundance along the margin of the river and by the stone walls and deep among the woods; the days, too, are as fervid now as they were a month ago; and yet in every breath of wind and in every beam of sunshine we hear the whispered farewell, and behold the parting of a dear friend. There is a coolness amid all the heat—a mildness in the blazing noon. Not a breeze can stir but it thrills us with the breath of autumn. A pensive glory is seen in the far golden gleams, among the shadows of the trees. The flowers, even the brightest of them—and they are the most gorgeous of the year—have this gentle sadness wedded to their pomp, and typify the character of the delicious time, each within itself . . .

Still later in the season Nature's tenderness waxes stronger. It is impossible not to be fond of our mother now, for she is so fond of us. At other periods she does not make this impression on me, or only at rare intervals, but in those genial days of autumn, when she

has perfected her harvests and accomplished every needful thing that was given her to do—then she overflows with a blessed superfluity of love. She has leisure to caress her children now. It is good to be alive, and at such times. Thank Heaven for breath! yes, for mere breath, when it is made up of a heavenly breeze like this. It comes with a real kiss upon our cheeks. It would linger fondly around us, if it might, but, since it must be gone, it embraces us with its whole kindly heart and passes onward to embrace likewise the next thing that it meets. A blessing is flung abroad and scattered far and wide over the earth, to be gathered up by all who choose. I recline upon the still unwithered grass and whisper to myself, "O perfect day! O beautiful world! O beneficent God!" And it is the promise of a blessed eternity, for our Creator would never have made such lovely days and have given us the deep hearts to enjoy them above and beyond all thought unless we were meant to be immortal. This sunshine is the golden pledge thereof. It beams through the gates of Paradise and shows us glimpses far inward.

From Mosses from an Old Mass

THOMAS GRAY

The Epitaph

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode.
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

From Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

Ye who fear death, remember April
With its swords of jade on a thousand hills
And the warm south wind that whispers
Of cornel and purple squills.

Ye who fear death, remember April
With its moon-white trees and the new-turned sod,
And the bare brown branch that quickens
Like the soul of a saint to God.

Ye who fear death, remember April!
Earth holds the seed ere it comes to pass
That a white bud yields to the wind its perfumed breath,
Or stars burn gold in the tender grass.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

Man is entitled to believe in immortality; such belief is agreeable to his nature; and his instincts in this direction are confirmed by religious assurances. My belief in the immortality of the soul springs from the idea of activity; for when I persevere to the end in a course of restless activity, I have a sort of guarantee from Nature that, when the present form of my existence proves itself inadequate for the energizing of my spirit, she will provide another form more appropriate.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

The life in us is like the water in the river. It may rise this year higher than man has ever known it, and flood the parched uplands; even this may be the eventful year, which will drown out all our muskrats. It was not always dry land where we dwell. I see far inland the banks which the stream anciently washed, before science began to record its freshets. Every one has heard the story which has gone the rounds of New England, of a strong and beautiful bug which came out of the dry leaf of an old table of apple-tree wood, which had stood in a farmer's kitchen for sixty years, first in Connecticut,

and afterward in Massachusetts,—from an egg deposited in the living tree many years earlier still, as appeared by counting the annual layers beyond it; which was heard gnawing out for several weeks, hatched perchance by the heat of an urn. Who does not feel his faith in a resurrection and immortality strengthened by hearing of this? Who knows what beautiful and winged life, whose egg has been buried for ages under many concentric layers of woodenness in the dead dry life of society, deposited at the first in the alburnum of the green and living tree, which has been gradually converted into the semblance of its well-seasoned tomb,—heard perchance gnawing out now for years by the astonished family of man, as they sat around the festive board,—may unexpectedly come forth from amidst society's most trivial and handselled furniture, to enjoy its perfect summer life at last!

I do not say that John or Jonathan will realize all this; but such is the character of that morrow which mere lapse of time can never make to dawn. The light which puts out our eyes is darkness to us. Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star.

The winds which passed over my dwelling were such as sweep over the ridges of mountains, bearing the broken strains, or celestial parts only, of terrestrial music. The morning wind forever blows, the poem of creation is uninterrupted; but few are the ears that hear it. Olympus is but outside of the earth everywhere.

If you stand right fronting and face to face with a fact, you will see the sun glimmer on both its surfaces, as if it were a cimeter, and feel its sweet edge dividing you through the heart and marrow, and so you will happily conclude your mortal career. Be it life or death, we crave only reality. If we are really dying, let us hear the rattle in our throats and feel cold in the extremities; if we are alive, let us go about our business.

This whole earth which we inhabit is but a point in space. How far apart, think you, dwell the two most distant inhabitants of yonder star, the breadth of whose disk cannot be appreciated by our instruments? Why should I feel lonely? Is not our planet in the milky way?

I only know myself as a human entity; the scene, so to speak, of thoughts and affections; and am sensible of a certain doubleness by which I can stand as remote from myself as from another. However

intense my experience, I am conscious of the presence of and criticism of a part of me, which, as it were, is not a part of me, but spectator, sharing no experience, but taking note of it; and that is no more I than it is you. When the play, it may be the tragedy, of life is over, the spectator goes his way. It was a kind of fiction, a work of the imagination only, so far as he was concerned.

Any prospect of awakening or coming to life to a dead man makes indifferent all times and places. The place where that may occur is always the same, and indescribably pleasant to all our senses. For the most part we allow only outlying and transient circumstances to make our occasions. They are, in fact, the cause of our distraction. Nearest to all things is that power which fashions their being. *Next* to us the grandest laws are continually being executed. *Next* to us is not the workman whom we have hired, with whom we love so well to talk, but the workman whose work we are.

A field of water betrays the spirit that is in the air. It is continually receiving new life and motion from above. It is intermediate in its nature between land and sky. On land only the grass and trees wave, but the water itself is rippled by the wind. I see where the breeze dashes across it by the streaks or flakes of light. It is remarkable that we can look down on its surface. We shall, perhaps, look down thus on the surface of air at length, and mark where a still subtler spirit sweeps over it.

He is blessed who is assured that the animal is dying out in him day by day, and the divine being established.

The grass flames up on the hill sides like a spring fire,—“et primitus orbitur herba imbris primoribus evocata,”—as if the earth sent forth an inward heat to greet the returning sun; not yellow but green is the color of its flame;—the symbol of perpetual youth, the grass-blade, like a long green ribbon, streams from the sod into the summer, checked indeed by the frost, but anon pushing on again, lifting its spear of last year’s hay with the fresh life below. It grows as steadily as the rill oozes out of the ground. It is almost identical with that, for in the growing days of June, when the rills are dry, the grass-blades are their channels, and from year to year the herds drink at this perennial green stream, and the mower draws from it betimes their winter supply. So our human life but dies down to its root, and still puts forth its green blade to eternity.

I have penetrated to those meadows on the morning of many a first spring day, jumping from hummock to hummock, from willow root

to willow root, when the wild river valley and the woods were bathed in so pure and bright a light as would have waked the dead, if they had been slumbering in their graves, as some suppose. There needs no stronger proof of immortality. All things must live in such a light. O Death, where was thy sting? O Grave, where was thy victory, then?

As I stand over the insect crawling amid the pine needles on the forest floor, and endeavoring to conceal itself from my sight, and ask myself why it will cherish those humble thoughts and hide its head from me who might, perhaps, be its benefactor and impart to its race some cheering information, I am reminded of the greater Benefactor and Intelligence that stands over me, the human insect.

From Walden

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
—Every nighte and alle,
 Fire and fleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art past,
—Every nighte and alle,
 To Whinny-muir thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
—Every nighte and alle,
 Sit thee down and put them on:
And Christe receive thy saule.

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane
—Every nighte and alle,
 The whinnes sall prick thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou may'st pass,
—Every nighte and alle,
 To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass,
—Every nighte and alle,
 To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever gavest thou meat and drink,
—Every nighte and alle,
 The fire sall never make thee shrink;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st nane,
—Every nighte and alle,
 The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
—Every nighte and alle,
 Fire and fleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

Anonymous

THOMAS CARLYLE

Once more I say, sweep away the illusion of Time; compress the threescore years into three minutes: what else was he, what else are we? Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body, into an Appearance; and that fade away again into air and Invisibility? This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific fact: we start out of Nothingness, take figure, and are Apparitions; round us, as round the veriest specter, is Eternity; and to Eternity minutes are as years and æons. Come there not tones of Love and Faith, as from celestial harpstrings, like the Song of beautified Souls? And again, do not we squeak and gibber (in our discordant, screech-owlish debatings and recriminations); and glide bodeful, and feeble, and fearful; or uproar and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead,—till the scent of the morning air summons us to our still Home; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day? Where now is Alexander of Macedon: does the steel Host, that yelled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and Arbela, remain behind him; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed Goblins must? Napoleon too, and his Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Cam-

paigns! Was it all other than the veriest Specter-hunt; which has now, with its howling tumult that made Night hideous, flitted away? — Ghosts! There are nigh a half-hundred million walking the Earth openly at noontide; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it ere thy watch ticks once.

O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him; but are, in very deed, Ghosts! These Limbs, whence had we them; this stormy Force; this life-blood with its burning Passion? They are dust and shadow; a Shadow-system gathered round our ME: wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashed through his eyes; force dwells in his arm and heart: but warrior and war-horse are a vision; a revealed Force, nothing more. Stately they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm substance: fool! the Earth is but a film; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet's sounding. Plummet's? Fantasy herself will not follow them. A little while ago, they were not; a little while, and they are not, their very ashes are not.

So it has been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body; and forth issuing from Cimmerian Night, on Heaven's mission APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in each he expends: one grinding in the mill of Industry; one hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rock of Strife, in war with his fellows:—and then the Heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly Vesture falls away, and soon even to Sense becomes a vanished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown Deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are leveled, and her seas filled up, in our passage: can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence:—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

“We are such stuff
As Dreams are made on, and our little Life
Is rounded with a sleep!”

From Sartor Resartus

SIDNEY LANIER

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?

Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
marshes of Glynn . . .

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and
the skies:

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

From The Marshes of Glynn

FROM THE HYMN TO RA

Homage to thee, O thou who risest in the horizon as Ra, thou resteth upon law unchangeable and unalterable. Thou passest over the sky, and every face watcheth thee and thy course, for thou hast been hidden from their gaze. Thou dost show thyself at dawn and at eventide day by day . . . thy beams are upon all faces; the (number) of thy red and yellow rays cannot be known, nor can thy bright beams be told . . . Thou puttest an end to the hours of the night, and thou dost count them, even thou, thou endest them in thine own appointed season, and the earth becometh light.

Grant thou that I may come unto the heaven which is everlasting, and into the mountain where dwell thy favoured ones. May I be joined unto those shining beings, holy and perfect, who are in the Underworld; and may I come forth with them to behold thy beauties when thou shinest at eventide and goest to thy mother Nu. Thou dost place thyself in the west, and my two hands are (raised) in adoration of thee when thou settest as a living being. Behold, thou are the maker of eternity, and thou art adored when thou settest in the heavens. I have given my heart unto thee without wavering, O thou who are mightier than the gods. A hymn of praise to thee, O thou who risest unto gold, and who dost flood the world with light

on the day of thy birth. Make thou me glorious through words which when spoken must take effect in the underworld and grant thou that in the nether world I may be without evil. I pray thee to put my faults behind thee; grant thou that I may be one of thy loyal servants who are with the shining ones; may I be joined unto the souls which are in Ta-tchesertet, and may I journey into the Sekhet-Aaru by a prosperous and happy decree.

From the papyrus of Ani. Translated from the Egyptian by E. A. Wallis Budge

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

The Last Sleep

Some shining April I shall be asleep,
 And over me the ancient joy shall pass;
 I shall not see young Spring dance down the world
 With ribbons of green grass.

But I shall dream of all that I have lost—
 Breath of the wind, immortal loveliness,
 Wild beauty of the sunlight on the hills,
 Now mine no less.

Because I slumber. Nay, but more than mine,
 Since I a part of them shall strangely be . . .
 Only, I ask, when the pink hawthorn breaks,
 That one shall think of me.

CHUANG TSU

Nature Can Do No Wrong

The Master came, because it was his time to be born; he went, because it was his time to die. For those who accept the phenomenon of birth and death in this sense, lamentation and sorrow have no place. The ancients spoke of death as of God cutting down a man suspended in the air. The fuel is consumed, but the fire may be transmitted and we know not that it comes to an end.

Translated from the Chinese by H. A. Giles

RICHARD JEFFERIES

There were grass-grown tumuli on the hills to which of old I used to walk, sit down at the foot of one of them, and think. Some warrior had been interred there in the ante-historic times. The sun of the summer morning shone on the dome of sward, and the air came softly up from the wheat below; the tips of the grasses swayed as it passed sighing faintly; it ceased, and the bees hummed by to the thyme and heath-bells. I became absorbed in the glory of the day, the sunshine, the sweet air, the yellowing corn turning from its sappy green to summer's noon of gold, the lark's song like a waterfall in the sky. I felt at that moment that I was like the spirit of the man whose body was interred in the tumulus. I could understand and feel his existence the same as my own. He was as real to me two thousand years after interment as those I had seen in the body. The abstract personality of the dead seemed as existent as thought. As my thought could slip back the twenty centuries in a moment, to the forest-days when he hurled the spear or shot with the bow, hunting the deer, and could return again as swiftly to this moment, so his spirit could endure from then till now, and the time was nothing.

Two thousand years being a second to the soul could not cause its extinction. It was no longer to the soul than my thought occupied to me. Recognizing my own inner consciousness, the psyche, so clearly, death did not seem to me to affect the personality. In dissolution there was no bridgeless chasm, no unfathomable gulf of separation; the spirit did not immediately become inaccessible, leaping at a bound to an immeasurable distance. Look at another person while living; the soul is not visible, only the body which it animates. Therefore, merely because after death the soul is not visible is no demonstration that it does not still live. The condition of being unseen is the same condition which occurs while the body is living, so that intrinsically there is nothing exceptional, or supernatural in the life of the soul after death. Resting by the tumulus, the spirit of the man who had been interred there was to me really alive, and very close. This was quite natural, as natural and simple as the grass waving in the wind, the bees humming, and the larks' songs. Only by the strongest effort of the mind could I understand the idea of extinction; that was supernatural, requiring a miracle,—the immortality of the soul natural, like earth. Listening to the sighing of the grass I felt immortality as I felt the beauty of the summer morning; and I thought, beyond immortality, of other conditions, more beautiful than existence, higher than immortality.

From The Story of My Heart

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
 What if my leaves are falling like its own!
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
 Sweet though in sadness be thou, Spirit fierce
 My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
 Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
 And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
 Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

From Ode to the West Wind

ALEXIS CARRELL

Death is neither calamity, nor a blessing. It is a necessity of life. Our habits are institutions and are based on its existence; on the fact that a nation consists of a sequence of individuals. Death prevents the over-crowding of the earth. It liberates the new generations from the burden of the old. If the span of life were suddenly increased to 100 years, civilized countries could not stand the economic weight of populations composed mostly of senescent individuals.

Death is not an extraneous accident. It is part of ourself. It is present in the genes of the ovum. It works within our tissues during infancy and within our blood more actively before birth and infancy than in youth and maturity. It is probably the price we have to pay for our agility, the compactness of our body, the beauty of consciousness.

For every man death has a different meaning. In general, death is like the end of a dull, mediocre and sad day. Sometimes the peace of the sunset in the mountains or the rest of the hero after battle. Exceptionally it is the immersion of the soul in the splendor of God. In

order to apprehend, beyond the realm of symbols the true meaning of death, we must study life, and not death.

Perhaps some day, in the very distant future, a pleiad of geniuses greater than Galileo, Newton or Pasteur may rise and explore the abysses of our body and of our soul, and unveil the mystery of life and death.

There is no scientific fact or proof at the present time of the survival after the death of the mind, or of a part of the mind. But no one has the right to say that such survival is impossible.

From an Address at the New York Academy of Medicine

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races,
And winds, austere and pure:

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! and to hear again the call;
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,
And hear no more at all.

From Songs of Travel

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

Though it cannot well and altogether be denied but that death naturally is terrible and to be abhorred; it being a privation of life, and a not being, and every privation being abhorred of nature and evil in itself, the fear of it too being ingenerate universally in all creatures; yet I have often thought that even naturally, to a mind by only nature resolved and prepared, it is more terrible in conceit than in verity, and at the first glance than when well pried into; and that rather by the weakness of our fantasy, than by what is in it; and that the marble colours of obsequies, weeping, and funeral pomp (with which we ourselves limn it forth) did add much more ghastliness unto it than otherwise it hath. To aver which conclusion, when

I had recollected my over-charged spirits, I began thus with myself.

If on the great theatre of this earth, amongst the numberless number of men, to die were only proper to thee and thine, then undoubtedly thou hadst reason to grudge at so severe and partial a law. But since it is a necessity, from the which never an age by-past hath been exempted, and unto which these which be, and so many as are to come, are thralled (no consequent of life being more common and familiar), why shouldst thou, with unprofitable and nothing availing stubbornness, oppose to so inevitable and necessary a condition? This is the highway of mortality, our general home: behold, what millions have trod it before thee, what multitudes shall after thee, with them which at the same instant run! In so universal a calamity, if Death be one, private complaints cannot be heard: with so many royal palaces, it is small loss to see thy poor cabin burn. Shall the heavens stay their ever-rolling wheels, (for what is the motion of them but the motion of a swift and ever-whirling wheel, which twin-neth forth and again upwindeth our life?) and hold still time, to prolong thy miserable days, as if the highest of their working were to do homage unto thee? Thy death is a piece of the order of this All, a part of life of this world, some creatures must die, and others take life.

From A Cypress Grove

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

All goes to show that the soul in man is not an organ, but animates and exercises all the organs; is not a function, like the power of memory, of calculation, of comparison,—but uses these as hands and feet; is not a faculty, but a light; is not the intellect or the will, but the master of the intellect and the will;—is the vast background of our being, in which they lie,—an immensity not possessed and that cannot be possessed. From within or from behind, a light shines through us upon things and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all. A man is the facade of a temple wherein all wisdom and all good abide. What we commonly call man, the eating, drinking, planting, counting man, does not, as we know him, represent himself, but misrepresents himself. Him we do not respect, but the soul, whose organ he is, would he let it appear through his action, would make our knees bend . . .

The soul circumscribeth all things. As I have said, it contradicts all experience. In like manner it abolishes time and space. The influence of the senses has in most men overpowered the mind to that

degree that the walls of time and space have come to look solid, real and insurmountable; and to speak with levity of these limits is, in the world, the sign of insanity. Yet time and space are but inverse measures of the force of the soul. A man is capable of abolishing them both. The spirit sports with time—

Can crowd eternity into an hour,
Or stretch an hour to eternity.

The soul gives itself, alone, original and pure, to the Lonely, Original and Pure, who, on that condition, gladly inhabits, leads and speaks through it. Then is it glad, young and nimble. It is not wise, but it sees through all things. It is not called religious, but it is innocent. It calls the light its own, and feels that the grass grows and the stone falls by a law inferior to, and dependent on, its nature. Behold, it saith, I am born into the great, the universal mind. I, the imperfect, adore my own Perfect. I am somehow receptive of the great soul, and thereby I do overlook the sun and the stars and feel them to be but the fair accidents and effects which change and pass. More and more the surges of everlasting nature enter into me, and I become public and human in my regards and actions. So come I to live in thoughts and act with energies which are immortal.

From The Over-Soul

D. H. LAWRENCE

Moonrise

And who has seen the moon, who has not seen
 Her rise out of the chamber of the deep,
 Flushed and grand and naked, as from the chamber
 Of finished bridegroom, seen her rise and throw
 Confession of delight upon the wave,
 Littering the waves with her own superscription
 Of bliss, till all her lambent beauty shakes towards us
 Spread out and known at last, and we are sure
 That beauty is a thing beyond the grave,
 That perfect, bright experience never falls
 To nothingness, and time will dim the moon
 Sooner than our full consummation here
 In this odd life will tarnish or pass away.

WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING

Putting away all emphasis on moral ideals, let me look at things "naturally." It seems in this sense natural to me that men should be sinful. It seems also natural to me that they should be mortal. It is not mortality that looks strange to me; it is immortality. I could not rebel if I were told, without prejudice, that my range of existence would be as the range of my own effective wishes. This, I should say, is obvious justice. Let those who care for immortality take the pains; let the others have their own finite reward. Let each have the degree of life which his own status—by its natural hold on reality—commands.

This would leave us all in calm, were this the last word. For who could regard that a "punishment" which is simply a failure to attain an end that one does not want? You thunder at me that unless I repent of my sin, I shall perish. I reply, I am content to perish—indeed I had never aimed at anything else: I have not "insisted on being immortal."

But we are not thus left, by nature, at our natural ease. Having become self-conscious, we have no choice but to see life for the good it is, and to be restless at the thought of exclusion from that good. To lose life, to lose the quality of life, to lose the possibility of responding to what we believe to be the best, and hence the possibility of being with the best, to be unable, as Dostoievski's Father Zossima has it,—to be unable to love, and to know this inability and this loss: this is a torment to man as it is not to the other creatures. If man must recognize in himself a status of natural finitude, we must also admit, as an element in his original equipment, an impulse which repudiates that status and demands a being at the level of his appreciation. This is not something different from the will to power; but it is the deepest expression of it. It is *the will to overcome death*.

Religion has this service to render: it has co-operated with this human unwillingness to accept mortality. It has constantly reminded man how easily he may remain mortal, and how hardly he may earn immortality. It has made him pray with a touch of fear, "Take not thy holy spirit from me." There are those who refer to this state of mind as an "anxiety neurosis": it may become such. But in substance, it is simply the original man in his wholeness facing the fact of his natural status. Others have called it the "divine spark" which somehow disturbs our clod. Names matter little; but the experience, I dare say, in some form could ill be spared from the armory of man's remaking.

P A R T VIII

WHITE RADIANCE OF ETERNITY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star.
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar:
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy;
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
The Youth who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Oh joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
 Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
 Are yet a master-light of all our seeing :
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal silence : truths that wake,
 To perish never :
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
 Nor Man nor Boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !
 Hence in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us higher,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye Bards, sing, sing a joyous song !
 And let the young Lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound !
 We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts today
 Feel the gladness of the May !
 What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind ;
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be ;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering ;
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

From Ode upon the Intimations of Immortality

JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

As I grow older I grow calm. If I feel what are perhaps an old man's apprehensions, I do not lose my hopes. I do not pin my dreams for the future to my country or even to my race. I think it probable that civilization somehow will last as long as I care to look ahead—perhaps with smaller numbers, but perhaps also bred to greatness and splendor by science. I think it not improbable that man, like the grub that prepares a chamber for the winged thing it has never seen but is to be—that man may have cosmic destinies that he does not understand. And so beyond the vision of battling races and an impoverished earth I catch a dreaming glimpse of peace.

The other day my dream was pictured to my mind. It was evening. I was walking homeward on Pennsylvania Avenue near the Treasury, and as I looked beyond Sherman's statue to the west the city was aflame with scarlet and crimson from the setting sun. But like the note of downfall in Wagner's opera, below the sky-line there came from little globes the pallid discord of the electric lights. And I thought to myself the *Gotterdamerung* will end, and from those globes clustered like evil eggs will come new masters of the sky. It is like the times in which we live. But then I remembered the faith

that I partly have expressed, faith in a universe not measured by our fears, a universe that has thought and more than thought inside of it, and as I gazed, after the sunset and above the electric lights there shone the stars.

From an Address on Law and Order

WILLIAM BLAKE

"What!" it will be questioned, "When the sun rises, do you not see a round disc of fire, somewhat like a guinea?" Oh, no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying: "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!" I question not my corporeal eye, any more than I would question a window concerning a light. I look through it and not with it.

From The Vision of the Last Judgment

VIRGIL

Elysium

When at length these duties were completed, and the offering prescribed by the goddess performed, they came to pleasant places, and the smiling lawns of happy groves, and the homes of the blessed. Here a bright sky robes the fields with fuller radiance and with dazzling light; and they know their own sun, their own stars. Some exercise their limbs on grassy wrestling-ground; in sport they contend, and struggle on the yellow sand: some mark the measure with their feet, and sing songs. Likewise the holy Thracian bard, in his flowing dress, keeps time to the music with the seven separate notes of the voice; and strikes them now with his fingers, now with his ivory quill. Here is the ancient progeny of Teucer, a beauteous race, valiant heroes, born in better years, both Ilus, and Assaracus, and Dardanus the founder of Troy. From a distance he views with wonder the visionary arms and chariots of the heroes. Their lances stand fixed in the ground, and all about their steeds unharnessed are feeding o'er the plain. The delight in chariots and arms they had when living, the care they took to feed their glossy steeds, attends them undiminished now they are laid in earth. Lo, he observes others to right and left among the grass, banqueting, and chanting in chorus

the joyful Paean, amid the fragrant grove of bay-trees, whence to the world above the full-flowing stream of Eridanus rolls onward through the forest.

From the Aeneid. Translated by James Lansdale and Samuel Lee

HONORÉ DE BALZAC

There are within us two distinct beings. According to Swedenborg, the angel is the individual in whom the inward being has triumphed over the outward being. If a man desires to obey his calling as an angel (when reflection has shown him the fact of his double existence) he must seek to nourish the exquisite angelic nature which is within him. If, failing to possess this translucent vision of his destiny, he lets the corporeal tendencies predominate, instead of merely strengthening and supporting the intellectual life, his powers pass into the service of his external senses, and the angel slowly perishes through the materialization of both natures. On the other hand, if he nourishes the inward being with the essences that accord with it, the soul rises above matter and endeavors to get free of it. When the separation takes place under the form which we call death, the angel, powerful enough to break loose from its envelope, continues to exist, and its true life begins.

From Louis Lambert

EMMANUEL SWEDENBORG

I was once engaged in conversation with a novitiate spirit, who, during his abode in the world, had meditated much about heaven and hell. By novitiate spirits we mean men lately deceased, who being then spiritual men, are called spirits. When he first entered the spiritual world he began in like manner to meditate about heaven and hell, and while he was meditating about heaven he felt himself in a state of gladness, but while about hell in a state of sorrow.

Then, from the burning desire he had to get information, he fell on his knees, and prayed earnestly to the Lord to be instructed; and lo! an angel appeared on his right hand, and raised him, and said, "You have prayed to be instructed about heaven and hell: INQUIRE AND LEARN WHAT DELIGHT IS, AND YOU WILL KNOW." Having said this, the angel was taken up from him.

So presently departing from the place where he stood, he wandered

about, and addressed all that he met, saying, "I pray you be so kind as to inform me what delight is?" Some replied, "What a strange question! Who does not know what delight is? Is it not joy and gladness? Delight then is delight, and one delight is like another: we know no difference." Others said, "Delight is the mind's laughter; for while the mind laughs, the countenance is merry, the discourse jocular, the gestures sportive, and the whole man is in the enjoyment of delight." But some said, "Delight is the gratification of feasting, eating all kinds of dainties, and drinking generous wines to intoxication, and at the same time conversing on various subjects, particularly on such as relate to the indulgences of Venus and Cupid." On hearing these descriptions of delight, the novitiate spirit in some warmth said within himself, "These are the answers of clowns, and not of sensible men. These delights do not constitute either heaven or hell. O that I could meet with some wise persons." So he left these and began to inquire for wise men. Then a certain angelic spirit observed him, and said, "I will conduct you to the top of a hill, where a daily assembly is held of those who inquire into effects, of those who investigate causes, and of those who explore ends."

Immediately taking the novitiate spirit by the hand, he led him to the top of a hill, and introduced him to the assembly of those who explore ends, and who are abstractedly called wisdoms; and the novitiate spirit said, "Pardon, I entreat you, my intrusion: the cause of my coming hither is to inquire about heaven and hell; . . . therefore I entreat you to be so kind as to teach me what is meant by delight."

To this the wisdoms replied, "Delight is the all of life to every one in heaven, and the all of life to every one in hell: those who are in heaven perceive the delight of what is good and true, while those who are in hell, the delight of what is evil and false: for all delight is of love, and love is the *esse* of a man's life; and as a man is a man according to the quality of his love, so is he a man also according to the quality of his delight. The activity of love is what produces the sense of delight, which activity in heaven is attended with wisdom, and in hell with insanity, each of which in its respective subjects closes in delight; but the heavens and the hells are in opposite delights, the heavens being in the love of good, and thence in the delight of doing good. Whereas the hells are in the love of evil, and thence in the delight of doing evil: thus by knowing what delight is, you will know the nature and quality of both heaven and hell."

After this appeared the angels who from ends see causes, and by causes effects, and who inhabited the heaven immediately over those three companies; they appeared in a clear bright light, which de-

scending in spiral flexures, brought along with it a round garland of flowers, and placed it on the head of the novitiate spirit; and immediately these words issuing from the light were addressed to him: "This laurel crown is given you, because from your childhood you have meditated about heaven and hell."

From The True Christian Faith

SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS

The Sovereign Wisdom

I entered, but I knew not where, and there I stood not knowing, all science transcending. I knew not where I entered, for when I stood within, not knowing where I was, I heard great things. What I heard I will not tell; I was there as one who knew not, all science transcending.

Of peace and devotion the knowledge was perfect, in solitude profound; the right way was clear, but so secret was it, that I stood babbling, all science transcending.

I stood enraptured in ecstasy, beside myself, and in my every sense no sense remained. My spirit was endowed with understanding, understanding nought, all science transcending.

The higher I ascended the less I understood. It is the dark cloud illumining the night. Therefore he who understands knows nothing, all science transcending.

He who really ascends so high annihilates himself, and all his previous knowledge seems ever less and less; his knowledge so increases that he knoweth nothing, all science transcending.

This knowing that knows nothing is so potent in its might that the prudent in their reasoning can never defeat it; for their wisdom never reaches to the understanding that understandeth nothing, all science transcending.

This sovereign wisdom is of an excellence so high that no faculty nor science can ever unto it attain. He who shall overcome himself by the knowledge which knows nothing will always rise, all science transcending.

And if you would listen, this sovereign wisdom doth consist in a sense profound of the essence of God: it is an act of His compassion, to leave us, nought understanding, all science transcending.

From St. John of the Cross: Life and Works. Translated by David Lewis

FRANCIS THOMPSON

The Kingdom of God

O world invisible, we view thee,
 O world intangible, we touch thee,
 O world unknowable, we know thee,
 Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
 The eagle plunge to find the air—
 That we ask of the stars in motion
 If they have rumor of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
 And our benumbed conceiving soars!—
 The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
 Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;—
 Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
 'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
 That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
 Cry;—and upon thy so sore loss
 Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
 Pitched between Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, My Soul, my daughter,
 Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hembs;
 And, lo, Christ walking on the water
 Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

THE HOLY BIBLE

The Holy Jerusalem

And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God,

Having the glory of God : and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal;

And had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel :

On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates.

And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.

And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof.

And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth: and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal.

And he measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel.

And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.

And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald;

The fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolyte; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst.

And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every gate was of one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

And I saw no temple therein; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the Temple of it.

Revelation 21:10-22

HENRY VAUGHAN

The World

I saw Eternity the other night
Like a great *Ring* of pure and endless light,
 All calm as it was bright,
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
 Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd, in which the world
 And all her train were hurled;
The doting Lover in his queintest strain
 Did there complain,
Near him, his Lute, his fancy, and his flights,
 Wits sour delights,
With gloves, and knots the silly snares of pleasure
 Yet his dear Treasure
All scatter'd lay, while his eyes did pour
 Upon a flow'r.

The darksome States-man hung with weights and woe
 Like a thick midnight-fog mov'd there so slow
 He did not stay, nor go;
 Condemning thoughts (like sad Ecclipses) scowl
 Upon his soul,
 And clouds of crying witnesses without
 Pursued him with one shout.
 Yet dig'd the Mole, and lest his ways be found
 Workt under ground,
 Where he did Clutch his prey, but one did see
 That policie,
 Churches and altars fed him, Perjuries
 Were gnats and flies,
 It rain'd about him blood and tears, but he
 Drank them as free.

The fearfull miser on a heap of rust
 Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
 His own hands with the dust,
 Yet would not place one peece above, but lives
 In feare of theeves.
 Thousands there were as frantick as himself
 And hug'd each one his pelf,
 The down-right Epicure plac'd heav'n in sense
 And scorn'd pretence
 While others slipt into a wide Excesse
 Said little lesse;
 The weaker sort slight, triviall wares Inslave
 Who think them brave,
 The poor, despised truth sate Counting by
 Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
 And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the *Ring*,
 But most would use no wing.
 O fools (said I), thus to prefer dark night
 Before true light,
 To live in grots, and caves, and hate the day
 Because it shows the way,
 The way which from this dead and dark abode
 Leads up to God,
 A way where you might tread the Sun, and be
 More bright than he.
 But as I did their madness so discusse
 One whisper'd thus,
This Ring, the Bride-groome did for none provide
 But for his bride.

DANTE ALIGHIERI

Paradise

And I saw light in the form of a river, bright with effulgence, between two banks painted with a marvellous spring. Out of this stream were issuing living sparks, and on every side were setting themselves in flowers, like rubies which gold encompasses. Then, as if inebriated by the odors, they plunged again into the wonderful flood, and as one was entering another was issuing forth.

"The high desire which now inflames and urges thee to have knowledge concerning that which thou seest, pleases me the more, the more it swells, but thou must needs drink this water before so great a thirst in thee be slaked." Thus the Sun of my eyes said to me; thereon she added, "The stream, and the topazes which enter and issue, and the smiling of the herbage, are foreshadowing prefaces of their truth; not that these things are in themselves immature, but there is a defect on thy part who hast not yet vision so lofty."

There is no babe who so hastily springs with face toward the milk, if he awake much later than his wont, as I did, to make better mirrors yet of my eyes, stooping to the wave which flows in order that one may be bettered in it. And even as the eaves of my eyelids drank of it, so it seemed to me from its length to become round. Then as folk who have been under masks, who seem other than before, if they divest themselves of the semblance not their own in which they disappeared, thus for me the flowers and the sparks were changed into greater festival, so that I saw both the Courts of Heaven manifest.

O splendor of God, by means of which I saw the high triumph of the true kingdom, give me power to tell how I saw it!

Light is thereabove which makes the Creator visible to that creature which has its peace only in seeing Him; and it is extended in a circular figure so far that its circumference would be too wide a girdle for the sun. Its whole appearance is made of a ray reflected from the summit of the First Moving Heaven, which therefrom takes its life and potency. And as a hill mirrors itself in water at its base, as if to see itself adorned, rich as it is with verdure and with flowers, so ranged above the light, round and round about, on more than a thousand seats, I saw mirrored all who of us have returned on high. And if the lowest row gather within itself so great a light, how vast if the spread of this rose in its outermost leaves! My sights lost not itself in the breadth and in the height, but took in all the quantity and the quality of that joy. There near and far nor add nor take away; for where God immediately governs the natural law is of no relevancy.

In form then of a pure white rose the holy host was shown to me, which, in His own blood, Christ made His bride. But the other, which, flying, sees and sings the glory of Him who enamours it, and the goodness which made it so great, like a swarm of bees which one while are among the flowers and anon return to the place where their work gets its savor, were descending into the great flower which is adorned with so many leaves, and thence rising up again to where their love always abides. Their faces were all of living flame, and their wings of gold, and the rest so white that no snow reaches that extreme. When they descended into the flower, from bench to bench, they imparted somewhat of the peace of the ardor which they acquired as they fanned their sides. Nor did the interposing of such a flying plenitude between what was above and the flower impede the sight and the splendor, for the divine light penetrates through the universe, according as it is worthy, so that naught can be an obstacle to it. This secure and joyous realm, thronged with ancient and modern folk, had all its look and love upon one mark.

O Trinal Light, which in a single star, scintillating on their sight, so satisfies them, look down here upon our tempest!

I lifted up mine eyes, and as at morning the eastern part of the horizon surpass that where the sun declines, thus, as if going with my eyes from valley to mountain, I saw a part on the extreme verge vanquishing in light all the other front. And even as there where the pole which Phaeton guided ill is awaited, the flame is brighter, and on this side and that the light grows less, so that pacific oriflamme was vivid at the middle, and on each side in equal measure the flame slackened. And at that mid part I saw more than a thousand jubilant Angels with wings outspread, each distinct both in brightness and in act. I saw there, smiling at their sports and at their songs, a Beauty which was joy in the eyes of all the other saints. And if I had such wealth of speech as in imagining, I should not dare to attempt the least of its delightfulness.

From Canto XXXI

O abundant Grace, whereby I presumed to fix my eyes through the Eternal Light so far that there I consumed my sight!

In its depth I saw that whatsoever is dispersed through the universe is there included, bound with love in one volume; substance and accidents and their modes, fused together, as it were, in such wise, that that of which I speak is one simple Light. The universal form of this knot I believe that I saw, because in saying this I feel that I more at large rejoice. One instant only is greater oblivion for me than five

and twenty centuries to the enterprise which made Neptune wonder at the shadow of Argo.

Thus my mind, wholly rapt, was gazing fixed, motionless and intent, and ever with gazing grew enkindled. In that Light one becomes such that it is impossible he should ever consent to turn himself from it for other sight because the Good which is the object of the will is all collected in it, and outside of it that is defective which is perfect there.

O Light Eternal, that sole dwellest in Thyself, sole understandest Thyself, and, by Thyself understood and understanding, lovest and smilest on Thyself!

From Canto XXXIII. From the Divine Comedy. Translated by Charles Eliot Norton

BLAISE PASCAL

Do not consider the faithful, who have died in the grace of God, as having ceased to live, though nature suggests this; but as now beginning to live, for so the truth assures us. Do not regard their souls as perished and annihilated, but as quickened and united to the sovereign source of life.

We must not then give up this love of life which was given us by nature; for we have received it from God. But then, let it be a love for that same life which God gave, and not for a life directly contrary to it. And whilst we approve the love which Adam felt to the life of innocence, and which Jesus Christ also had for his life, let it be our business to hate a life, the reverse of that which Jesus Christ loved, and to attain to that death which Jesus Christ experienced, and which happens to a body approved of God; but let us not dread a death, which, as it operates to punish a guilty body, and to cleanse a vitiated body, ought to inspire in us very different feelings, if we have but the principles, in however small a degree, of faith, hope, and charity.

Man is but a reed,—and the weakest in nature; but then he is a reed that thinks. It does not need the universe to crush him: a breath of air, a drop of water, will kill him. But even if the material universe should overwhelm him, man would be more noble than that which destroys him; because he knows that he dies, while the universe knows nothing of the advantage which it obtains over him.

Let any man examine his thoughts; he will find them ever occupied with the past or the future. We scarcely think at all of the present; or if we do, it is only to borrow the light which it gives, for regulating the future. The present is never our object: the past and the present we use as means; the future only is our object. Thus in fact we never live, we only hope to live; and thus ever doing nothing, but preparing to be happy, it is certain that we never shall be so, unless we seek a higher felicity than this short life can yield.

I hold it impossible to know the parts, without knowing the whole, and equally so to know the whole, without knowing the parts in detail.

And that which completes our inability to know the essential nature of things is, that they are simple, and that we are a compound of two different and opposing natures, body and spirit; for it is impossible that the portion of us which thinks, can be other than spiritual; and as to the pretense, that we are simply corporeal, that would exclude us still more entirely from the knowledge of things; because there is nothing more inconceivable, than that matter could comprehend itself . . . Man is, to himself, the most astonishing object in nature, for he cannot conceive what body is, still less what spirit is, and less than all, how a body and a spirit can be united.

The soul is placed in the body to sojourn there for a short time. She knows that this is only the prelude to an eternal progress, to prepare for which, she has but the short period of this present life. Of this the mere necessities of nature engross a large portion, and the remainder which she might use, is small indeed. Yet this little is such a trouble to her, and the source of such strange perplexity, that she only studies how to throw it away. To live with herself, and to think of herself, is a burden quite insupportable. Hence all her care is to forget herself and to let this period, short and precious as it is, flow on without reflection, whilst she is busied with things that prevent her from thinking of it.

Men finding that they had no remedy for death, misery, and ignorance, have imagined that the way to happiness was not to think of these things. This is all that they have been able to invent, to console themselves in the midst of so much evil. But it is wretched comfort; since it does not profess to cure the mischief, but merely to hide it for a short time.

*From The Thoughts of Pascal. Translated
by Edward Craig*

ISAAC WATTS

Heaven

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see that Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes—

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Could fright us from the shore.

THE HOLY BIBLE

The Great Multitude of the Redeemed

After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands;

And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God,

Saying, Amen : Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these that are arrayed in white robes ? and whence came they ?

And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple : and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters : and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Revelation 7:9-17

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

The Mystics

I hearing get who had but ears,
And sight who had but eyes before.
I moments live who lived but years,
And truth discern who knew but learning's lore.

I hear beyond the range of sound ;
I see beyond the range of light ;
New earths and skies and seas around ;
And in my day the sun doth pale his light.

SAINT THERESA

There is excited in the interior of the soul so great a sweetness, that it makes her perceive very clearly our Lord is very near to her. This is

not that kind of devotion which excites one much to tears; for though these cause a certain tenderness when one weeps either over our Lord's passion, or over our own sins, yet it is not so great as this prayer I speak of, and which I call the "Prayer of Quiet," on account of the repose it produces in all the powers, so that the person seems to possess God just as he wishes most. It is true, that sometimes one finds it otherwise, when the soul is not so engulfed; but with this sweetness the whole interior and exterior man seems to be delighted, as if some very delicious ointment were poured into the inmost part of the soul, just like an exquisite perfume! It is as if we suddenly came into a place where it is exhaling, not only from one, but from many things; and we know not what it is, nor from which of them the scent comes, but they all penetrate us. And so this most delicious love of our God seems to enter into the soul with such great sweetness, as to content and satisfy her, though she cannot understand what it is.

*From The Way of Perfection. Translated
from the Spanish by John Dalton*

THE HOLY BIBLE

A Building of God

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven: . . .

For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.

Now he that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, who also hath given us the earnest of the Spirit.

Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord:

(For we walk by faith, not by sight:)

We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.

Wherefore we labour, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him.

For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that

every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.

II Corinthians 5:1-10

THE KORAN

Mecca

In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful

When the day that must come shall have come suddenly,
 None shall treat that sudden coming as a lie:
 Day that shall abase! Day that shall exalt!
 When the earth shall be shaken with a shock,
 And the mountains shall be crumbled with a crumbling,
 And shall become scattered dust,
 And into three bands shall ye be divided:
 Then the people of the right hand—Oh! how happy shall be the
 people of the right hand!
 And the people of the left hand—Oh! how wretched shall be the
 people of the left hand!
 And they who were foremost on *earth*—the foremost still.
 These are they who shall be brought nigh to God,
 In gardens of delight;
 A crowd of the former
 And few of the latter generations;
 On inwrought couches
 Reclining on them face to face:
 Aye-blooming youths go round about to them
 With goblets and ewers and a cup of flowing wine;
 Their brows ache not from it, nor fails the sense:
 And with such fruits as shall please them best,
 And with flesh of such birds, as they shall long for:
 And theirs shall be the Houris, with large dark eyes, like pearls
 hidden in their shells,
 In recompense of their labours past.
 No vain discourse shall they hear therein, nor charge of sin,
 But only the cry, “Peace! Peace!”
 And the people of the right hand—oh! how happy shall be the
 people of the right hand!
 Amid thornless sidrahs
 And tall trees clad with fruit,

And in extended shade,
 And by flowing waters,
 And with abundant fruits,
 Unfailing, unforbidden,
 And on lofty couches.
 Of a *rare* creation have we created the Houris,
 And we have made them ever virgins,
 Dear to their spouses, of equal age *with them*,
 For the people of the right hand,
 A crowd of the former,
 And a crowd of the latter generations.
 But the people of the left hand—oh! how wretched shall be the
 people of the left hand!
 Amid pestilential winds and in scalding water,
 And in the shadow of a black smoke,
 Not cool, and horrid to behold.
 For they truly, ere this, were blessed with worldly goods,
 But persisted in heinous sin,
 And were wont to say,
 “What! after we have died, and become dust and bones, shall we
 be raised?
 And our fathers, the men of yore?”
 SAY: Aye, the former and the latter:
 Gathered shall they all be for the time of a known day.
 Then ye, O ye the erring, the gainsaying,
 Shall surely eat of the tree Ez-zakkoum,
 And fill your bellies with it,
 And thereupon shall ye drink boiling water,
 And ye shall drink as the thirsty camel drinketh.
 This shall be their repast in the day of reckoning!
 We created you, will ye not credit us?
 What think ye? The germs of life—
 Is it ye who create them? or are we their creator?
 It is we who have decreed that death should be among you;
 Yet are we not *thereby* hindered from replacing you with others,
 your likes, or from producing you again in a form which ye know
 not!
 Ye have known the first creation: will ye not then reflect?
 What think ye? That which ye sow—
 Is it ye who cause its upgrowth, or do we cause it to spring forth?
 If we pleased we could so make your harvest dry and brittle that ye
 would ever marvel and say,
 “Truly we have been at cost, yet are we forbidden harvest.”
 What think ye of the water ye drink?

Is it ye who send it down from the clouds, or send we it down?
 Brackish could we make it, if we pleased: will ye not then be
 thankful?

What think ye? The fire which ye obtain by friction—
 Is it ye who rear its tree, or do we rear it?
 It is we who have made it for a memorial and a benefit to the way-
 farers of the desert,

Praise therefore the name of thy Lord, the Great.
 It needs not that I swear by the setting of the stars,
 And it is a great oath, if ye knew it,
 That this is the honourable Koran,
 Written in the preserved Book:
 Let none touch it but the purified,
 It is a revelation from the Lord of the worlds.
 Such tidings as these will ye disdain?
 Will ye make it your daily bread to gainsay them?
 Why, at the moment when the soul of a dying man shall come up
 into his throat,

And when ye are gazing at him,
 Though we are nearer to him than ye, although ye see us not:—
 Why do ye not, if ye are to escape the judgment,
 Cause that soul to return? Tell me, if ye speak the truth.
 But as to him who shall enjoy near access to God,
 His shall be repose, and pleasure, and a garden of delights.
 Yea, for him who shall be of the people of the right hand,
 Shall be the greeting from the people of the right hand—
 “Peace be to thee.”

But for him who shall be of those who treat the prophets as de-
 ceivers,

And of the erring,
 His entertainment shall be of scalding water,
 And the broiling of hell-fire.
 Verily this is a certain truth:
 Praise therefore the name of thy Lord, the Great.

*From XLV, Sura LVI—The Inevitable. Trans-
 lated from the Arabic by J. M. Rodwell*

PYRAMID TEXTS

Like a bird the dead flies up to heaven: he goes to heaven like the
 hawks and his feathers are like those of the geese, he rushes at heaven

like a crane, he kisses heaven like the falcon, he leaps to heaven like the grasshopper. Thus he flies away from you, ye men; he is no more upon earth, he is in heaven with his brethren the gods, where the goddess of heaven stretches out her hands to him. He ascends to heaven, to thee, oh Ra, with the head of a falcon and wings of a goose . . . he moves his arms as a goose, and flaps his wings like a bird. He who flies, flies, oh ye men, and this one flies away from you. In heaven, however, that goddess Nut places him as an imperishable star which is upon her, she it is who makes his life, she it is who gives birth to him. In the night he is begotten, in the night he is born; he belongs to those who are behind Ra, to those who are before the morning star. He journeys to the east side of heaven, to the place where the gods are born, and where, with them, he will be born, renewed, rejuvenated.

(In the Judgment Hall of Osiris)

Praise to you, ye gods, ye who are in the hall of the two truths, in whose body is no lie, and who live in truth. Behold, I come to you, without sin, without evil. I live by truth, and feed myself with the truth of my heart. I have done that which man commandeth and that wherewith the gods are content. I have pleased the god with that which he loveth. I have given bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothing to the naked, and a passage over the river to him who hath no boat. I have made offerings to the god and funerary gifts to the illuminated.

Deliver me, protect me; Ye do not accuse me before the great god. I am one who hath a clean mouth and pure hands, one to whom those who see them cry, "Welcome, welcome."

*Translated from the Egyptian by A. S.
Griffith*

THE HOLY BIBLE

The Last Judgment

When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats:

And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:

For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:

I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me.

And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

Matthew 25:31-46

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

A single step that freed me from the skirts
 Of the blind vapour, opened to my view
 Glory beyond all glory ever seen
 By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
 The appearance instantaneously disclosed,
 Was of a mighty city—boldly say

A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendour—without end !
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted ; here, serene pavilions bright
In avenues disposed : there towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems !
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified ; on them, and on the coves
And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapours had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky.
Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight !
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous, enwrapped.
Right in the midst, where interspace appeared
Of open court, an object like a throne
Beneath a shining canopy of state
Stood fixed ; and fixed resemblances were seen
To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified ;
Such as by Hebrew prophets were beheld
In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest power,
For admiration and mysterious awe.
Below me was the earth ; this little vale
Lay low beneath my feet ; 'twas visible—
I saw not, but I felt that this was there.
That which I saw was the revealed abode
Of spirits in beatitude : my heart
Swelled in my breast.—‘I have been dead,’ I cried,
‘And now I live ! Oh ! wherefore do I live ?’
And with that pang I pray to be no more !—

THE TALMUD

"He caused the lame to mount on the back of the blind, and judged them both as one." Antonius said to the Rabbi, "Body and soul might each plead right of acquittal at the day of judgment." "How so?" he asked. "The body might plead that it was the soul that had sinned, and urge, saying, 'See, since the departure of the soul I have lain in the grave as still as a stone.' And the soul might plead, 'It was the body that sinned, for since the day I left it, I have flitted about in the air as innocent as a bird.'" To which the Rabbi replied and said, "Whereunto this thing is like, I will tell thee in a parable. It is like unto a king who had an orchard with some fine young fig-trees planted in it. He set two gardeners to take care of them, of whom one was lame and the other blind. One day the lame one said to the blind, 'I see some fine figs in the garden; come, take me on thy shoulders, and we will pluck them and eat them.' By and by the lord of the garden came, and missing the fruit from the fig-trees, began to make inquiry after them. The lame one, to excuse himself, pled, 'I have no legs to walk with;' and the blind one, to excuse himself, pled, 'I have no eyes to see with.' What did the lord of the garden do? He caused the lame to mount upon the back of the blind, and judged them both as one." So likewise will God re-unite soul and body, and judge them both as one together; as it is written, "He shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that He may judge His people." "He shall call to the heavens from above," that alludes to the soul; "and to the earth, that He may judge His people," that refers to the body."

From Sanhedrin. Translated by Paul Isaac Hershon

THE NEW JERUSALEM

Hierusalem, my happy home,
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my sorrows have an end,
 Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of the saints!
 O sweet and pleasant soil!
 In thee no sorrow may be found,
 No grief, no care, no toil.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
 There envy bears no sway ;
 There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
 But pleasure every way.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
 Thy bulwarks diamonds square ;
 Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
 Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
 With carbuncles do shine ;
 Thy very streets are paved with gold,
 Surpassing clear and fine.

Ah, my sweet home, Hierusalem,
 Would God I were in thee !
 Would God my woes were at an end,
 Thy joys that I might see !

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
 Continually are green ;
 There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
 As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
 The flood of Life doth flow ;
 Upon whose banks on every side
 The wood of Life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
 And evermore do spring ;
 There evermore the angels sit,
 And evermore do sing.

Our Lady sings *Magnificat*
 With tones surpassing sweet ;
 And all the virgins bear their part,
 Sitting about her feet.

Hierusalem, my happy home,
 Would God I were in thee !
 Would God my woes were at an end,
 Thy joys that I might see !

ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

God and the World

Undoubtedly, the intuitions of Greek, Hebrew, and Christian thought have alike embodied the notions of a static God condescending to the world, and of a world *either* thoroughly fluent, *or* accidentally static, but finally fluent—‘heaven and earth shall pass away.’ In some schools of thought, the fluency of the world is mitigated by the assumption that selected components in the world are exempt from this final fluency, and achieve a static survival. Such components are not separated by any decisive line from analogous components for which the assumption is not made. Further, the survival is construed in terms of a final pair of opposites, happiness for some, torture for others.

Such systems have the common character of starting with a fundamental intuition which we do mean to express, and of entangling themselves in verbal expressions, which carry consequences at variance with the initial intuition of permanence in fluency and of fluency in permanence.

But civilized intuition has always, although obscurely, grasped the problem as double and not as single. There is not the mere problem of fluency *and* permanence. There is the double problem: actuality with permanence, requiring fluency as its completion; and actuality with fluency, requiring permanence as its completion. The first half of the problem concerns the completion of God’s primordial nature by the derivation of his consequent nature from the temporal world. The second half of the problem concerns the completion of each fluent actual occasion by its function of objective immortality, devoid of ‘perpetual perishing,’ that is to say, ‘everlasting.’

This double problem cannot be separated into two distinct problems. Either side can only be explained in terms of the other. The consequent nature of God is the fluent world become ‘everlasting’ by its objective immortality in God. Also the objective immortality of actual occasions requires the primordial permanence of God, whereby the creative advance ever re-establishes itself endowed with initial subjective aim derived from the relevance of God to the evolving world.

What is done in the world is transformed into a reality in heaven, and the reality in heaven passes back into the world. By reason of this reciprocal relation, the love in the world passes into the love in heaven, and floods back again into the world. In this sense, God is the great companion—the fellow-sufferer who understands.

We find here the final application of the doctrine of objective immortality. Throughout the perishing occasions in the life of each temporal Creature, the inward source of distaste or of refreshment, the judge arising out of the very nature of things, redeemer or goddess of mischief, is the transformation of Itself, everlasting in the Being of God. In this way, the insistent craving is justified—the insistent craving that zest for existence be refreshed by the ever-present, unfading importance of our immediate actions, which perish and yet live for evermore.

From Process and Reality

SAINT AUGUSTINE

For a man is never in so good a state as when his whole life is a journey towards the immutable life, and his affections are entirely set upon it.

Immortality will be health.

We ascend into heaven if we think of God, who hath made modes of ascent in the heart.

There is a nature which is mutable with regard to both space and time, such is the body. There is another nature which is in no way mutable with regard to space but only with regard to time, such is the soul. And there is a nature which is mutable with regard neither to space nor to time; this is God.

God, from whom to depart is to die, to whom to return is to be restored to life, in whom to dwell is to live.

Let us press onward to that good which is without motion in place, without revolution in time, and from whence all natural things receive in place and time their form and appearance.

Peace will be there, perfect peace will be there. Where thou wishest thou shalt be, but from God thou wilt not depart. Where thou wishest thou shalt be, but wherever thou goest thou shalt have thy God. With Him, from whom thou art blessed, shalt thou ever be.

Peace shall be thy gold. Peace shall be thy silver. Peace shall be thy life. Peace shall be thy God. Peace shall be to thee whatsoever thou dost desire. For here what is gold cannot be silver to thee; what is wine cannot be bread to thee; what is light to thee cannot be drink to thee. Thy God shall be all to thee. Thou shalt eat of Him so that thou shalt never hunger. Thou shalt drink of Him so that never more shalt thou thirst. Thou shalt be illumined by Him, so that thou shalt no more be blind. Thou shalt be stayed by Him,

so that thou shalt not fail. He shall possess thee whole, entire, Himself whole, entire. Thou shalt not be straitened for room in dwelling with Him with whom thou dost possess all. Thou shalt possess the whole of Him, and He shall possess the whole of thee also; for thou and He shall be one, which one He who possesses you shall possess the whole.

Translated by Erich Przywara, S.J.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Saint Teresa's Bookmark

Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;

Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.

From The Spanish of Saint Teresa

WALTER PATER

The Spirit of God, in countless variety of forms, neither above, nor in any way without, but intimately within all things, is really present, with equal integrity and fullness, in the sunbeam ninety millions of miles long, and the wandering drop of water as it evaporates therein.

The divine consciousness has the same relation to the production of things as the human intelligence to the production of true thoughts concerning them. Nay! Those thoughts are themselves actually God in man, a loan to man also of His assisting Spirit, who, in Truth, is the Creator of things, in and by his contemplation of them. For Him, as for man in proportion as man thinks truly, thought and being are identical, and things existent only as they are known. And God the Spirit, the soul of the world, being therefore really identical with the soul of Bruno, he too becomes a sharer in the divine joy. In a certain mystic sense, he, too, is the creator; himself actually a participator in the divine function.

From Gaston de Latour

BERNARD OF CLUNY

The world is very evil;
 The times are waxing late:
 Be sober and keep vigil;
 The Judge is at the gate:
 The Judge That comes in mercy,
 The Judge That comes with might,
 To terminate the evil,
 To diadem the right.

Let penitential sorrow
 To heavenly gladness lead;
 To the light that hath no evening,
 That knows nor moon nor sun,
 The light so new and golden,
 The light that is but one.
 And when the Sole-Begotten
 Shall render up once more
 The Kingdom to the FATHER
 Whose own it was before,—
 Then glory yet unheard of
 Shall shed abroad its ray,
 Resolving all enigmas,
 An endless Sabbath-day.

The Home of fadeless splendour,
 Of flowers that fear no thorn,
 Where they shall dwell as children,
 Who here as exiles mourn.
 Midst power that knows no limit,
 And wisdom free from bound,
 The Beatific Vision
 Shall glad the Saints around :
 The peace of all the faithful,
 The calm of all the blest,
 Inviolate, unvaried,
 Divinest, sweetest, best.
 Yes, peace ! for war is needless,—
 Yes, calm ! for storm is past,—
 And goal from finished labour,
 And anchorage at last.

O happy, holy portion,
 Refection for the blest :
 True vision of true beauty,
 Sweet cure of all distrest !
 Strive, man, to win that glory ;
 Toil, man, to gain that light ;
 Send hope before to grasp it,
 Till hope be lost in sight :
 Till Jesus gives the portion
 Those blessed souls to fill,
 The insatiate, yet satiate,
 The full, yet craving still.
 That fulness and that craving
 Alike are free from pain,
 Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,
 A home like theirs shalt gain.

Brief life is here our portion ;
 Brief sorrow, short-liv'd care ;
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life, is there.
 O happy retribution !
 Short toil, eternal rest ;
 For mortals and for sinners
 A mansion with the blest !
 That we should look, poor wand'lers,
 To have our Home on high !
 That worms should seek for dwellings
 Beyond the starry sky !
 To all one happy guerdon
 Of one celestial grace ;
 For all, for all who mourn their fall,
 Is one eternal place :
 And martyrdom hath roses
 Upon that heavenly ground :
 And white and virgin lilies
 For virgin-souls abound.
 There grief is turned to pleasure ;
 Such pleasure, as below
 No human voice can utter,
 No human heart can know :
 And after fleshly scandal,
 And after this world's night,
 And after storm and whirlwind,

Is calm, and joy, and light.
 And now we fight the battle,
 But then shall wear the crown
 Of full and everlasting
 And passionless renown :

The miserable pleasures
 Of the body shall decay :
 The bland and flattering struggles
 Of the flesh shall pass away :
 And none shall there be jealous ;
 And none shall there contend :
 Fraud, clamour, guile—What say I ?
 All ill, all ill shall end !
 And there is David's Fountain,
 And life in fullest glow,
 And there the light is golden,
 And milk and honey flow :
 The light that hath no evening,
 The health that hath no sore,
 The life that hath no ending,
 But lasteth evermore.

For thee, O dear dear Country !
 Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep :
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.
 O come, O onely Mansion !
 O Paradise of Joy !
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy ;
 Beside thy living waters
 All plants are, great and small,
 The cedar of the forest,
 The hyssop of the wall :
 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks ;
 Thy streets with emerald blaze ;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays :

ADVENTURE ETERNAL

Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced:
 Thy Saints build up its fabric,
 And the corner-stone is Christ.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN,
 WITH MILK AND HONEY BLEST,
 BENEATH THY CONTEMPLATION
 SINK HEART AND VOICE OPPRESSED:
 I KNOW NOT, O I KNOW NOT,
 WHAT SOCIAL JOYS ARE THERE!
 WHAT RADIANCY OF GLORY,
 WHAT LIGHT BEYOND COMPARE!

And when I fain would sing them
 My spirit fails and faints,
 And vainly would it image
 The assembly of the Saints.

THEY STAND, THOSE HALLS OF SYON,
 CONJUBILANT WITH SONG,
 AND BRIGHT WITH MANY AN ANGEL,
 AND ALL THE MARTYR THRONG:
 THE PRINCE IS EVER IN THEM;
 THE DAYLIGHT IS SERENE:
 THE PASTURES OF THE BLESSED
 ARE DECKED IN GLORIOUS SHEEN.

THERE IS THE THRONE OF DAVID,—
 AND THERE, FROM CARE RELEASED,
 THE SONG OF THEM THAT TRIUMPH,
 THE SHOUT OF THEM THAT FEAST;
 AND THEY WHO, WITH THEIR LEADER,
 HAVE CONQUERED IN THE FIGHT,
 FOR EVER AND FOR EVER
 ARE CLAD IN ROBES OF WHITE!

O dear and future vision
 That eager hearts expect:
 Even now by faith I see thee:
 Even here thy walls discern:
 To thee my thoughts are kindled,

And strive and pant and yearn :
 Jerusalem the onely,
 That look'st from heaven below,
 In thee is all my glory ;
 In me is all my woe !
 And though my body may not,
 My spirit seeks thee fain,
 Till flesh and earth return me
 To earth and flesh again.

Jerusalem, exulting
 On that securest shore,
 I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
 And love thee evermore !

O mine, my golden Syon !
 O lovelier far than gold !
 With laurel-girt battalions,
 And safe victorious fold :
 O sweet and blessed Country,
 Shall I ever see thy face ?
 O sweet and blessed Country,
 Shall I ever win thy grace ?
 I have the hope within me
 To comfort and to bless !
 Shall I ever win the prize itself ?
 O tell me, tell me, yes !

Exult, O dust and ashes,
 The Lord shall be thy part :
 His only, His for ever,
 Thou shalt be, and thou art !
 Exult, O dust and ashes !
 The Lord shall be thy part :
 His only, His for ever,
 Thou shalt be, and thou art !

*Hora Novissima, (XIIth Century).
 Translated by J. M. Neale*

FROM THE DIVANI SHAMSI TABRIZ

The Water of Eternal Life

Every form you see has its archetype in the placeless world ;
 If the form perished, no matter, since its Original is everlasting.
 Every fair shape you have seen, every deep saying you have heard,
 Be not cast down that it perished ; for that is not so.
 Whereas the Spring-head is undying, its branch gives water
 continually ;
 Since neither can cease, why are you lamenting ?
 Conceive the Soul as a fountain, and these created things as rivers :
 While the Fountain flows, the rivers run from it.
 Put grief out of your head and keep quaffing this River-water ;
 Do not think of the Water failing, for this Water is without end.

Translated from the Persian by R. A. Nicholson

PLOTINUS

Of Union With God

The soul is said to be in the body in such a way as the pilot in a ship ; this is well said so far as pertains to the power by which the soul is able to separate itself from the body ; yet it does not entirely exhibit to us the mode which we are now investigating. For the pilot, so far as he is a sailor, will be from accident a pilot in the ship. But if the soul is present in the body in the same manner as the pilot alone with the ship, how is this effected ? For the pilot is not all in the ship, in the same manner as the soul is in all the body. Shall we, therefore, say, that the soul is in the body, in the same way as art is in the instruments of art ? Or shall we again be dubious how the soul is in the instrument ? Shall we therefore say, that when the soul is present with the body, it is present in the same manner as the light is with the air ? For again, this when present is (in reality) not present. And being present through the whole, is mingled with no part of it. It is also permanent, but the air flows by it. Hence, here also, it may be rightly said, that air is in light, rather than light in air. On this account, likewise, Plato (in the "Timaeus") does not place soul in the body of the universe, but the body of the universe in soul.

He who knows will know what I say, and will be convinced that the soul has then another life. The soul also proceeding to, and having now arrived at the desired end, and participating of deity, will know that the supplier of true life is then present. She will likewise then require nothing farther; for on the contrary, it will be requisite to lay aside other things, to stop in this alone, and to become this alone, amputating everything else with which she is surrounded. Hence, it is necessary to hasten our departure from hence, and to be indignant that we are bound in one part of our nature, in order that with the whole of our (true) selves, we may fold ourselves about divinity, and have no part void of contact with him. For the nature of the soul will never accede to that which is entirely non-being. But proceeding indeed downwards it will fall into evil; and thus into non-being, yet not into that which is perfect nonentity. Running, however, in a contrary direction, it will arrive not at another thing, but at itself. And thus not being in another thing, it is not on that account in nothing, but is in itself. *To be in itself alone, however, and not in being, is to be in God.* For God also is something which is not in essence, but beyond essence. Hence the soul when in this condition associates with him. He, therefore, who perceives himself to associate with God, will have himself the similitude of him. And if he passes from himself as an image to the archetype, he will then have the end of his progression. But when he falls from the vision of God, if he again excites the virtue that is in himself, and perceives himself to be perfectly adorned; he will again be elevated through virtue, proceeding to intellect and wisdom, and afterwards to the principle of all things. *This, therefore, is the life of the Gods, and of divine and happy men, a liberation from all terrene concerns, a life unaccompanied with human pleasures, and a flight of the alone to the alone.*

Translated by Thomas Taylor

SAINT CATHERINE OF GENOA

Again I say that, on God's part, I see paradise has no gate, but that whosoever will may enter therein; for God is all mercy, and stands with open arms to admit us to His glory. But still I see that the Being of God is so pure (far more than one can imagine), that should a soul see in itself even the least mote of imperfection, it would rather cast itself into a thousand hells than go with that spot into the presence of the Divine Majesty. Therefore, seeing purgatory ordained to take

away such blemishes, it plunges therein, and deems it a great mercy that it can thus remove them.

From Treatise on Purgatory

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
 In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;
 No fears to beat away — no strife to heal —
 The past unsighed for, and the future sure ;
 Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
 Revived, with finer harmony pursued ;

Of all that is most beauteous — imaged there
 In happier beauty ; more pellucid streams,
 An ampler ether, a diviner air,
 And fields invested with purpureal gleams ;
 Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
 Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath earned
 That privilege by virtue.

From Laodamia

PIERS PLOWMAN

Right so Crist gyveth hevene
 Bothe to riche and to noght riche
 That rewfulliche libbeth ;
 And alle that doon hir devoir wel
 Han double hire for hir travaille,
 Here forgifnesse of hir synnes,
 And hevene blisse after.

From The Vision and Creed

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A C K N O W L E D G M E N T S

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